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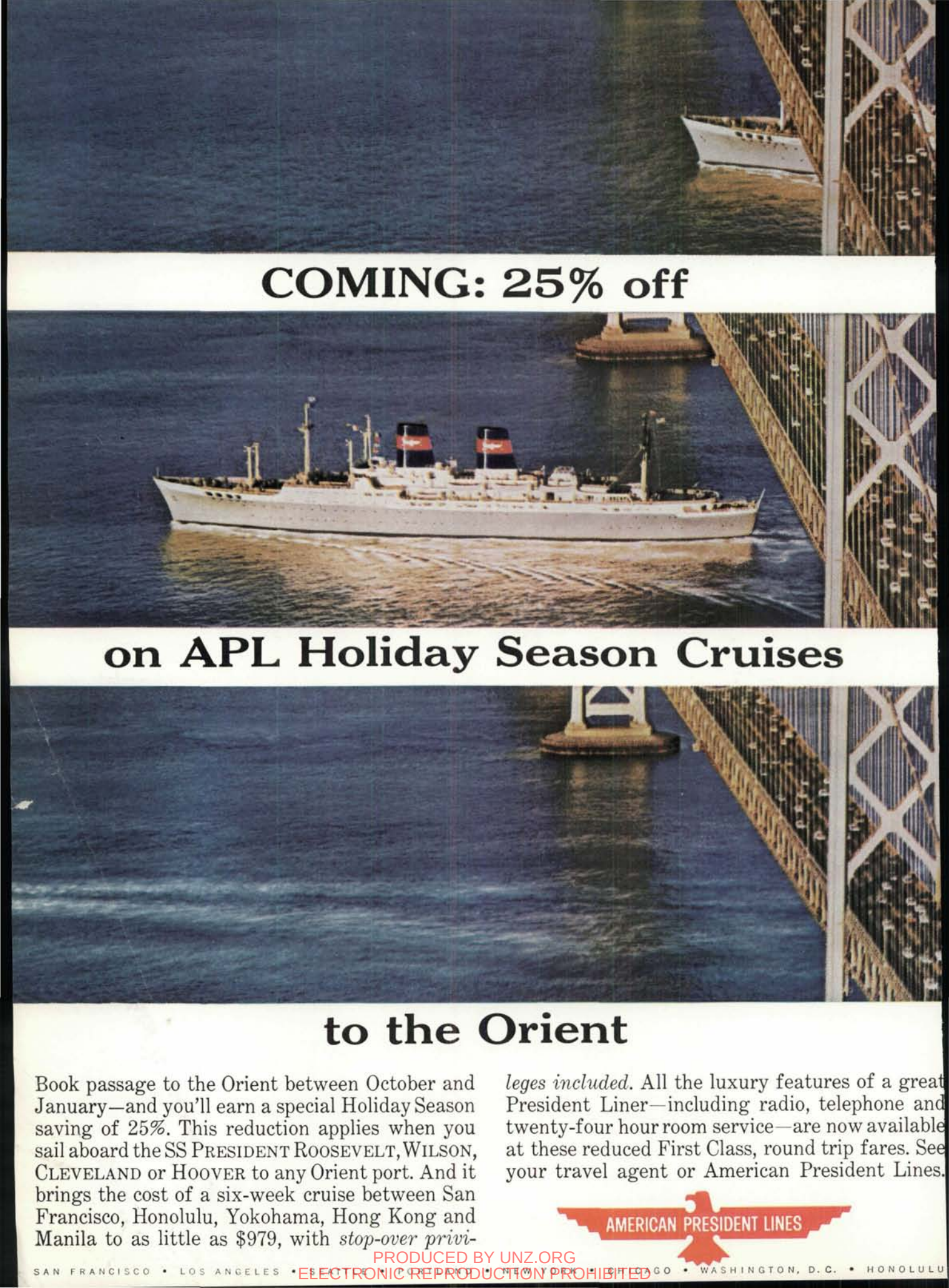
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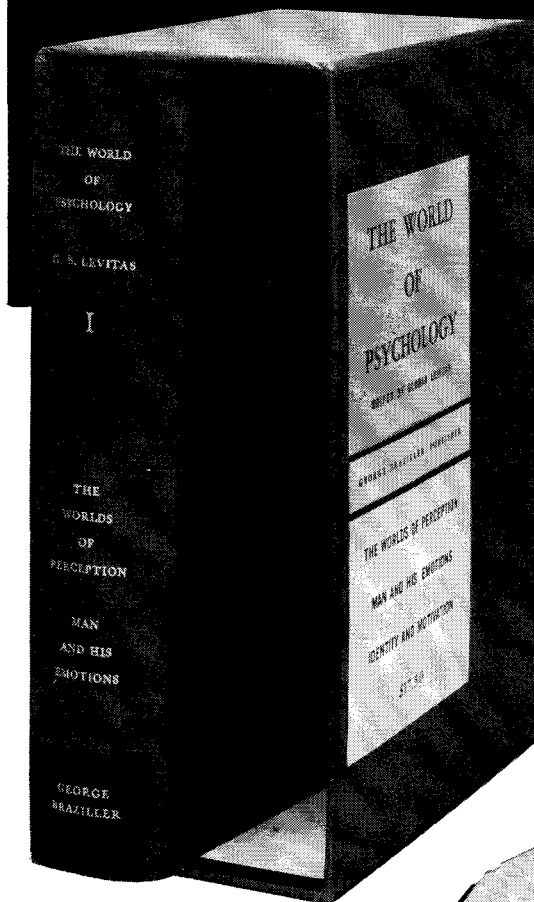
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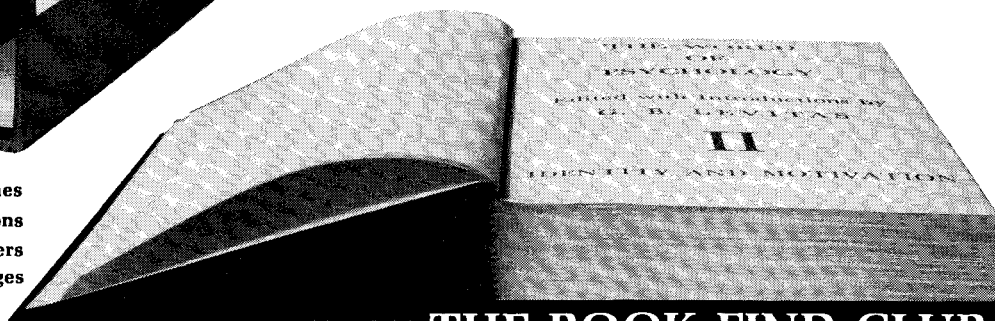
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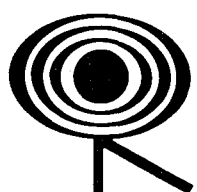
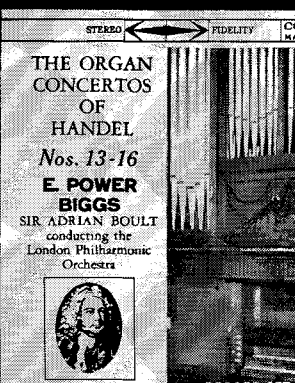
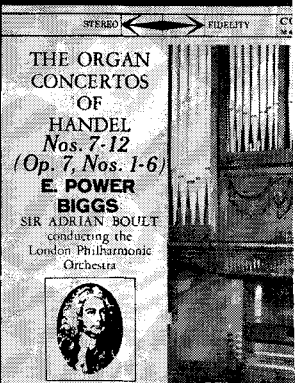
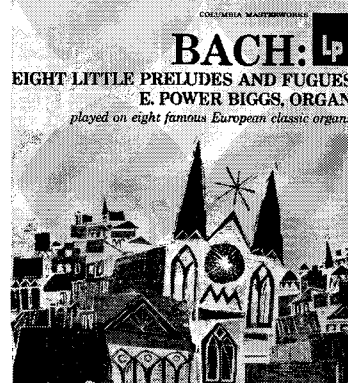
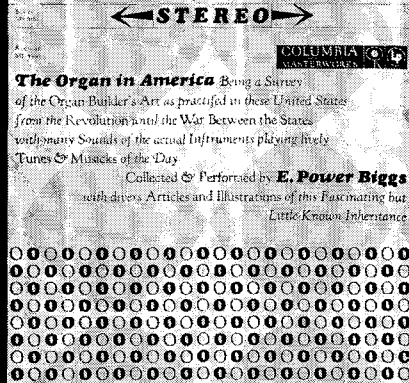
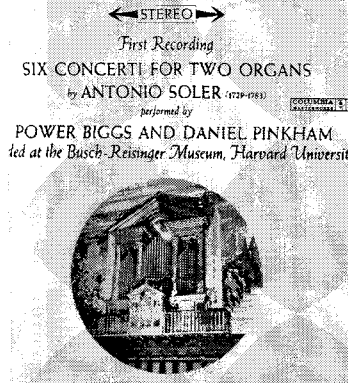
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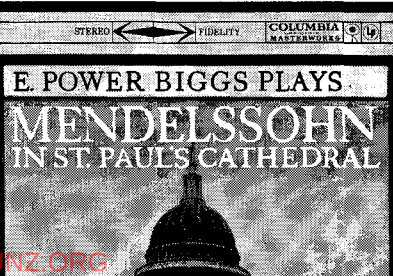
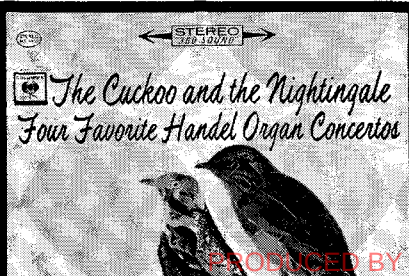
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The Atlantic Report *on the World Today*

WASHINGTON

AT THE very moment when the Communist monolith is proving to be anything but monolithic, the Atlantic alliance is fragmented by increasingly severe economic differences as well as political disagreements and military arguments. This should be the time for the nations of the West to move closer together, yet the very opposite is the case in many respects. And because of American dissatisfaction over allied roles in the common military defense and in aid to the underdeveloped world, because of General de Gaulle's seeming obstinacy in both defense and foreign policy, Washington observers see the danger of a rising tide of neo-isolationism. In short, one thing feeds on another, and in this process the economic factors are highly important.

America's foreign trade has been growing, but not fast enough to match the expenditures in military and economic aid and the outflow of capital plus the expenditures of American tourists. Last year the net deficit was \$2.2 billion, and Treasury Secretary Dillon started this year with optimism that the trade deficit would decline. But the first quarter loss was at an annual rate of \$3.2 billion, and the expected second quarter rate is around \$3.6 billion. Last year's short-term capital outflow totaled \$507 million.

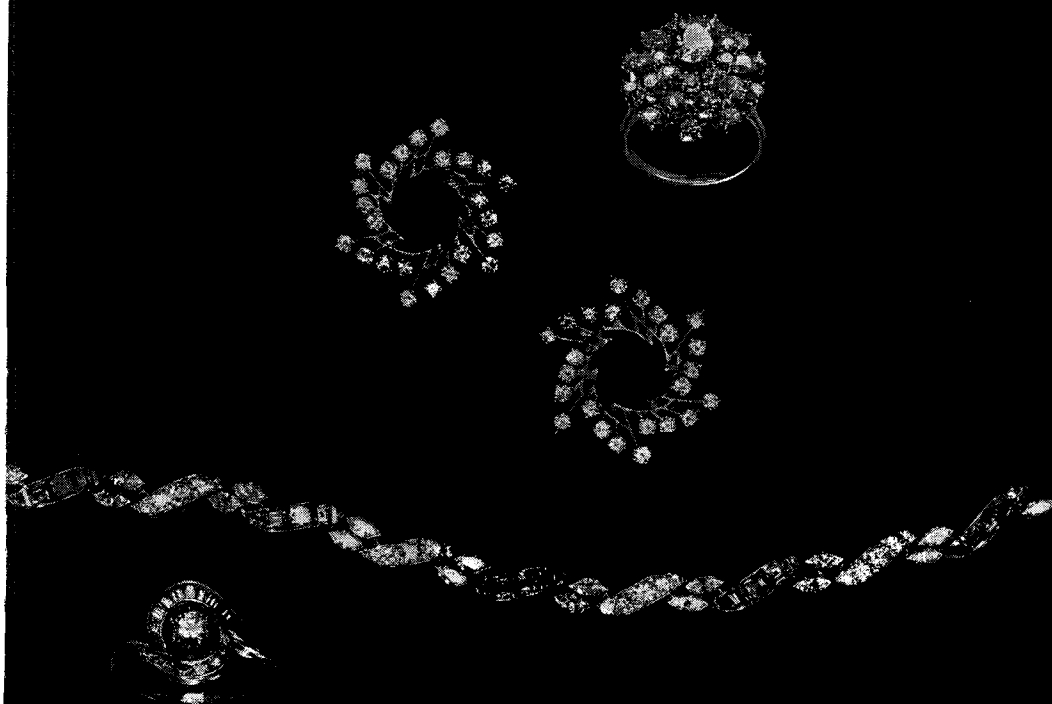
The loss on economic aid has been declining as the "Buy America" regulation has been applied to require the recipients of American aid to use most of it to pay for purchases only in the United States. Still, the gold drain, the eventual result of the net deficit in international transactions, continues. And the Administration's latest move, a proposal to put a sales tax of up to 15 percent on American purchases of foreign stocks and bonds, sent many a foreign stock market into momentary panic and produced cries of help from such important American allies as Canada and Japan.

The Pentagon has squeezed here and there and trimmed as well, but it is up against the hard cost of maintaining 600,000 men overseas. There has been some secret soul-searching on whether or not the number of men in Korea or Germany could be safely cut, but each mention of such a move raises a howl in the affected country. De Gaulle's determination to go his own way in the costly nuclear arms race has added a measure of frustration and brought some calls, especially in the Senate, for offering him nuclear aid so he can build a force which, along with the British one, would permit the retirement from Europe of American forces. This prospect, of course, is strongly resisted by the Kennedy Administration.

But the continuing gold loss, complicated by the continuing domestic budget deficits, probably is adding new pressures to cut even military expenses overseas. There has been talk in Washington of schemes to revamp the free world's monetary systems, just as there has been in Britain and elsewhere. But while President Kennedy has expressed some interest in such ideas, he has taken a "let's study further" attitude.

The noise over chickens

The trade problem with the Common Market is beginning to appear as though it will make things worse before they get better. The "chicken war" is only a minor if vastly publicized affair. Actually, chicken exports amount to a mere fraction of one percent of American sales in the Common Market area. Chickens constitute a relatively new export, chiefly to West Germany, growing out of the amazing proficiency of American breeders. The same techniques can and will be used in Europe. But the noise over the chickens arises in large part from the fact that exports have come from the states of such key legislators as Senators Fulbright of Arkansas and Russell of Georgia.



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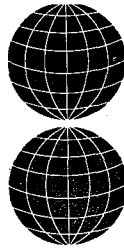
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Report on Washington



It is argued by American trade experts in Washington that what is far more important than the chicken war is the possible loss of other farm exports to Europe, especially feed grains. Overlooked in De Gaulle's July press conference was his clear determination to make France the granary of Europe. If the other Common Market countries go along with him, then the prospects are dim indeed for hard-currency farm exports from the United States, and the dollar deficit will continue to mount. In that case, some stiff cuts in American military commitments abroad will become more pressing, or else we will have to limit the dollar expenditures of our citizens abroad.

Uncertainties over the coming Kennedy round of trade talks only add to this unpleasant picture. Foreign trade may be much less important to the United States than to other major industrial nations, but it is growing more important each year, especially in an economy still far from making full use of its existing industrial machine or expanding fast enough to produce jobs for the millions streaming into the labor market.

It is an unhappy fact that the lessening of East-West tensions since the Cuban crisis a year ago seems to have brought to the surface a mass of problems and pressures within the Western alliance. Some will have to be lived with, chiefly those involving frontal Franco-American disagreements; but others are subject at least to mitigation by constant, day-to-day effort at working levels of government. No spectacular solutions are in sight.

The test-ban treaty

Fourteen years ago this October, a deputy undersecretary of state said in a speech, "Basically, what we need is not a new 'agreement' but performance on the agreements we already have [with the Soviet Union]; not an additional piece of parchment to sign, but execution of the promises already made." That official's name was Dean Rusk. In August he went before the Senate to argue for ratification of a new agreement, this one the limited nuclear-test-ban treaty.

Changes in the positions of public officials are not unusual. What is striking is that feeling of hope which motivates American society, the belief

that somehow a way can be found by negotiation rather than by war to resolve, or at least to alleviate, the great issues which divide the Communist world from the democratic world. There has been vast distrust so long between the two countries which dominate the two worlds that senators can easily be forgiven for being suspicious about a new agreement with the Kremlin. Yet few were able to escape a feeling that in casting a vote the Senate was indeed making the choice which Bernard Baruch described so vividly when he presented the first plan to control the atom: "We are here to make a choice between the quick and the dead."

In the case of the test-ban treaty, as in the case of all three post-war summit conferences, the timid have referred to fears of a national feeling of euphoria sweeping the United States. The American people, whom the politicians extol at election time for their evident good judgment, are pictured at every point of possible East-West agreement as about to be taken in. There is really little basis in fact for such a belief; certainly, as disappointment has so frequently succeeded the most limited hope, Americans have seemed to be resigned to a continuing cold war.

The debate over the test-ban treaty, both within and outside the Senate, showed that the cold war has gone on so long that it has left some very deep scars. The outcries of suspicion and distrust, the search for hidden gimmicks, the insistence of Senator Hickenlooper on finding out "who gets the advantage" all point up this fact. It is far more difficult to re-examine our attitudes than one might think.

Distrust of the Kremlin

Hence, the course of this new agreement between the two superpowers is likely to have considerable effect on our future attitudes toward the Soviet Union. Only recently has the general public come to accept the Sino-Soviet battle as having real substance rather than being some sort of sham battle designed to trick the Western world. Indeed, many are still skeptical.

This frame of mind, made evident during the test-ban discussion, adds to the already cautious approach by President Kennedy, Secretary Rusk, and other American officials toward subsequent negotiations with the Russians. Nikita Khrushchev's idea of an East-West nonaggression pact finds no more favor with the public than it does in most corners of the State Department. Steps which might help in preventing a surprise attack are examined with a view to finding some hidden Soviet motivation. Khrushchev's proposal to set up a nuclear-free zone is viewed as an effort to push back American power or send home American troops.



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Report on Washington

There is very good reason to look at all Soviet proposals with a jaundiced eye. In years past most of them have been designed to divide the Western allies or to perpetuate the division of Europe. Yet there has been very little Western initiative in either the Eisenhower or Kennedy Administrations. But President Kennedy marshaled his forces to win Senate approval of the test ban as massively as he might have done had some agreement been under discussion to scrap half the nuclear arms on both sides.

The President and his top associates are driven by the compulsion that it is far more dangerous to do nothing. And they believe that the Soviet experience last fall in the Cuban crisis has led to some fundamental reassessment in the Kremlin. Therefore, they are determined at least to search out Khrushchev's suggestions and to offer some alternatives, chiefly in the field of measures to prevent surprise attack.

This determination, however, is coupled with a general feeling in Washington that the Kremlin believes this is a period to go slow; that the Kremlin believes that in signing the test ban it has lowered world tensions and thus lowered the chance of war, and that that may be enough for a while. If this American assessment is correct, there will be much talk in the coming months between East and West, but without much to show for it in concrete terms.

Goldwater's chances

In his analysis of American political parties, James McGregor Burns in *The Deadlock of Democracy* argues that there are today four parties in the United States: the Presidential Democrats, the Presidential Republicans, the Congressional Democrats, and the Congressional Republicans. This is an analysis which, broadly speaking, is accepted in Washington. What makes it of more than academic interest at this time is the presidential boom for Arizona's Republican Senator Barry Goldwater.

Goldwater fits the Burns description of a Congressional Republican, a man who puts local and state interests ahead of national interests,

who wants more to be done by the states and the people and less by the federal government, and whose constituency is limited to one area or state. A Presidential Republican sees his constituency as the whole United States. It was the fate of Senator Robert A. Taft, a Congressional Republican, to lose out to such Presidential Republicans as Thomas E. Dewey and Dwight Eisenhower. The divisions are not so simple as Burns suggests, but they do exist.

Nine months before the GOP convention in San Francisco, Goldwater is the admitted front-runner. Will he be the first Congressional Republican to buck the tide and take the prize? And, perhaps even more important, if nominated, would he continue to be a Congressional Republican or would he evolve into a Presidential Republican?

Of all the issues affecting the choice of a GOP candidate, perhaps the most volatile is the civil rights crisis. The polls uniformly show that large numbers of white Americans feel the Negro is pushing too hard too fast and that President Kennedy is asking more than they would like on behalf of the Negro. Whether this will be the general attitude by election time next year will depend on the outcome of the civil rights battle in Congress and, above all, on the conduct of the militant Negroes, North and South, between now and election day. Goldwater stands to benefit by white disaffection with the Kennedy espousal of the Negro cause.

Mood of the Capital

In world affairs, Washington is hopeful. The Communist bloc is more divided than ever. The Kremlin has lowered East-West tensions. Things are not going well in the Atlantic alliance, but they have not reached a major crisis, either.

At home, the economy is moving, but not moving enough. Congress has been stalling; it is badly divided on many questions. The civil rights crisis is likely to get worse before it gets better. And on top of all this, another presidential election is now barely a year away. Politics is more and more in the air, coloring congressional votes and inhibiting foreign policy.

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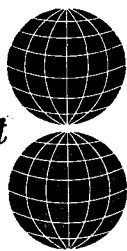
For parts, materials, supplies and service, General Motors paid out \$6,701,000,000 in 1962 . . . *more than 45 cents* of every sales dollar. GM suppliers come in all types and sizes. Some are large and well known, but about three-quarters employ fewer than 100 people. More than 90 per cent have fewer than 500 employees. Of course, many that started small have grown larger working with GM and other customers.

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The Atlantic Report ARGENTINA



ARGENTINA's last legitimately democratic government was overthrown by the military in 1930. Dr. Arturo Illía, the country doctor who emerged victorious in the July 7 elections to the relief of all, will now attempt to revive the democratic process in Argentina. At the same time, he must deal with a sagging economy which has virtually hit bottom in recent months.

Dr. Illía will face the same political problems which plagued ex-President Arturo Frondizi and led to his removal by the military. Argentina's middle class, the largest in Latin America, is still hopelessly divided. The memory of former dictator Juan Perón continues to exert a hold on the lower classes. The unhappy tradition of intervention by the armed forces and their implacable opposition to Peronism casts a constant shadow over any civilian government.

Ideologically, there is not much difference between the major middle-class parties, Dr. Illía's UCRP (Unión Cívica Radical del Pueblo) and Frondizi's UCRI (Unión Cívica Radical Intransigente). In fact, there had been but one Radical Party until Frondizi precipitated a split in 1957 and formed the UCRI. An alliance with the Peronists helped him attain the presidency with 45 percent of the popular vote in 1958.

Peronist disenchantment with his conservative economic policy and Peronist successes in the 1962 elections caused Frondizi's removal by the military in April, 1962. In the 1963 campaign, Frondizi, from exile in Bariloche, again sought an alliance with the Peronists, and his decision to support the Frente Nacional y Popular succeeded in splitting the UCRI. One faction joined the Peronists in the Frente, while another nominated Dr. Oscar Alende as the party's presidential candidate. At a postelection UCRI meeting the Alendistas prevailed, and Frondizi has since announced that he will form another party.

The bitter animosity between the military and the Peronists has wearied the country and has created a political vacuum which a strong center

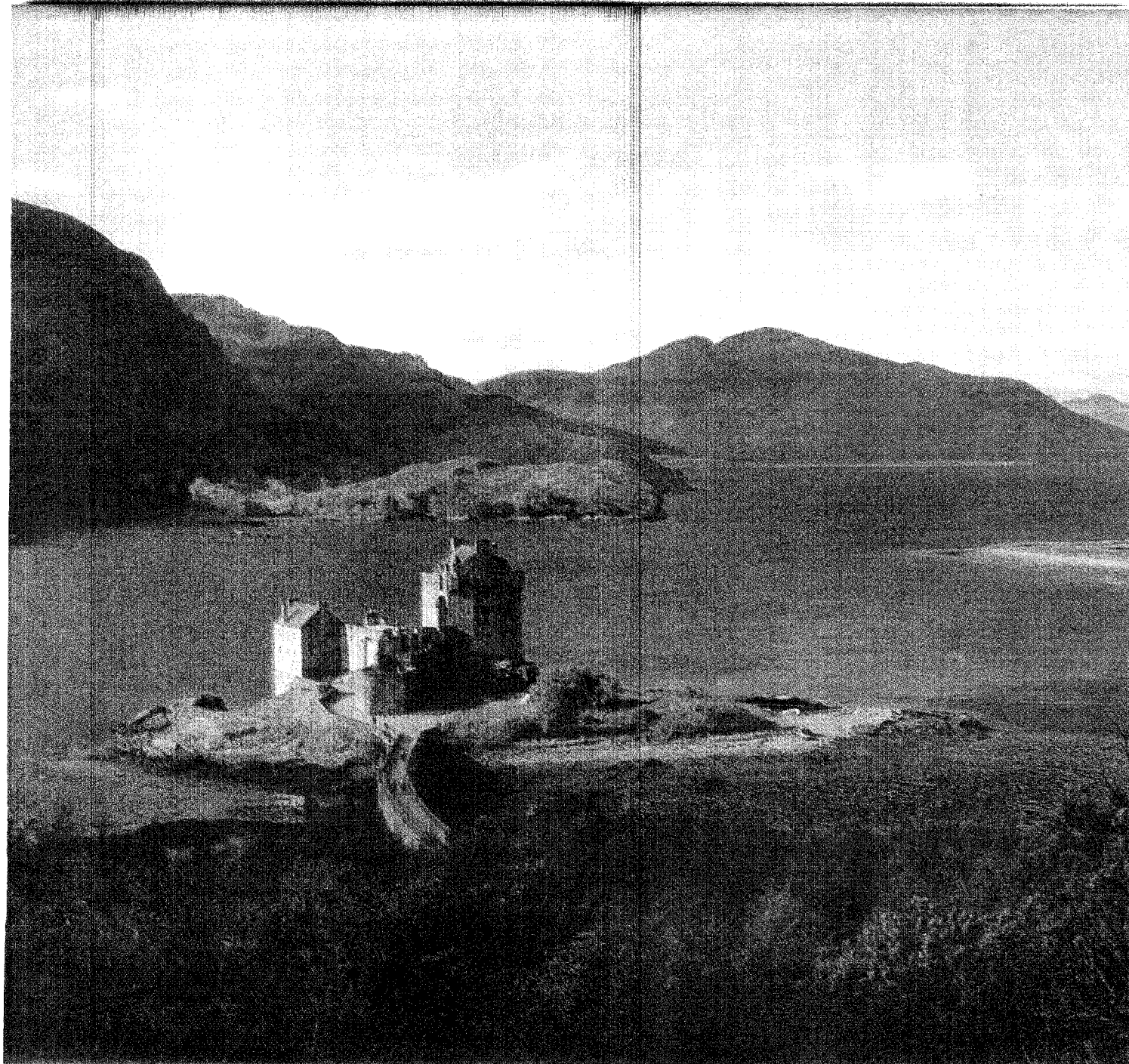
party could readily fill. Yet the tradition of *personalismo*, which centers political movements around individuals rather than ideas, has persistently impeded the formation of a powerful center party.

The Peronists default

The Peronist movement is showing some signs of fragmentation after the poor showing in the July elections. The decision to put up an avowed conservative, Dr. Vicente Solano Lima, as the Frente's presidential candidate aroused the opposition of the political, "soft-line" wing of the movement, and its spokesman, the neurosurgeon Dr. Raúl Matera, was expelled from the party's coordinating council. When military pressures forced Solano Lima to withdraw his candidacy forty-eight hours before the election, Frondizi and the Peronists ordered their followers to cast blank ballots. In previous elections the Peronists had consistently been able to muster from 25 to 30 percent of the total vote. However, in the July balloting, the blank votes amounted to a mere 17 percent.

It would be unwise to invest too much significance in the low total. Many Peronists voted for Illía or Alende as a reaction against the third major candidate, retired army general Pedro Eugenio Aramburu, who as provisional president after the fall of Perón led an unsuccessful campaign to root out all vestiges of the former dictator's movement. Also, it is evident that large numbers of Peronists were tired of remaining outside the electoral process.

Of greater importance is the general recognition that the Peronists' failure to put up candidates for the National Congress and provincial offices was a tactical blunder, for it leaves the movement without any legitimate means of pressuring the government from within. Postelection recriminations reflect the divergence between the moderates and the extremists in the party. But despite these divisions, Peronism continues to exist as a major force in Argentina. The Peronists still constitute the largest single political party in



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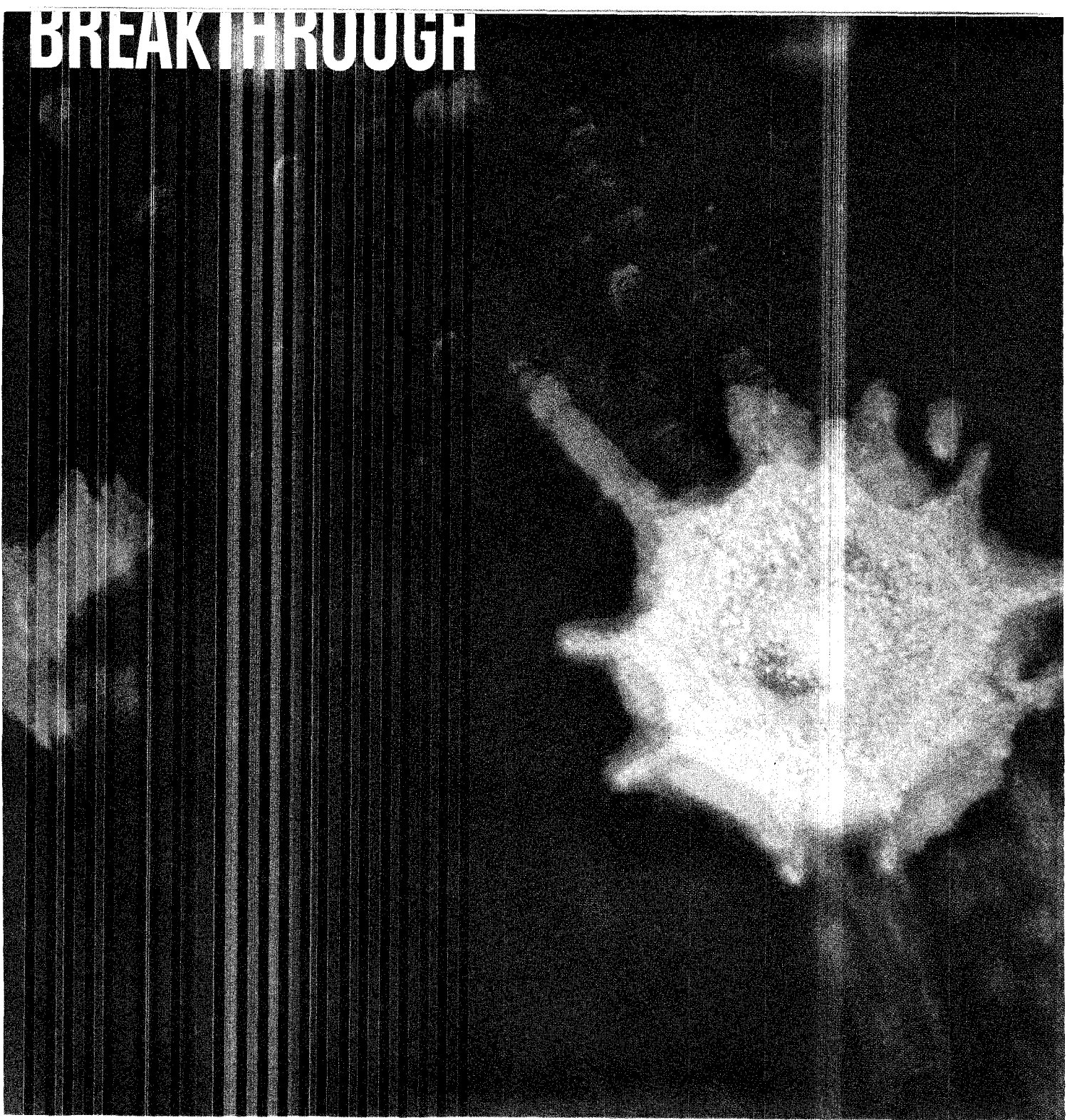
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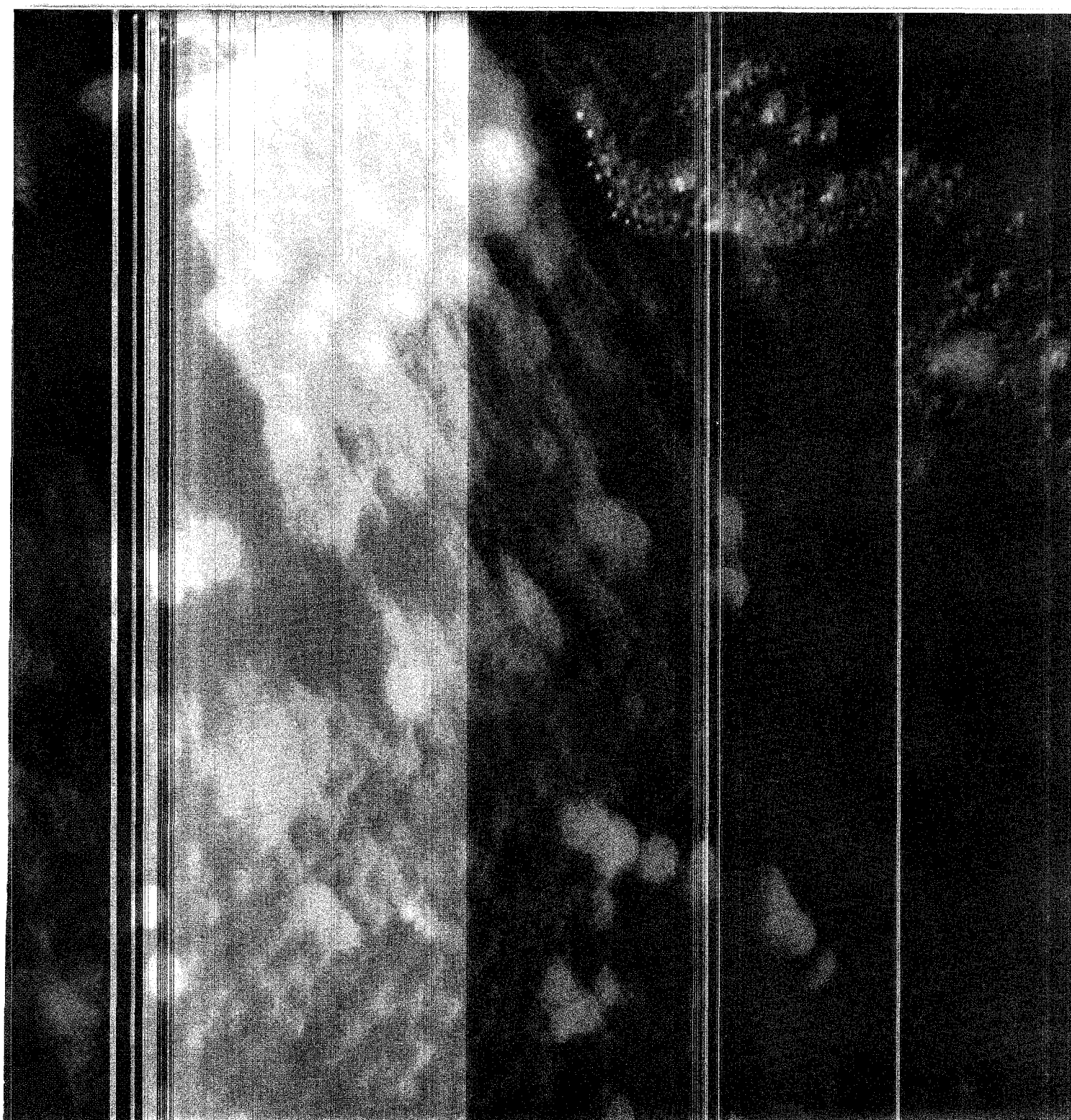
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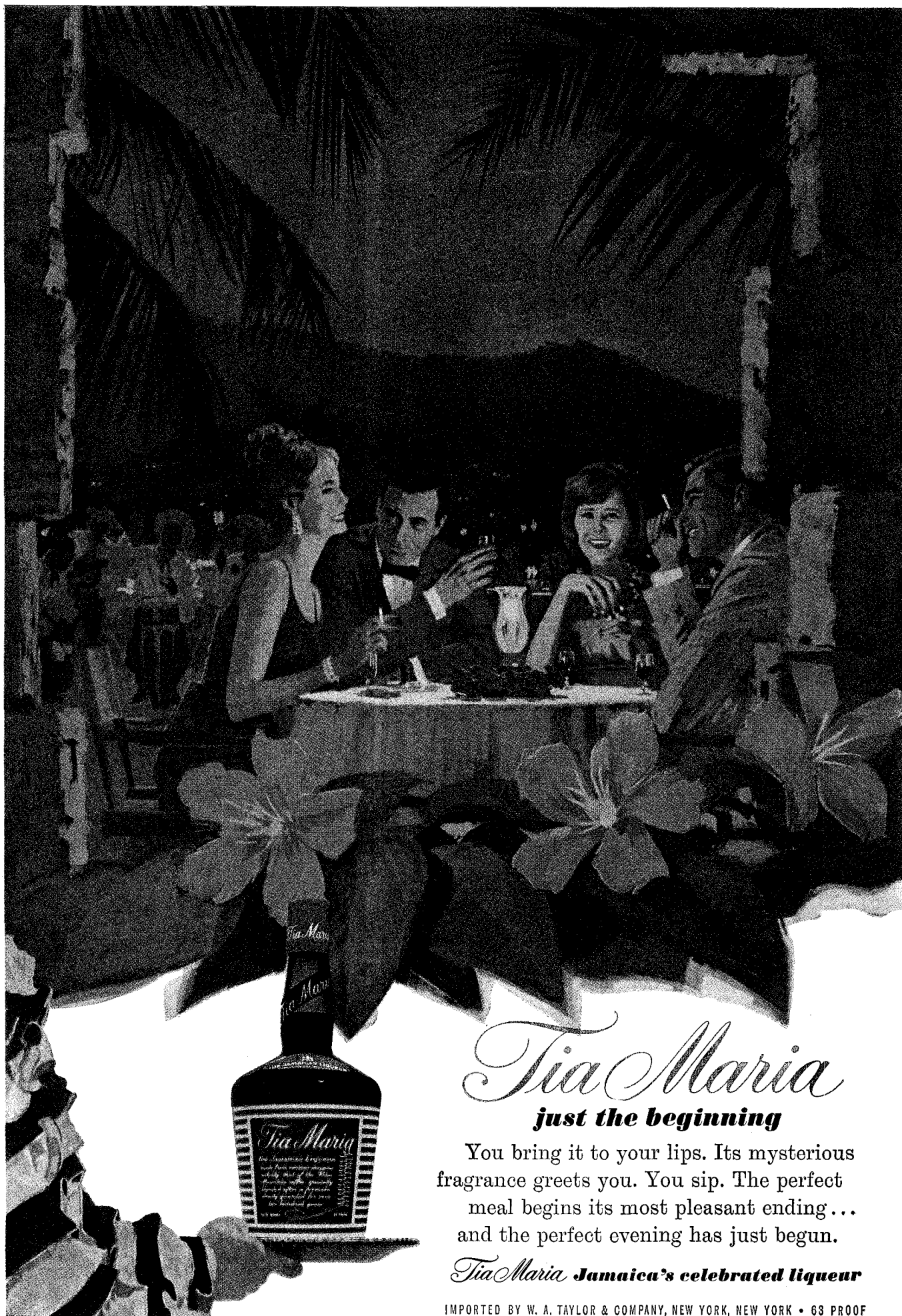
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Report on Argentina

the country. The phenomenon of its lingering vitality has its roots in the social revolution Juan Perón effected in his nine years of dictatorial rule. He was the first political leader to bestow upon the masses a sense of dignity. Both urban and rural workers were made to feel that at long last they were participating in the governmental process. By means of clever demagoguery and extravagant fiscal policies, Perón and his wife, Evita, built up a fanatical following among the lower classes.

Some observers feel that had Perón been allowed to remain in office a few years longer, the inevitable bankruptcy toward which the country was moving might have discredited him in the eyes of his supporters. As it was, the intensive campaign to bring to light all the excesses of his regime failed to detach the hard core of his followers.

Frondizi's austerity program, which put a lid on wages but permitted prices to soar, further alienated the working class. When he allowed the Peronists to run their own candidates in the congressional and provincial elections of March, 1962, they scored a sweeping victory, which was promptly annulled by the intervention of the military. Another factor contributing to the longevity of Peronism has been the ex-dictator's ability to block the rise of any leader who might rival his hold over the masses. In any future reorganization it will be impossible to divorce the movement from the man whose name it bears. Though policy decisions may be made locally, Perón as a symbol will remain.

Intervention by the military

A reluctance to vest full responsibility for civilian affairs in the hands of the Frondizi government led the military to intervene constantly in affairs of state. But direct action was not taken until the Peronists won the March, 1962, elections, and Frondizi had alienated virtually every political group in the country.

Although they have not fought a war since 1878, the armed forces consume about 30 percent of the national budget, as opposed to 3 per-

cent allocated to social welfare. One of their functions is to protect the country against internal enemies. The fulfillment of this duty has served as a rationalization for not only direct intervention in civilian affairs but also personal feuds between groups of officers.

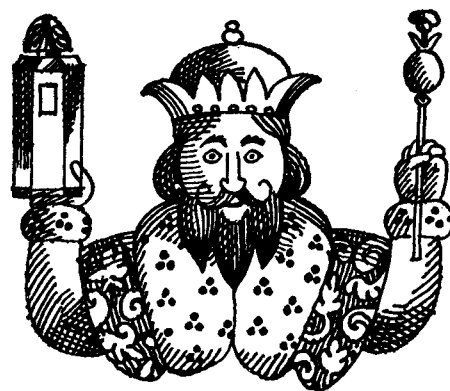
Spurred on by a deep guilt complex stemming from their support of the Perón regime up until the very end, the armed forces overthrew Frondizi and installed the puppet government of President José María Guido to prevent blatant military dictatorship. Congress was dissolved several months later, and Guido ruled by "decree laws" which were imposed upon him by the military. The state of siege, which had continued in effect from the days of Perón, enabled the executive power to jail people indefinitely at the disposition of the government.

Instability soon verged upon chaos as power struggles broke out within the armed forces. In September, 1962, the "Blues," a group of moderate army officers led by General Juan Carlos Onganía, wrenched control of the government from the "Reds," or vehemently anti-Peronist generals, and proclaimed their intention to hold elections which would "assure to all sectors participation in the national life." Dissatisfaction with the electoral plans precipitated an uprising in April, 1963, by the Reds and a group of naval officers. Though the revolt was crushed, the Blues took a stronger anti-Peronist stand, which caused some observers to remark that they had turned "Deep Purple."

The UCRP electoral platform called for a reduction in appropriations to the armed forces and civilian control over the military. Opposition from all shades of military opinion, including the moderates, will provide formidable obstacles to the execution of these plans.

Economic downturn

The political turmoil which followed Frondizi's removal worsened already unstable economic conditions. Frondizi had been pursuing a policy of vigorous industrial development, which demanded an increase in imports. At the same time, he failed to expand the agricultural and livestock sectors of the economy,



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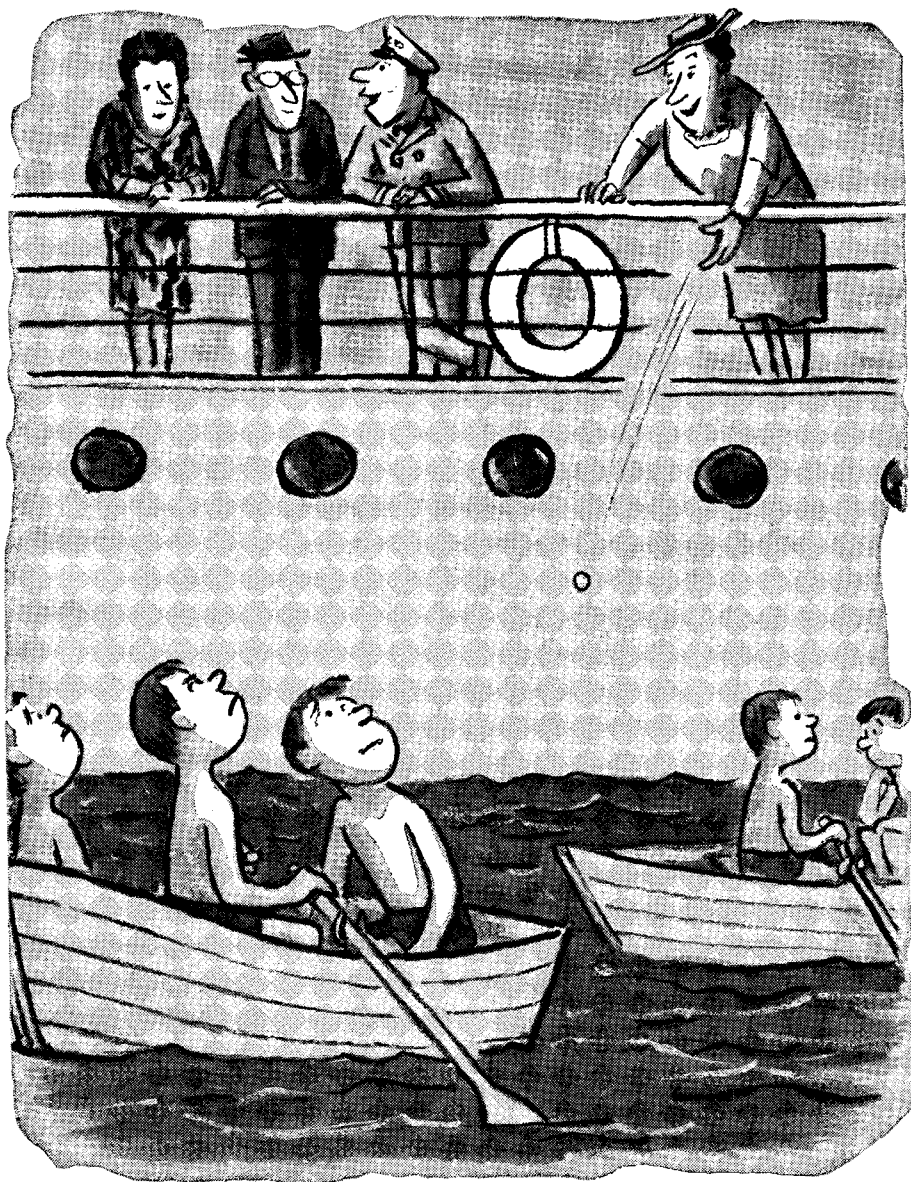
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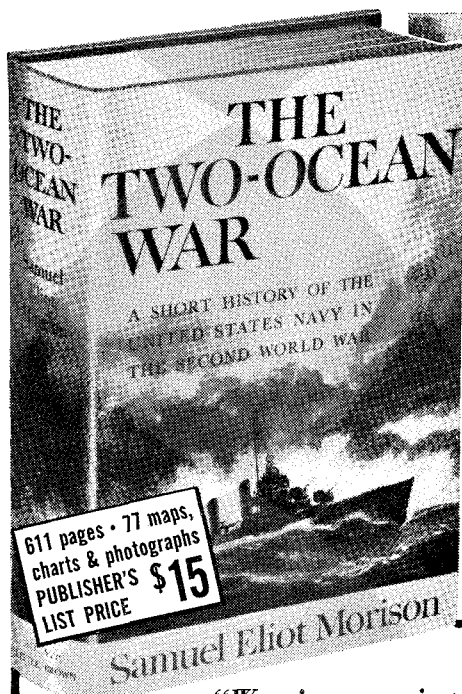
Report on Argentina

which account for 94 percent of the nation's exports. Whether as a result of poor planning or hostility to the oligarchic wealthy who control farm and livestock production, this policy led to a disastrous deficit in balance of payments and a staggering national debt. The full employment and industrial growth of 1961 soon gave way to a recession.

In 1962, Argentina's gross national product in real terms showed a decline of 4.5 percent in comparison with that of 1961. The peso, which had been selling at 83 to the dollar in April, 1962, dropped as low as 153. The 1962 trade deficit amounted to \$173,400,000. An over-staffed federal bureaucracy (1.8 million government employees) and uneconomical state-run enterprises, such as the railroads, resulted in a case deficit of about \$300 million in the 1961-1962 fiscal year. The country fell further in arrears on both its official overseas and its private debts.

In the early months of 1963, the downward trend continued. One of the few bright spots was the renewal of the 1963 standby agreement with the IMF. This led to similar standby support from the U.S. Treasury, AID (Agency for International Development) approval of \$20 million in new balance-of-payments assistance, and an Export-Import Bank agreement to expand refinancing of Argentine debts. In addition, the so-called "Paris Club" creditors, which include most of the Western European countries, reconfirmed their earlier agreement to postpone \$150 million in debt repayments due in 1963 and 1964.

A further development of some significance has been the exodus of manpower from the country. In May, 1962, the number of visa applications for emigration to the United States began to increase from a level of about 500 per month, and in the first quarter of 1963 they reached a high of 2100 per month. Most of the applicants have university degrees or some technical skills. An unusually large number of doctors are included in the group. Also, the number of Italian nationals who have sought repatriation to Italy has



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"*Quincy* . . . took the worst beating. A searchlight from *Aoba* which brilliantly illuminated her at about 0150 found her guns still trained in, fore and aft. Promptly she trained them on the target and got off two 9-gun salvos, from which two shells hit *Chokai*, one of them demolishing the Japanese admiral's staff chartroom. . . . Although enveloped in flames from midships aft, a shellburst having lighted a plane on her fantail, her forward guns continued to fire. Now the doomed cruiser was caught by crossfire between the two Japanese columns. Turret No. 2 exploded after a shell hit, No. 4 fire room took a torpedo, engine rooms became sealed deathtraps, the sick bay was wiped out, a shell ignited the ammunition for a 5-inch gun, fires raged throughout . . . Captain Moore, mortally wounded by a shell hit that killed almost everyone on the bridge, ordered the helmsman to try to beach her on Savo Island; then he gave up the ghost. The senior surviving officer—seventh in the chain of command—ordered Abandon Ship. At 0235 *Quincy* rolled over and sank. . . ."

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doubled over the past year. Most of these people are construction workers hard hit by unemployment and rising prices.

Business confidence returns

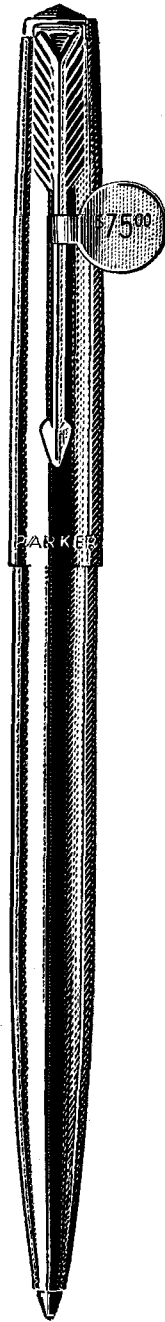
Satisfaction with both the military's fulfillment of its promise to hold elections and Dr. Illia's victory has served to boost business confidence, which had all but vanished in past months. The peso rallied and steadied at 135 to the dollar. Heavy trading marked an upswing on the Bolsa, or Stock Exchange. Buoyed by an increase in exports over the first six months of the year, optimists were predicting a trade balance of as much as \$400 million in 1963. Hope was also expressed that a revival of the nation's economy might attract some of the \$2 billion in Argentine-held private capital abroad.

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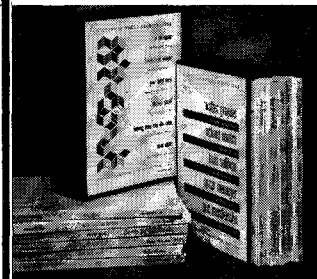
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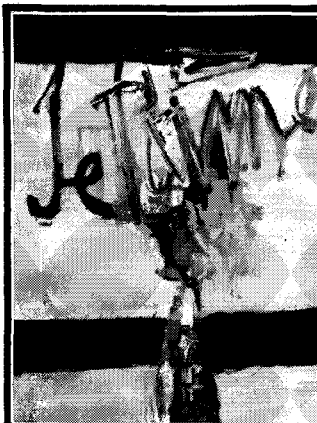
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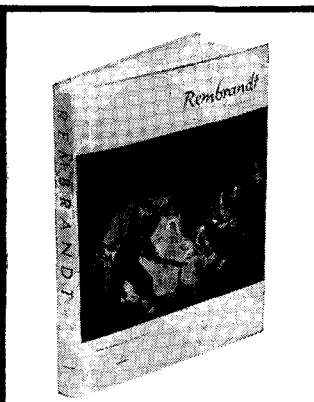
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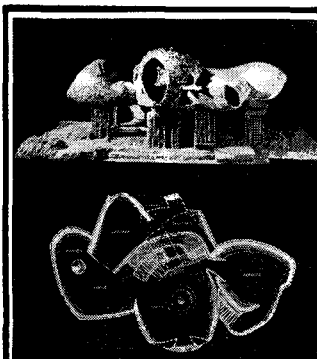
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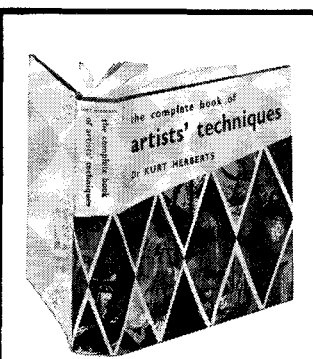
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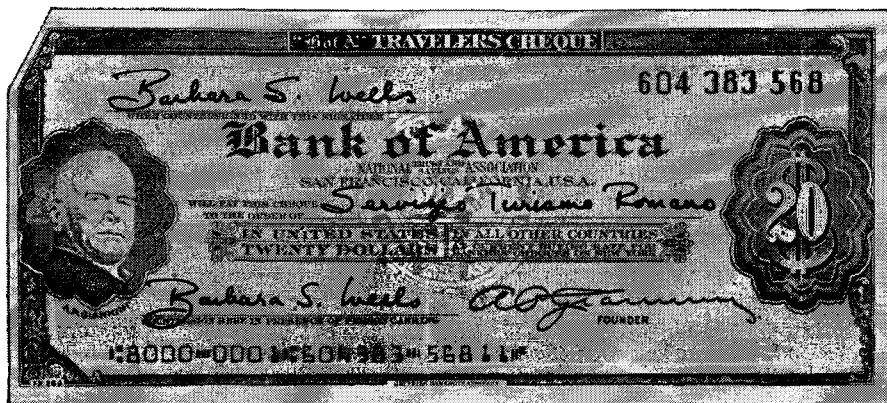
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Report on Argentina

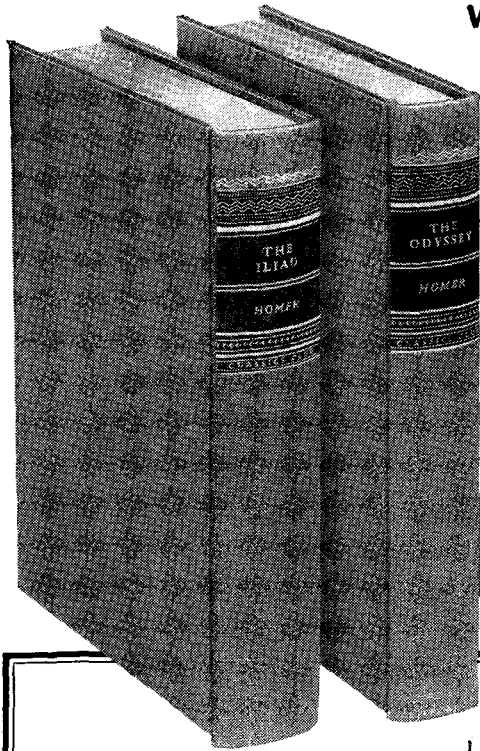
The gap between domestic oil consumption and production, which required the importation of petroleum and was costing the country \$251 million, impelled Frondizi to initiate his Reactivation Plan of 1958. The state petroleum agency, YPF, was directed to extend its exploration and development activities, new exploration and development contracts were negotiated with private companies, and drilling contracts to supplement the working of YPF rigs were granted to private drilling companies. A number of U.S. companies signed contracts under the plan. The production of crude petroleum is now nearing a level of self-sufficiency.

Nevertheless, the cry has been raised in various quarters, including the UCRP campaign platform, that the petroleum contracts with foreign companies should be annulled. The argument is that under the terms of the contracts, which require the private companies to sell all the oil they produce to YPF, payment by YPF must be made in dollars. Because of the drop in the value of the peso, opponents of the contracts contend that it would be cheaper to import. The private oil companies point to mismanagement in YPF, which is thoroughly enmeshed in financial difficulties and is far behind in its payments. Also, they criticize the drilling contracts, which provide for fixed fees and for as many as 1000 wells. In the United States, during oil booms contracts seldom call for more than twenty wells to be drilled and provide for renegotiation as drilling costs diminish.

Shortly after the elections, Dr. Illia indicated that he would seek to renegotiate the contracts rather than annul them. His low-pressure personality will serve to advantage in the conciliatory negotiations vital to the economic and political recuperation of the country.

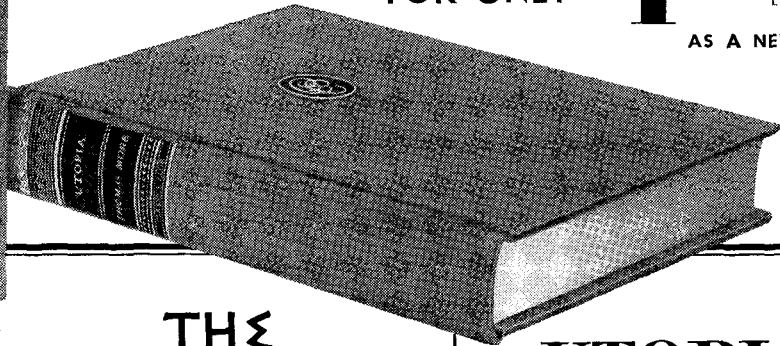
It has been said that Argentina is such a wealthy country that it can prosper under ordinary bad management. Events of the past twenty years have demonstrated that it cannot thrive under excessively bad management. A stretch of good government is long overdue.

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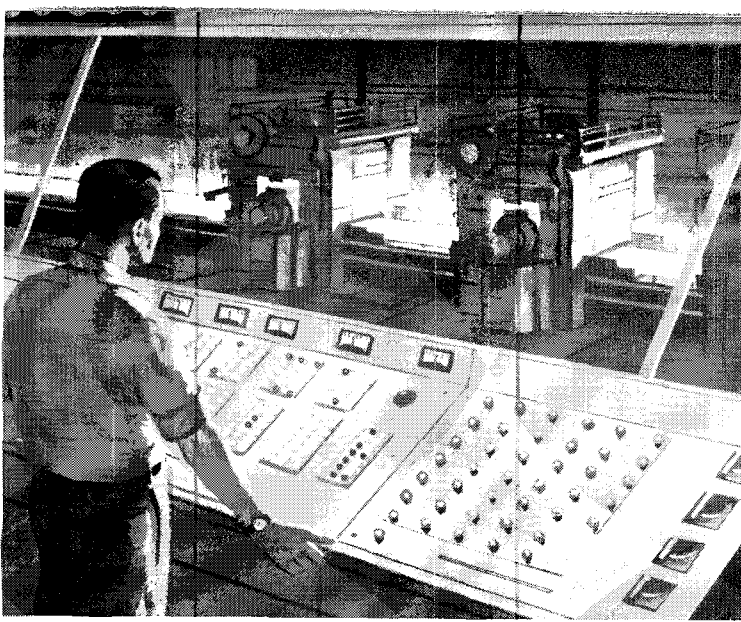
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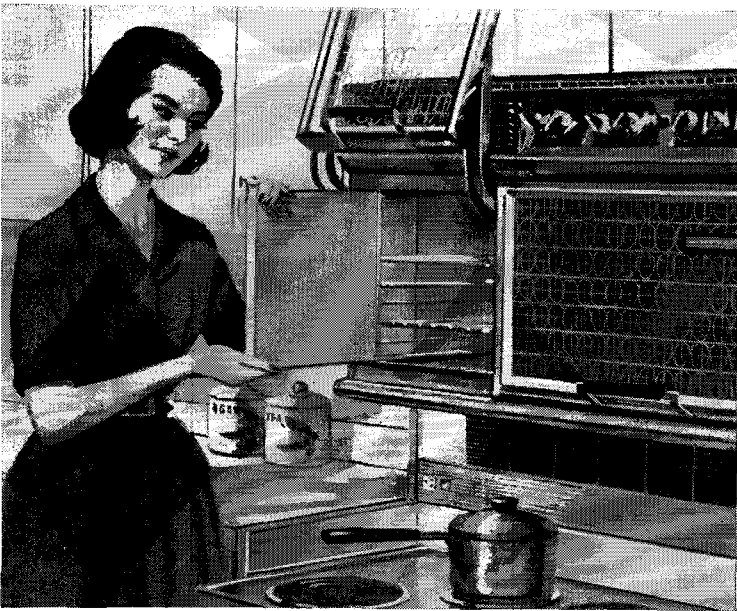
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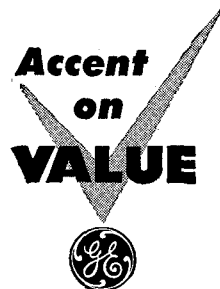


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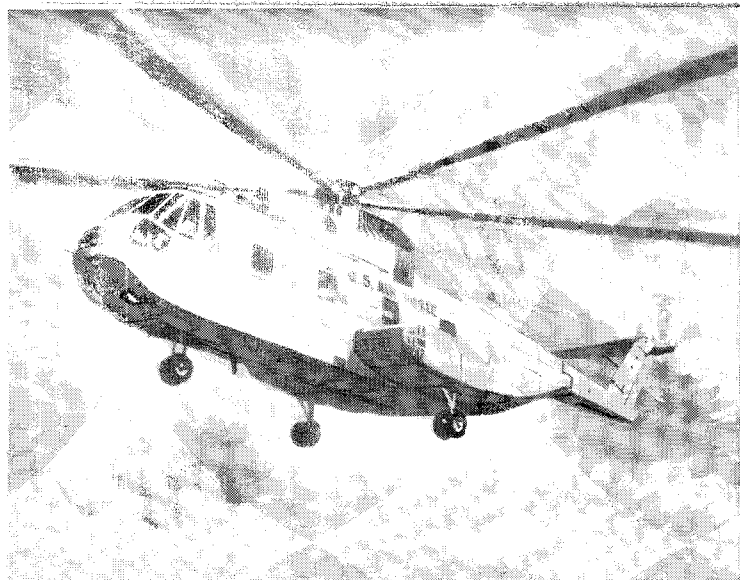
An oven that practically cleans itself: no scrubbing, no scouring. Homemakers told us the chore they disliked most was cleaning a messy oven. That's why the new Hotpoint Hallmark range has removable oven panels, coated with tough, non-stick plastic. They wash as easily as dishes, right in the sink. Also, for removing smoke, odors and grease, the range features a new system that needs no outside venting.

***Products
that do
more for
people
come from
"listening"
to people.***



Different as these General Electric innovations are, they have one thing in common. They were all developed with the help of "listening" to people—studying their needs, asking their opinions, finding out what their problems were.

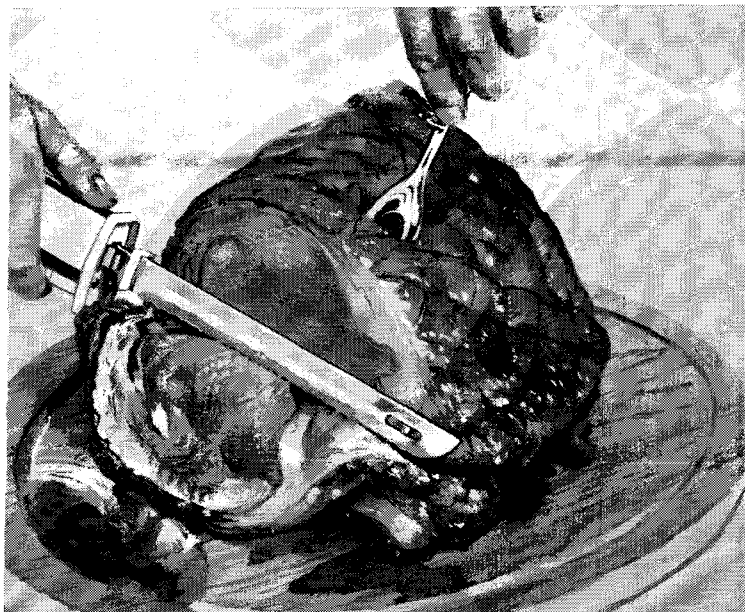
We listen in many unusual ways...from showing films that enable our thousands of jet-



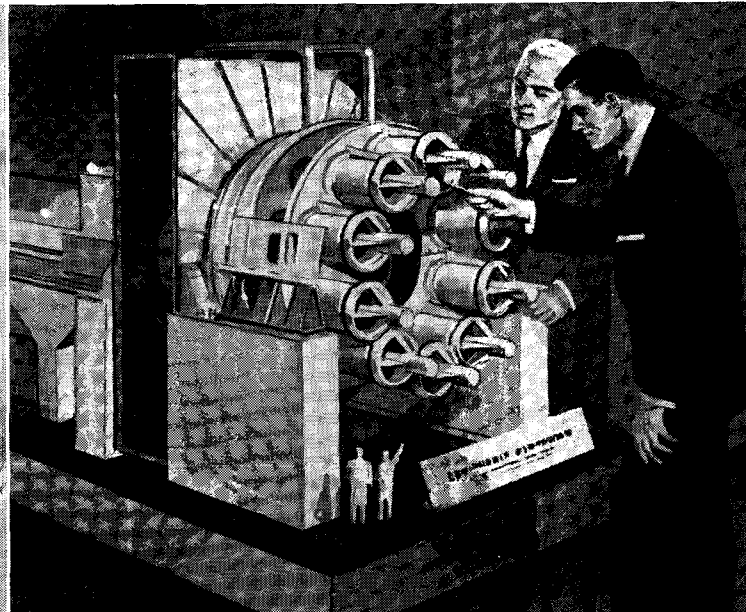
An engine that helicopters "had been waiting for." To break through piston-engine limitations and make the helicopter a more durable, higher-performance aircraft, General Electric developed the T58 gas turbine engine. It delivers more power per pound than any engine in its class and enables helicopters — military and commercial — to carry greater payloads farther, faster, and more economically.



An 11-inch, 12-lb. TV set you can use almost anywhere. Before General Electric's new Personal Television set was designed, our engineers measured all the places around the home where such a set could be plugged in. They checked typical clearances: between bookcase shelves, on counter tops, on bedside tables. The result: an amazingly compact TV set that's truly portable and fits almost anywhere.



An electric slicing knife that makes carving a pleasure. According to studies, 70% of American families entertain at least once a month, 25% every week. General Electric's response: a line of attractively styled electrical products that make gracious entertaining easy — everything from a rotisserie-oven to the novel motor-driven slicing knife shown here. The knife makes carving almost effortless.



A plant that will use 10 jet engines to produce electricity. In answer to the need of electric utilities for a high-capacity source of reserve power at low capital cost, General Electric engineers are harnessing 10 aircraft jet engines to create a revolutionary new turbine-generator (model above). It can produce, on short notice, up to 100,000 kilowatts to meet peak loads and emergencies.

engine people to hear military officers spell out precise defense requirements... to using a computer to tell us constantly how homemakers are rating our efforts to improve product service.

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FIELD archaeology today is a race against time. The threatened submersion of the great Abu Simbel statues of Ramses II by the dammed-up Nile is only the most spectacular example of what is happening all over the world. Greek road machines are cutting through burial mounds old in the age of Homer. The weight of tractors tilling Italian fields crushes vaulted Etruscan tombs hidden beneath the sod. The foundations of skyscrapers in Mexico City root out the remains of Aztec towns. In our Southwest, pipelines trench through the remains of ancient Indian kivas.

Everywhere, as populations explode, the archaeologist must rush to keep ahead of the bulldozer. In one year British scientists had to carry out forty-four "rescue digs" as gravel diggers burrowed into prehistoric village sites. American scientists have hastily surveyed three hundred areas in the West about to be covered by reservoir waters. In China, archaeologists are reported hurrying to investigate three thousand ancient tombs in the path of a new industrial city. And in Egypt archaeologists of sixteen nations are working feverishly to explore, record, and remove as much as possible before the Aswan Dam gates close and the entire human record of ancient Nubia is drowned forever beneath the Nile.

No wonder the modern archaeologist calls much of his job a salvage operation. Fortunately, he is far better armed than his predecessors. Borrowing not only from physicist and chemist but from soldier and prospector, geologist and botanist, the archaeologist is speeding his work at every step with a wide range of tools.

Shortcuts for archaeologists

The airplane, for example, has proved invaluable, not only in rapid surveying of remote desert and mountain areas but in placing familiar landscapes in new perspectives. When aerial photography was still young, an alert RAF officer noted strange circles and lines in air shots of the green fields of Hampshire. Investigation showed that these were minute variations in color, visible only from the air, that marked the walls and ditches,

the hut sites and forts of prehistoric farmers. Plants growing over a buried wall ripen earlier than the surrounding crop and are seen from the air as a lighter line through the field. Plants growing over a buried ditch have more moisture to draw on and appear richer and darker. Such marks recorded by aerial survey have provided a remarkable inventory of human occupancy sites, from Neolithic times to the Middle Ages.

When a site has been found, much time and money can still be spent in fruitless digging. To pinpoint productive areas, archaeologists are using a variety of ingenious devices. In Turkey, facing the needle-in-a-haystack problem of locating small stone burial chambers in enormous earth mounds, scientists simply borrowed the familiar well driller's rig. By drilling test shafts into each mound until they strike stone, an excavating team can locate the chambers without moving hundreds of tons of earth.

Italian archaeologists have gone a step further. After drilling through the stone vaults of Etruscan tombs located by surface indications, they drop a camera down the shaft and take a picture of what is inside, thus avoiding the wasted effort of digging up tombs already stripped by robbers.

More complex investigation devices make use of the fact that buried objects at a site change the electrical and magnetic environment. Resistivity surveying, a technique used by oil geologists, detects buried objects by studying ground resistance to an electric current passing between two steel probes stuck in the earth. A systematic grid of test probes across a site reveals a pattern of low or high readings that tells the expert of walls or ditches underground. High resistance indicates buried rocks — perhaps an ancient wall, a stone floor, or a tomb. Low resistance may mean a ditch that has filled with earth — the fill is damper than the undisturbed soil around it. A resistivity survey in Britain is trying to find the treasure King John lost in 1216 when an exceptionally high tide swept the royal baggage train from the causeway across the Wash Estuary, now dry land.

The REA Controversy

REA Power Deals Called Unfair Drain on Taxpayers

Unfortunately, this award follows a pattern that has been developing rapidly—the expenditure of billions of dollars to build a new power system. Because Treasury loans to REA now make up about 3 billion dollars of the national debt, every taxpayer should be concerned. As you also pointed out in your editorial, the 10 per cent interest rate on REA co-operatives on

9 Millions Loaned to Co-op by REA

WASHINGTON—The head of the Rural Electrification Administration Monday dashed at a private power company as he announced a whopping \$9 million loan to the company.

Good Intentions Going Wrong

FUNDS ADVANCED by Congress to the Rural Electrification Administration to bring power to the nation's farms give every appearance of being used today to

work. Working with the Department of Interior, REA is using the bulk of its annual appropriation to finance huge steam generating plants to

REA Should Be Curbed

REA Is Ready to Wear 'Long Pants'

Once the farmer's friend—and an agency with scarcely an enemy in the world—the Rural Electrification Administration today is finding itself, increasingly, in political hot water. Working with the Department of Interior, REA is using the bulk of its annual appropriation to finance huge steam generating plants to

It Has Forgotten Its Purpose

A basic national issue is posed by shifts in Rural Electrification Administration policy and the increasing aggressiveness of REA in seeking nonfarm feeling the pinch of a competition few anticipated when REA was established. The specter of nationalization is seen by some unless these

You might not even know what the REA is, or that it's controversial. But a controversy exists, and it involves you as a taxpayer, as a customer of an investor-owned electric light and power company (perhaps as a shareholder, too), or as a member of a rural electric cooperative.

To begin with, REA stands for the Rural Electrification Administration, a bureau of the Federal Government established in 1936 to make loans to local agencies who would help get electricity to rural America. The local agencies were called rural electric cooperatives (now sometimes "rural electric systems"). These systems borrow money from the Federal Government at 2% interest. As cooperatives, they pay no Federal income tax.

Because investor-owned electric companies and rural electric co-ops worked as good neighbors, electric-

ity now flows in plentiful supply throughout our nation's farmlands. Yet the REA recently asked the treasury for more loan appropriations than ever before (\$425 million in the last budget, compared with only \$175 million back in 1952).

Many people—magazine and newspaper writers and editors, congressmen, senators, business leaders, farm leaders—have asked for an explanation of the REA's ever-growing budget. General maintenance and the "heavying up" of existing lines account for part of the huge expenditure. But the heaviest portion is requested for building generating plants and high-voltage lines.

Considering this, thoughtful people are asking whether the REA in Washington is encouraging some rural electric co-ops to build power plants and transmission lines where they are not needed. Many people are wondering whether the REA is

loaning money to some co-ops to help build a Federal power system not authorized by Congress.

Many other questions have been asked about REA loans: Are they being used by REA in Washington to urge local rural electric co-ops to expand into urban and industrial service, in contradiction to the purpose for which they were established? Is it proper for the REA to lend public funds while keeping the basis for the loan a secret? Is the REA in Washington injuring its once-honored image, and also the honored images of the local rural electric cooperatives?

Naturally, we in the electric light and power companies also ask these questions. But our voice is only one among many. Perhaps your voice should join in, too, for the question of how you want your tax dollars to be used has great bearing on this nationwide controversy.

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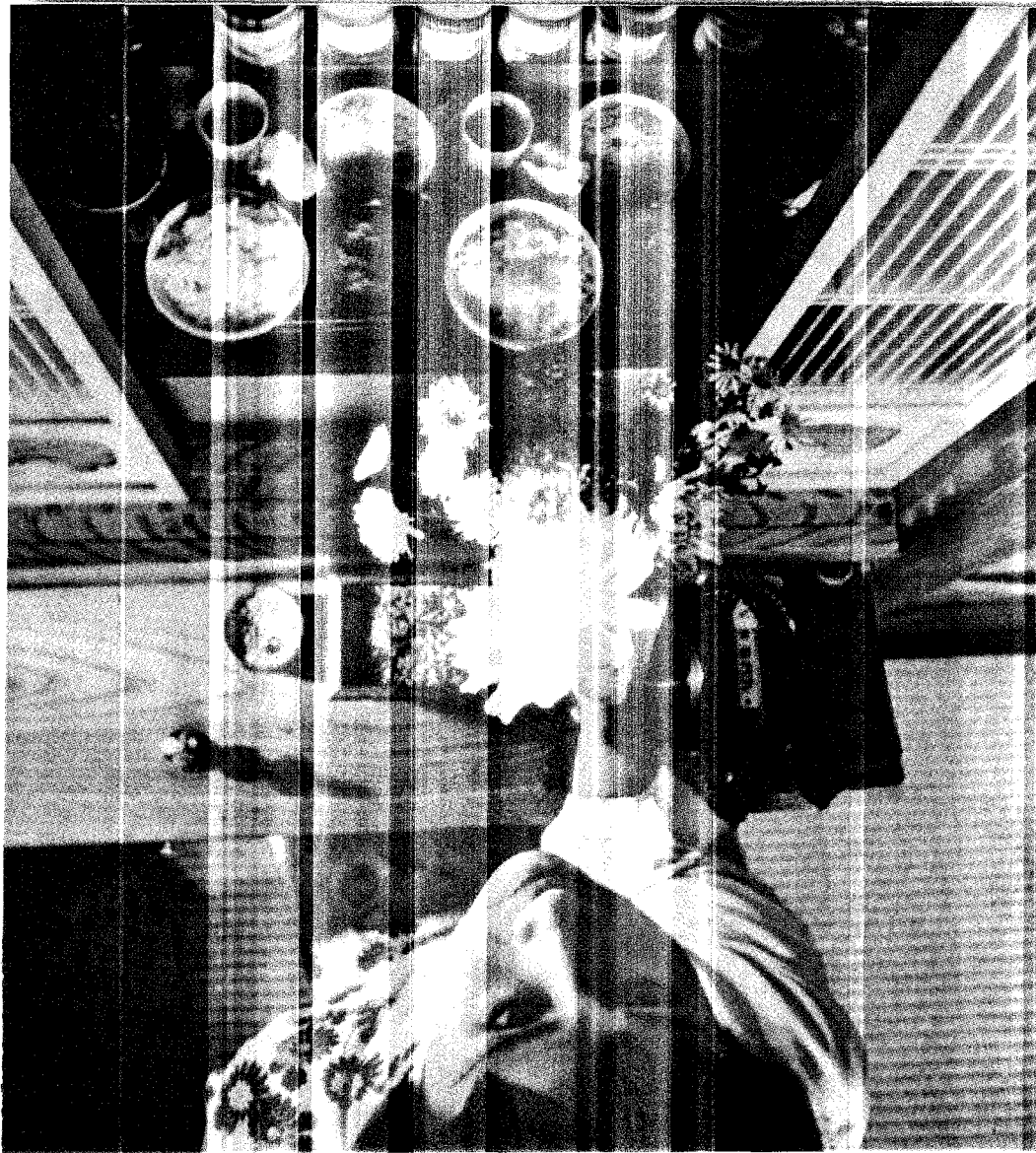
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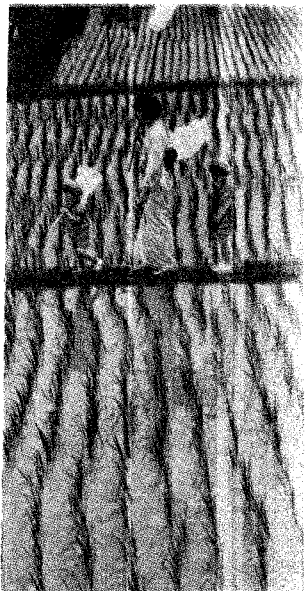


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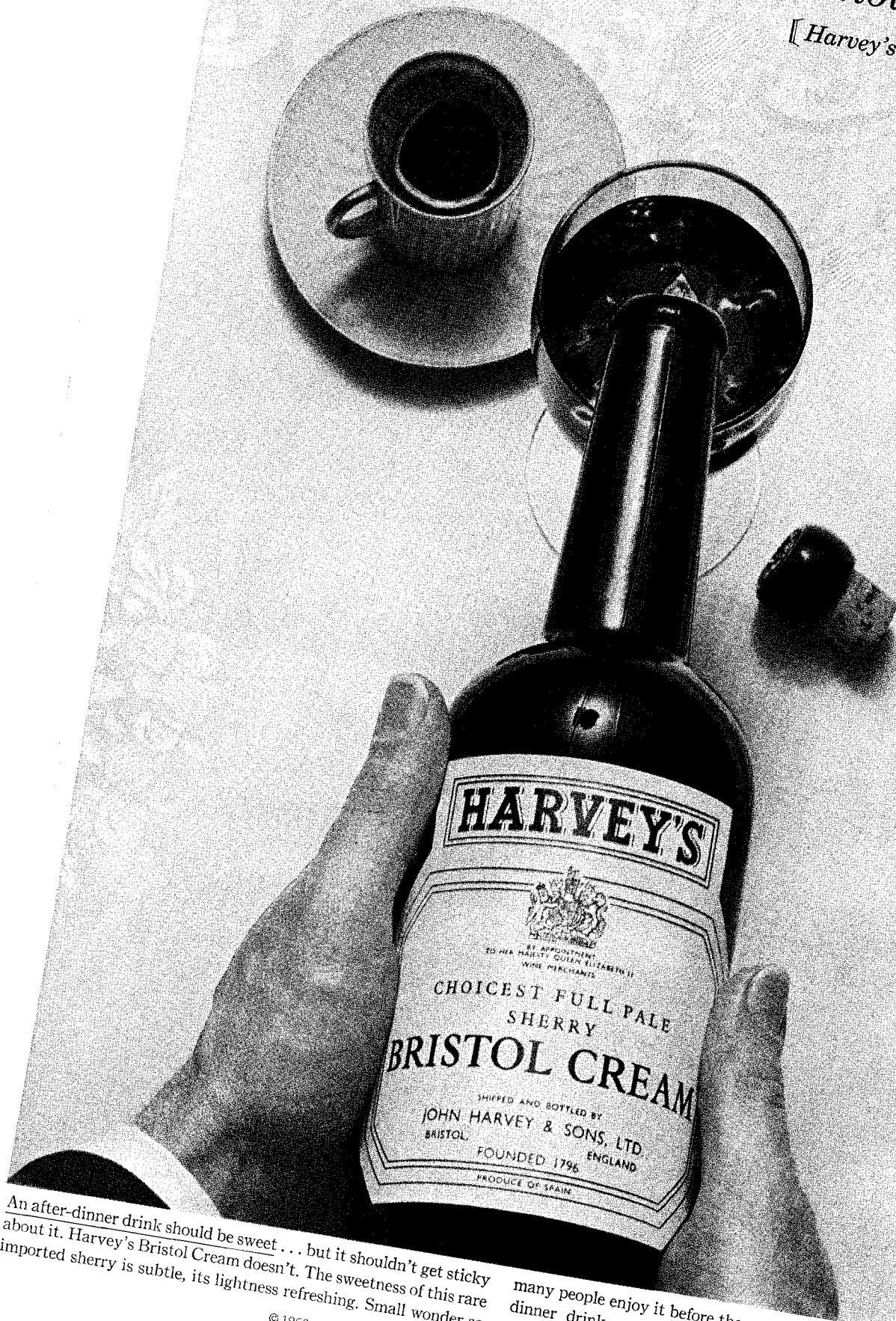
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Magnetic location, another geologist's technique, has been applied to archaeological prospecting with particular success by Oxford University scientists. The earth is a huge magnet, surrounded by a magnetic field, the invisible force that makes the compass needle point toward the magnetic pole. Heating of the iron oxide particles found in most soils often increases their magnetism enough to create small local variations in the strength of the magnetic field. Detection of such changes may indicate an old campfire site or cook oven buried below. Many Romano-British pottery kilns have been found by this means, even though their fires last burned many centuries ago.

New methods of dating

The earth's magnetic field can also be used to determine the age of buried objects. Over the centuries, the direction of the field has constantly changed. When iron particles are magnetized by heat, the field direction is locked into the soil. When undisturbed baked clay, as in a kiln, is discovered, analysis can reveal the local direction of the earth's magnetic field at the time the clay was last heated. Using samples of clay of known date, it is possible to prepare a chart of field variations over the centuries and relate new finds to this time scale.

University of California scientists are dating pottery or bricks by means of thermoluminescence. Thorium and uranium, which occur in most clays, are naturally radioactive, bombarding the minerals around them with alpha particles that distort their crystal structure. If the clay is heated, these distortions are removed, but the bombardment begins again when the baked clay cools. Thus, all the crystal distortion found in the clay must have accumulated after the pot was baked and is a measure of the elapsed time since the potter placed his wet clay in the kiln. The scientist heats a fragment of clay and measures the visible light it gives out — the energy released as the distortions disappear.

Dating by means of the radioactive isotope carbon 14 is even more useful because it can be used on any object of organic origin. Contin-

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Operating in the 19 western states, including Alaska and Hawaii, the Bureau of Reclamation had, by its 60th anniversary in 1962, completed 171 dams, 42 powerplants and thousands of miles of canals and pipelines. Included in their projects are Grand Coulee Dam, the world's largest concrete structure, and Hoover Dam, the nation's tallest dam. Now under construction are the new Flaming Gorge (left) and Glen Canyon Dams, key units in the tremendous Colorado River Storage Project. Another new unit is the Morrow Point Dam, the Bureau's first double-curvature, thin-arch concrete dam and first venture into underground powerhouse construction.

This work has been done at remarkably small cost to the public! Approximately 92 percent of all Bureau of Reclamation construction costs are paid back through income from power revenues, water users associations, irrigation districts and municipalities. In fact, the Bureau undertakes new projects only when there is a favorable ratio of benefits to costs. And, of course, by creating new agricultural production and providing power and water for industry, Reclamation projects provide a base for additional tax income.

Initiated in 1902 by President Theodore Roosevelt to develop the arid West, the Bureau has ever since been making significant contributions to the wealth and economic growth of the entire country. In addition, recreational areas provided by the impoundment of water by these dams will be enjoyed by millions in the coming years. For instance, Lake Powell formed by Glen Canyon Dam, will be 186 miles long covering 250 square miles. The lake behind Flaming Gorge Dam will stretch out 90 miles and cover 65 square miles.

In this work, concrete plays a major role. In Hoover Dam, for example, there is enough concrete to build a 2-lane highway from Chicago to Boston.

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Love Letters to Rambler



Navy firefighter

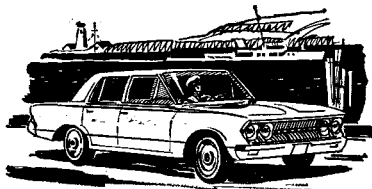
John E. Siemon, Jr., of Silver Spring, Maryland, bought his 1963 Rambler last February. His letter goes all

out in praise of the Classic "550" 4-Door Sedan. He writes:

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"I will conclude by saying congratulations on building a fine automobile. I can easily understand why Rambler was awarded the 'Car of the Year' honor by Motor Trend Magazine."

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Science and Industry

ually formed in the upper atmosphere by cosmic ray bombardment of nitrogen, carbon 14 is absorbed by all living matter, plant or animal, and becomes uniformly distributed throughout the living world. When the living matter dies, the radioisotope gradually "decays" — that is, turns into other substances — at a known rate. The amount of the isotope found in an archaeological object — a charred log or a scrap of leather, for example — compared with the amount found in a comparable living specimen tells roughly how many centuries have elapsed since the tree was cut or the cow killed.

Because archaeologists have learned a great deal about the availability of different materials at various times and places in antiquity, physical analysis of the artifact often yields clues about who made it, where, and when. Using the technique of emission spectrometry, the scientist burns a tiny metal scraping or pottery chip with an electric spark leaping between two electrodes. The wavelengths of light emitted show what elements have been volatilized. Or X rays can be focused on a specimen to stimulate inner electron shells of its atoms to emit secondary X rays, whose wavelengths tell the researcher what elements are present. Still a third approach is to X-ray a powdered sample to produce a shadow pattern that reveals the crystal structure of the material, so that the minerals present can be identified.

Even the analysis of stone can yield valuable clues. British investigators were puzzled at finding Stone Age axes made of rock quite unlike any for a hundred miles around. Checking the crystalline structure of tiny slices from the axes, rock experts were able to identify their structure with rocks found in four different areas of Britain, all remote from where the axes were found. From this they determined that there were at least four "factories" where prehistoric stonemasons made tools and weapons that were traded across Britain. In another case, analysis of the limestone used in two T'ang statues confirmed ancient Chinese traditions of their

common origin, despite wide differences in style and in their outward appearance.

Processing by computer

Much archaeology is concerned with classification of everything from grave sites to bronze axes, to find the geographical and chronological relationships among the people who made them. The ubiquitous computer can do this not only far more quickly but on a much larger scale than could a crew of scientists. Data-processing systems can prepare statistical tables of scores of details — size, shape, material, decoration; then analyze the mass of information and report which characteristics are commonly found together.

This technique, applied by a Cambridge University archaeologist to all the remains left by a little-understood prehistoric society called the Bell Beaker Culture, has revealed how the culture developed after the beakers came to Britain from the Continent about 2000 B.C.

With this technological armament and the pressure of events, archaeological research is enjoying a boom, but not every archaeologist is happy about it. Relics are being collected faster than they can be examined, classified, and published, and some archaeologists would like to have all fieldwork suspended for a holiday of perhaps five years. There are experts who fear that their contemporaries may be repeating a mistake of the past — digging up and in effect destroying evidence that future archaeologists would be far better equipped to interpret, thanks to the continuing development of new scientific techniques.

This is a minority view, however. Most archaeologists point out that the bulldozers will not wait for the museum expert to catch up with his backlog of artifacts or to develop new techniques; the site that is left for future exploration may not be there ten years from now. And archaeologists are convinced that it is as important for man to know where he has been as to know where he is going.

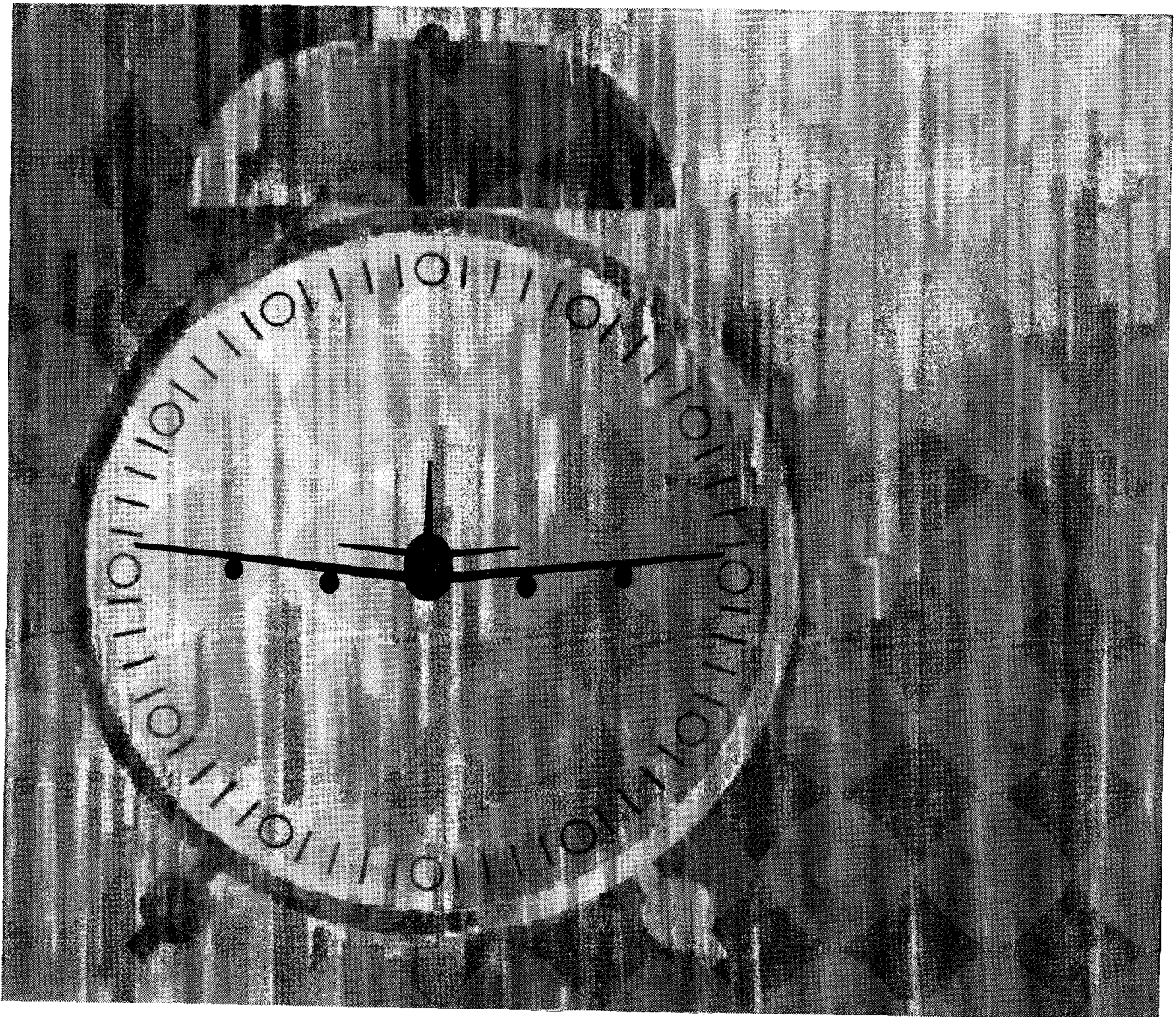
Capsule pipelines

Someday we may pump wheat and iron in pipelines across the continent just as we do oil and gas

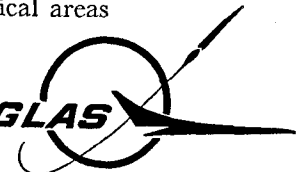
Freight-to-passenger ratio for airlines gives strong evidence of following railroad patterns. Fifty years showed freight increasing from 20% to 88% of total railroad business. Cargo by air has grown from 3% to 9% in the past fifteen years. Freight-by-air is a sleeping giant which could awaken with a roar as a result of important shipping economies being made possible by the new Douglas jet freighters now entering service. □ And Douglas is helping awaken the giant on several other fronts. These include coordinating a study

SLEEPING GIANT of freight movement statistics in conjunction with several major airlines; designing improved terminals and cargo handling systems; analysis of terminal-to-terminal control; and, of course, continuing production of jets with lowest possible operating costs.

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today. In fact, some pipelines may be common carriers, like railroads or shipping lines. A bold new approach to pipelining, under study by the Research Council of Alberta, Canada, opens up the possibility of sending all sorts of solids through pipes. Although the system is still in the laboratory stage, it could eventually have major impact on bulk transportation methods.

Pipeline enthusiasts will tell you that solids have been sent through pipes ever since the forty-niners sluiced their gold-bearing sands. Fertilizers, cement, and ores are being piped today. And in the last few years a hundred-mile coal-carrying pipeline proved so successful that there is talk of long lines to carry coal from Appalachian mines to the East Coast, or from Utah to the Pacific. But until now it has been possible to pipe solids only in the form of a slurry — fine particles suspended in a liquid.

Slurry pumping has high power demands, since the particles must move fast to keep from settling. Separating the liquid and the solid at the receiving end can be difficult and costly, although methods have been developed to burn coal slurry without drying it. And many materials are not suitable for slurry pumping at all because they would be damaged by contact with the carrier.

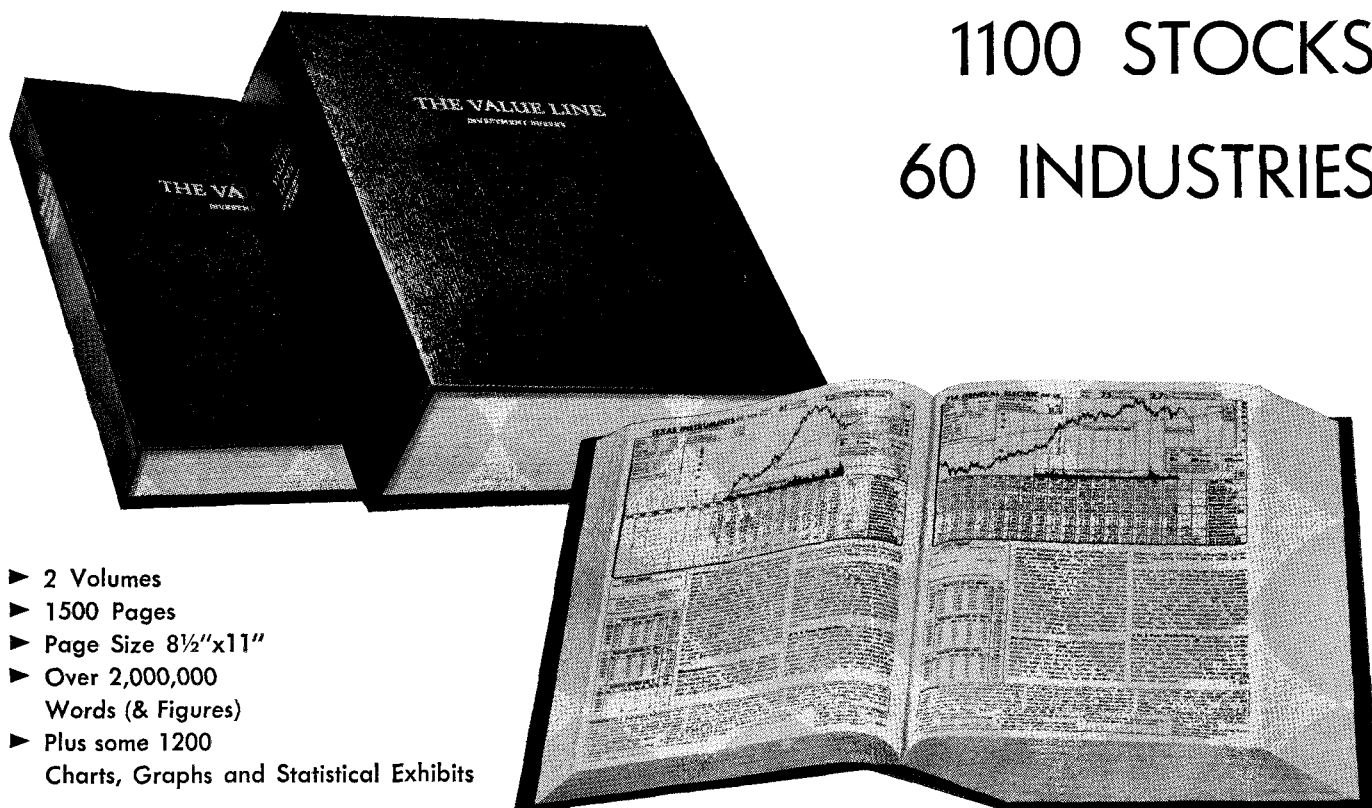
The Alberta scientists propose to overcome these difficulties by sending solid material through the pipe as large slugs or in containers. Separation would be easy. Power requirements would be less. And commodities like wheat or chemicals could be kept separated from the liquid by being carried in disposable capsules — say, of plastic.

The researchers, whose work is supported by the Canadian government, got the idea when they observed water and oil of the same density flowing together through a horizontal pipeline. The oil formed spherical or elongated bubbles in the center of the stream which moved faster than the water around them. Their presence in a turbulent flow either had no effect on the pressure gradient or even reduced it. Sup-

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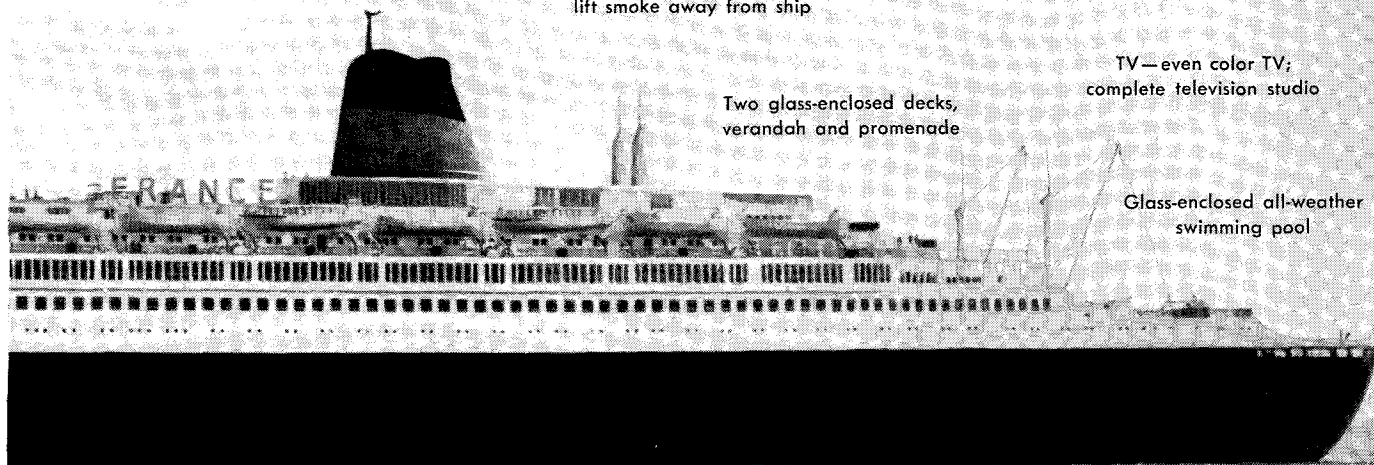
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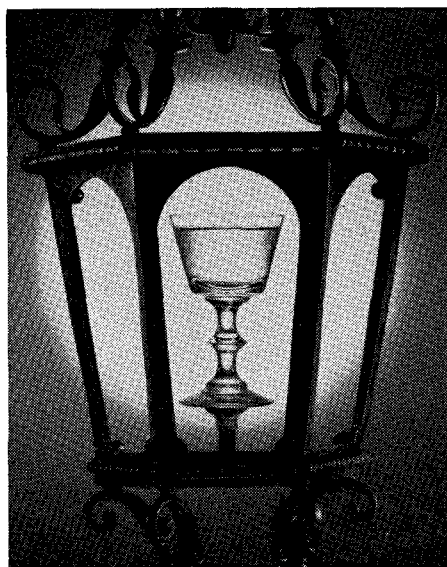
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Science and Industry

pose, the scientists speculated, those bubbles were capsules or solid slugs of iron or aluminum. Would they flow through the pipe in the same way?

To find out, the Canadian researchers built small-scale transparent plastic pipelines in the laboratory, in which they tested hollow cylinders and spheres loaded with lead shot or mercury, and solid aluminum slugs of various shapes. Their bright idea works in the laboratory. Now Canadian industry is reported interested in tests on a commercial scale.

Looking ahead, the researchers believe the capsule container would be unnecessary for some products. Preliminary indications are that coal, sulfur, and potash could be mixed with oil or water to form a paste which would be molded into ingots. Metals could be cut as slugs. Since Alberta has both coal and oil to move to market, the Research Council scientists are particularly interested in piping them together, so that everything pumped through the pipe would be payload. The coal can be suspended in oil, but carrying it in slug form would make it easier to separate it from the oil.

Estimated capital costs for the proposed pipelines appear higher than for ordinary pipelines. However, capsules offer a power advantage. Horsepower requirements for pumping high concentrations of capsules (up to 80 or 90 percent by weight of the pipe volume) can be sharply cut, as compared with slurries, since the speed of the stream does not have to be kept high to prevent settling.

Sheets of capsules

The capsule principle appears in different form in a National Lead Company material called Nalcon. The company has developed a process that wraps individual cellulose fibers in a polyethylene jacket, then forms the capsules into sheets on a papermaking machine. The result is a material that is porous, like cellulose, and chemically resistant, like polyethylene. Nalcon is being used for storage battery separators and industrial filter cartridges. Some

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CHILDREN WHO NEED ADOPTION: A Radical View

by Rael Jean Isaac

While the number of illegitimate children has been rising, improved methods of handling infertility have cut down the number of couples seeking to adopt. Can adoption agencies justify their elaborate rituals of selection?

BERNARD BERENSON: A Summing Up

by Iris Origo

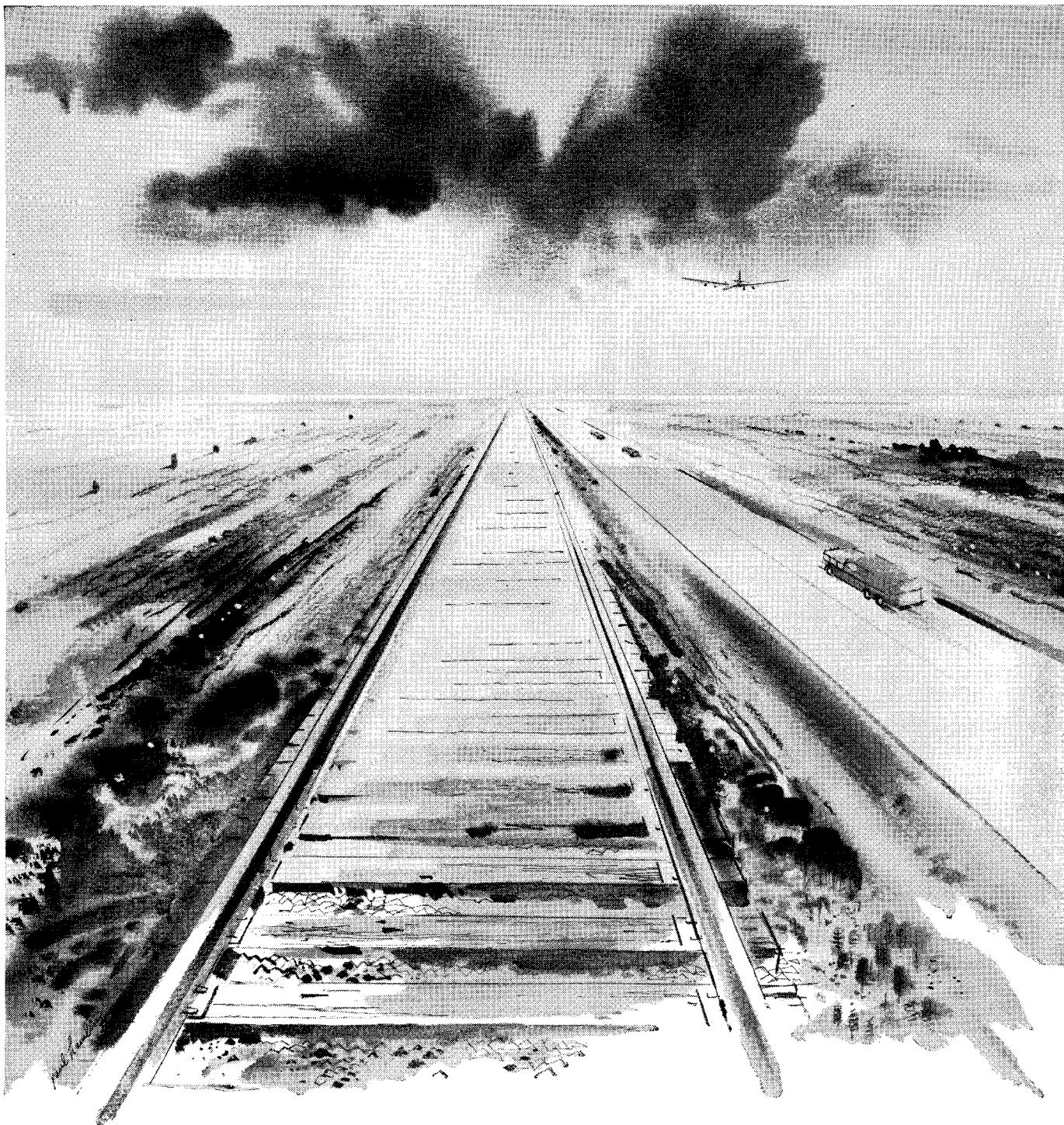
Until his death five years ago at the age of ninety-three, Bernard Berenson, art critic and connoisseur, wrote almost daily in his diary. The record of these sunset years reveals an unquenchable intellectual curiosity, an undimmed enjoyment of beauty, and an uncanny self-awareness. Iris Origo describes the real man behind the myth.

and The Atlantic Extra

BLAME ME on HISTORY

by Bloke Modisane

Negro journalist, critic, and actor, Bloke Modisane left South Africa for good in 1958 and went to England. "Blame Me on History" is the story of his struggle to reconcile the restrictions imposed on him by the state with his own need to maintain integrity and self-respect.



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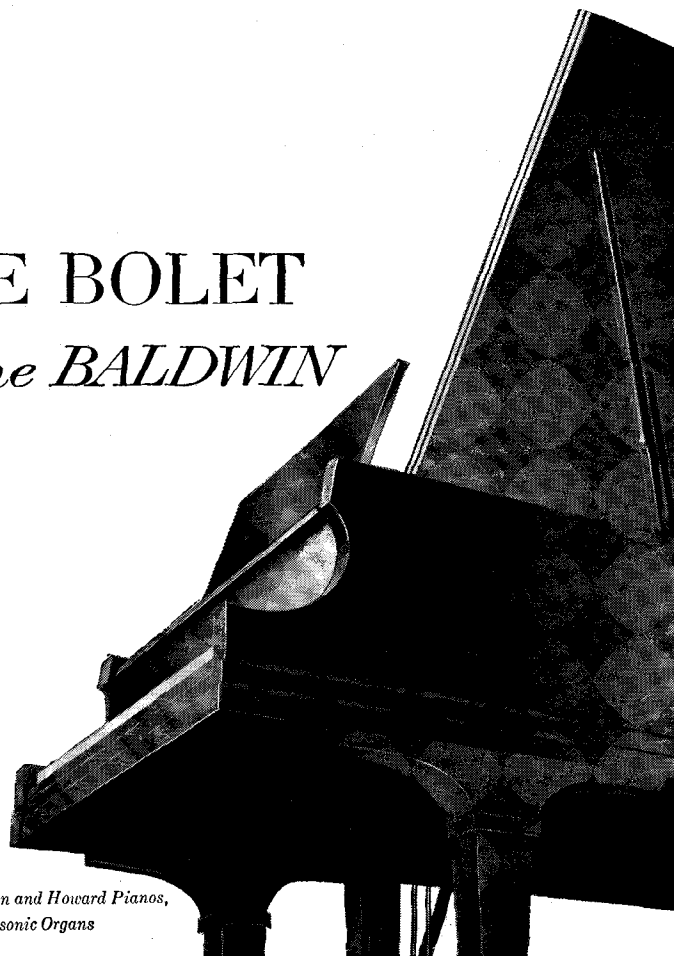


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other materials proposed by the company for encapsulation in sheets are asbestos, carbon black, and glass fiber.

A new kind of plastic

In recent years the trend has been to substitute synthetics made from chemicals for materials of animal or vegetable origin — nylon for silk, for example. Now scientists report a development in the other direction — still only a laboratory stunt, but perhaps a portent of things to come. That lowly form of life, the bacterium, has been put to work making plastic. Rhizobium, which fixes nitrogen in the root nodules of leguminous plants, has long been known to contain polyester particles that may constitute as much as 80 percent of its dry weight. Two chemists at the research center of W. R. Grace & Company have found a way of extracting the polyester to form a thermoplastic material that can be melted and molded into objects or cast into a film.

Since the new plastic has a low melting point — 178 degrees — and has no particularly outstanding characteristics, it is hardly likely to compete with the standard varieties on the American market. The Grace Company scientists point out, however, that underdeveloped countries that lack the organic chemicals needed to make commercial plastics might produce this plastic from fermentation bacteria in molasses or other equally available materials. Food-packaging films are suggested as one application.

Water bags or wineskins are still used in many parts of the world, and a fancy variety is now offered to some Americans. Milk in six- to ten-quart plastic bags, said to stay fresh longer than bottled or cartoned milk, is being delivered in several cities. In the home refrigerator, the bags are kept in a special dispenser which has a lever-operated spigot at the bottom, eliminating the usual wide opening that may expose the contents to bacteria in the air. Dairies testing the Container Corporation of America innovation report their plastic-bag customers are drinking more milk per family, apparently because it is so easy to pour.

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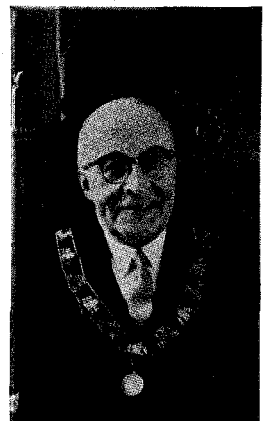
For a snack, try a herring from a roaming

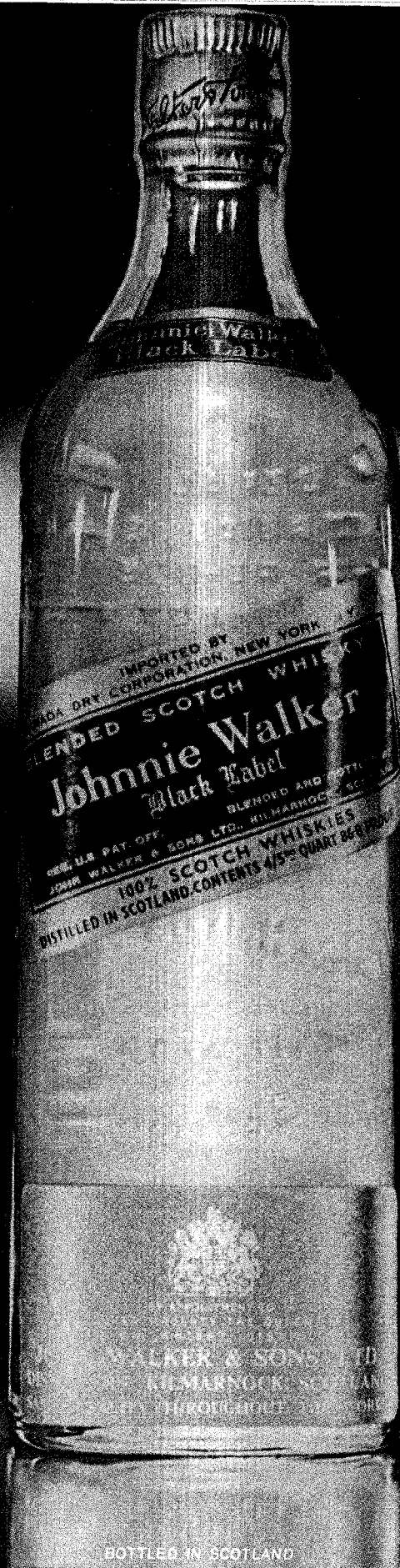
street cart. Or smoked eel. Or have your fill of the marvelous pea soup, ready only, as the Dutch say, "when it's thick enough to stand on."

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The Atlantic Report ROME



LESS than two weeks before the arrival in Rome of President Kennedy on the first of July, Italy had no government and the Vatican had no Pope. Eighty cardinals from all over the world, seated before Michelangelo's *Last Judgment* in the Sistine Chapel, were locked in conclave performing the task of finding a successor to John XXIII.

Italian politicians, assembled in less secret and less dignified conclaves at their party headquarters, were trying to solve the longest government crisis and one of the worst political impasses in the country's post-war history. It seemed as though Kennedy would step into a vacuum, and there was some talk of canceling the visit. But then, on the same day, June 21, both gaps were filled — one very firmly, the other provisionally.

The lean, ascetic, able, and dynamic Archbishop of Milan, Cardinal Giovanni Battista Montini, was elected Pope, assumed the name of Paul VI; and was solemnly crowned in St. Peter's Square the day before Kennedy flew in. Montini had entered the conclave a favorite. But this did not mean that his election was certain. When the crowd was waiting in St. Peter's Square for the puff of white smoke that would announce that a new Pope had been elected, an old woman in peasant clothes was heard saying, "I want one exactly like John." A priest standing next to her commented, "He needn't be exactly the same. The cardinals sitting in conclave are inspired by the Holy Ghost. They will make a good choice. The important thing is that he shall be a good Pope."

"No, no," answered the old woman stubbornly. "I want one exactly like John." This small episode epitomized a much more widespread feeling. Because of both his engaging character and his policies, John XXIII had been more popular than any other Pope in the present century.

If the cardinals had deliberately tried to choose somebody who was exactly the contrary of what the old peasant woman expected, they could not have done better. John looked like a peasant, was fat, friendly, easygoing, and full of fun, and had a

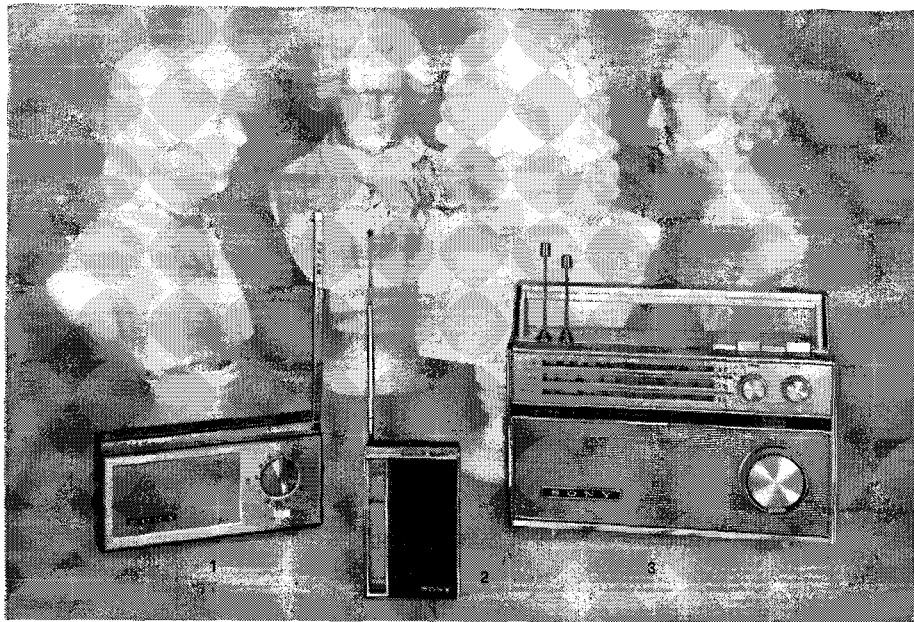
good sense of humor; while Paul is thin, aristocratic, reserved, meticulous, and very serious. But the contrast ceases with personality and appearance. In regard to policies, Paul VI made it very clear that he was determined to follow closely in John's footsteps.

Nevertheless, Paul VI will not be merely a pale imitator of John XXIII. If he supports and advances most of what John did and said, it is because the ideas of the two Popes had coincided for a long time. When Montini was Archbishop of Milan and Roncalli was Patriarch of Venice, they often exchanged suggestions and impressions. Montini was both an authority in the field of social studies and the leader of the more progressive trend of the Italian episcopate. In those days the future Pope John was a follower of the future Pope Paul.

A firm hand in the Vatican

On a fundamental question, the Ecumenical Council, Paul VI will not follow submissively the directives of his great predecessor. When John was still alive, the Archbishop of Milan, in a series of speeches and writings, had very respectfully and very diplomatically expressed reservations and criticisms on the way the Ecumenical Council had been organized and was being conducted. He found that the preparation of the Council had been superficial and that there was lacking a general perspective that would harmonize the work of the various committees in the various fields. It is therefore to be expected that Paul VI will give the committees his own coordinating directions and that the Ecumenical Council will be continued longer than John had planned.

Paul VI at sixty-six is a relatively young Pope and hides under a frail appearance a very strong constitution. He has an almost prodigious capacity for work — from six o'clock in the morning to one or two at night, with intermissions for a very frugal breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and an occasional brief siesta. He is a good organizer, has a good memory, a flair for languages; and the fifteen years he spent at the side of Pius XII as



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Report on Rome

his right-hand man have given him a complete knowledge of the central administration of the Catholic Church. One can therefore safely say that the Church of Rome is in very firm and competent hands.

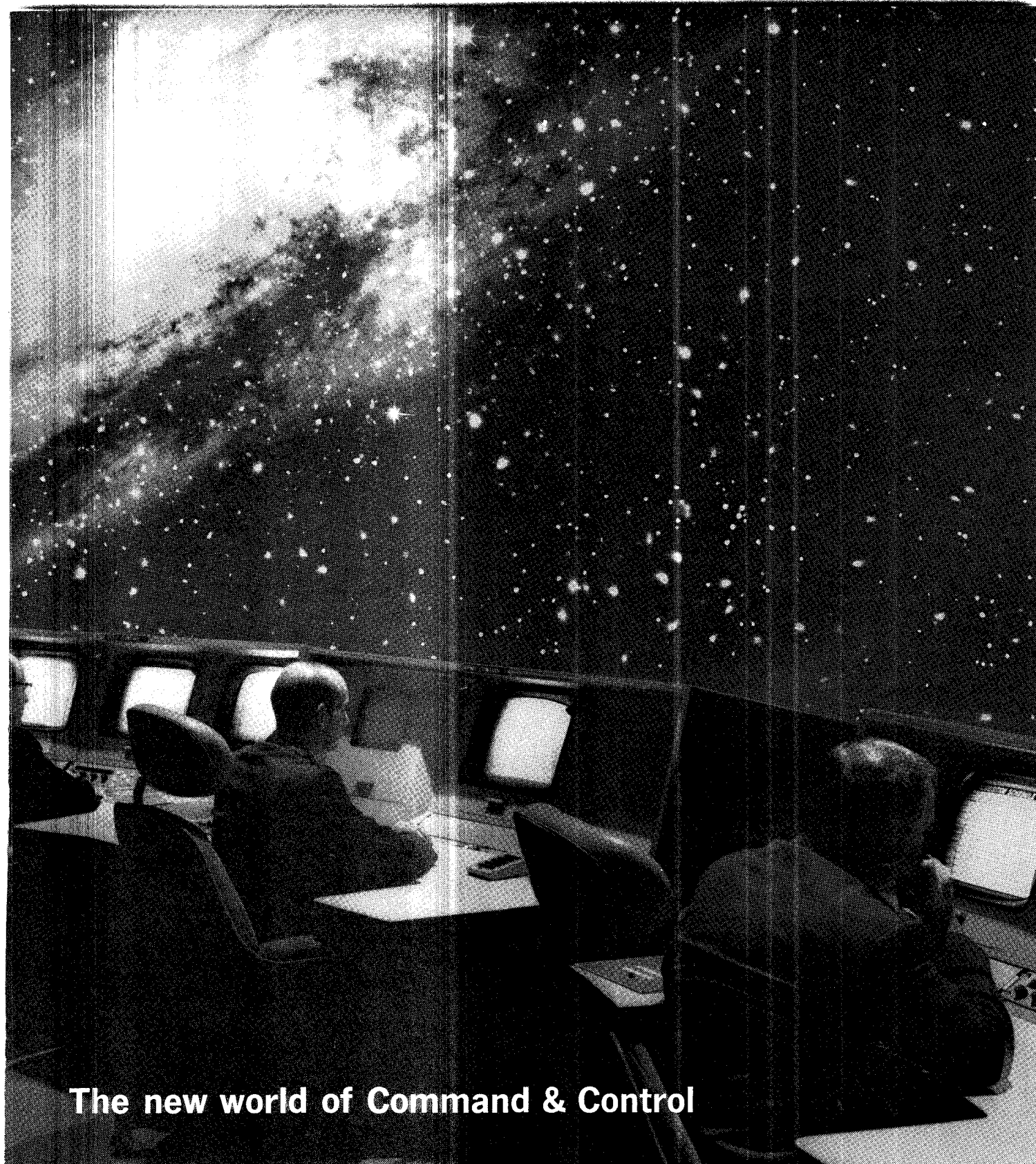
Political instability

The picture changes completely from stability to instability on the other side of the Tiber. Paradoxically, this instability can partly be traced to the policy of John XXIII. For a better understanding of the situation, it is necessary to go back to February, 1962, when Signor Amintore Fanfani, the ambitious, sharp-witted leader of the Christian Democrat left wing, did his by now famous *svolta a sinistra*, or "turn to the left." He became Prime Minister of a center-left coalition which was formed by the Christian Democrats (273 deputies), by the Saragat Socialists (23 deputies), and by the Republicans (7 deputies), and which was supported from the outside by the Nenni Socialists (84 deputies).

Under Pius XII a collaboration, even if not complete, between the Catholics and the Nenni Socialists, who describe themselves as Marxists, would have been inconceivable. But under John XXIII, with his policy of disentangling the Church from politics, it became feasible.

The two main aims of the turn to the left were to give the government a wider basis of support both in Parliament and in the country in order to carry out social reforms, and to isolate the Communists by attracting their friends, the Nenni Socialists, into the democratic sphere. But when a general election was held at the end of April this year, it appeared that Fanfani's gambit had been a flop. The Communists, instead of suffering by isolation, gained one million votes and reached the 25.3 percent mark, which means that of every four Italians, one voted Communist. The number of Communist deputies went from 140 to 166.

The Christian Democrats lost one million votes and dropped from 45 percent to 38.3 percent. The number of their deputies fell from 273 to 260. This meant that the more cautious and conservative Catholic



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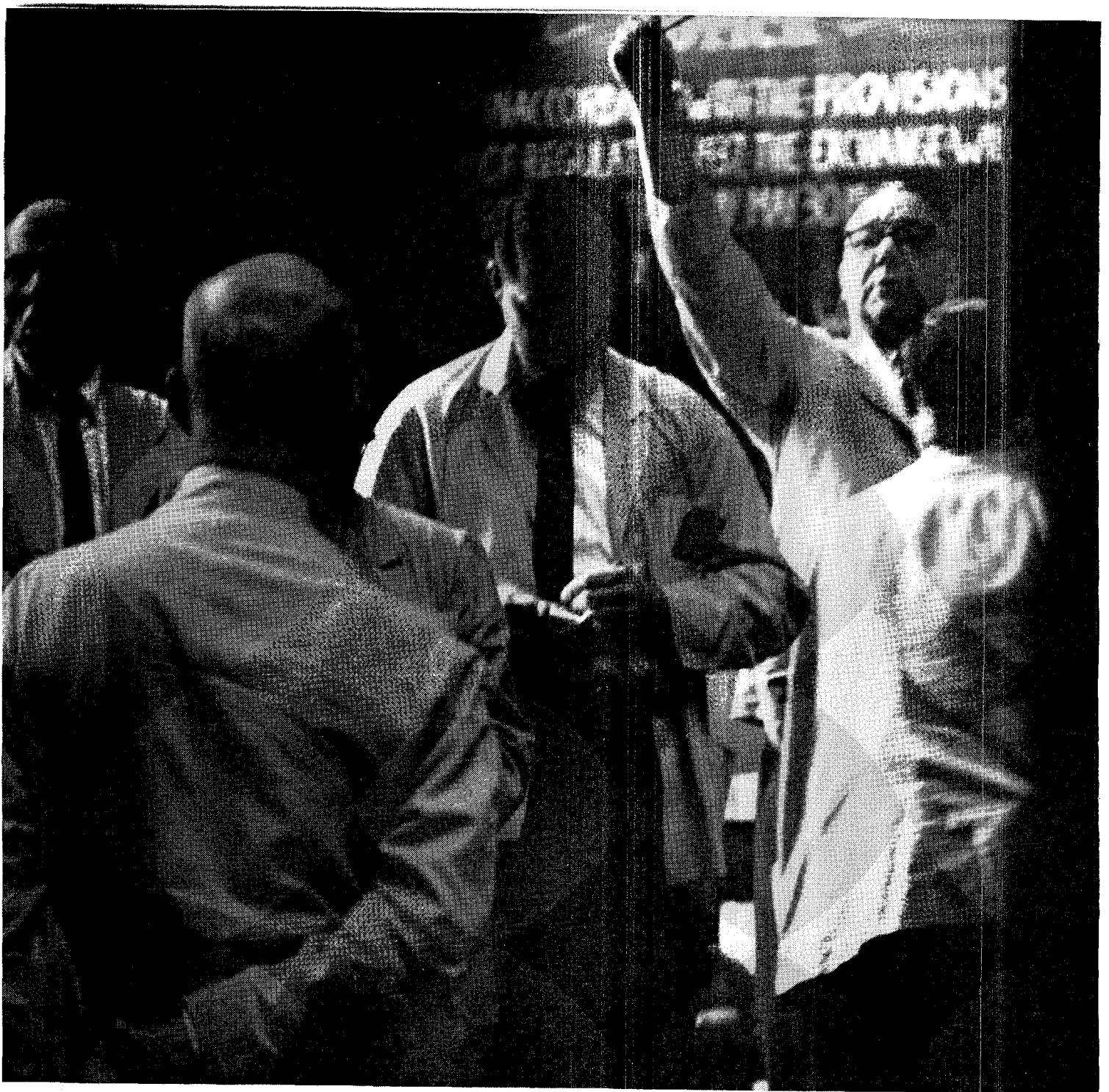
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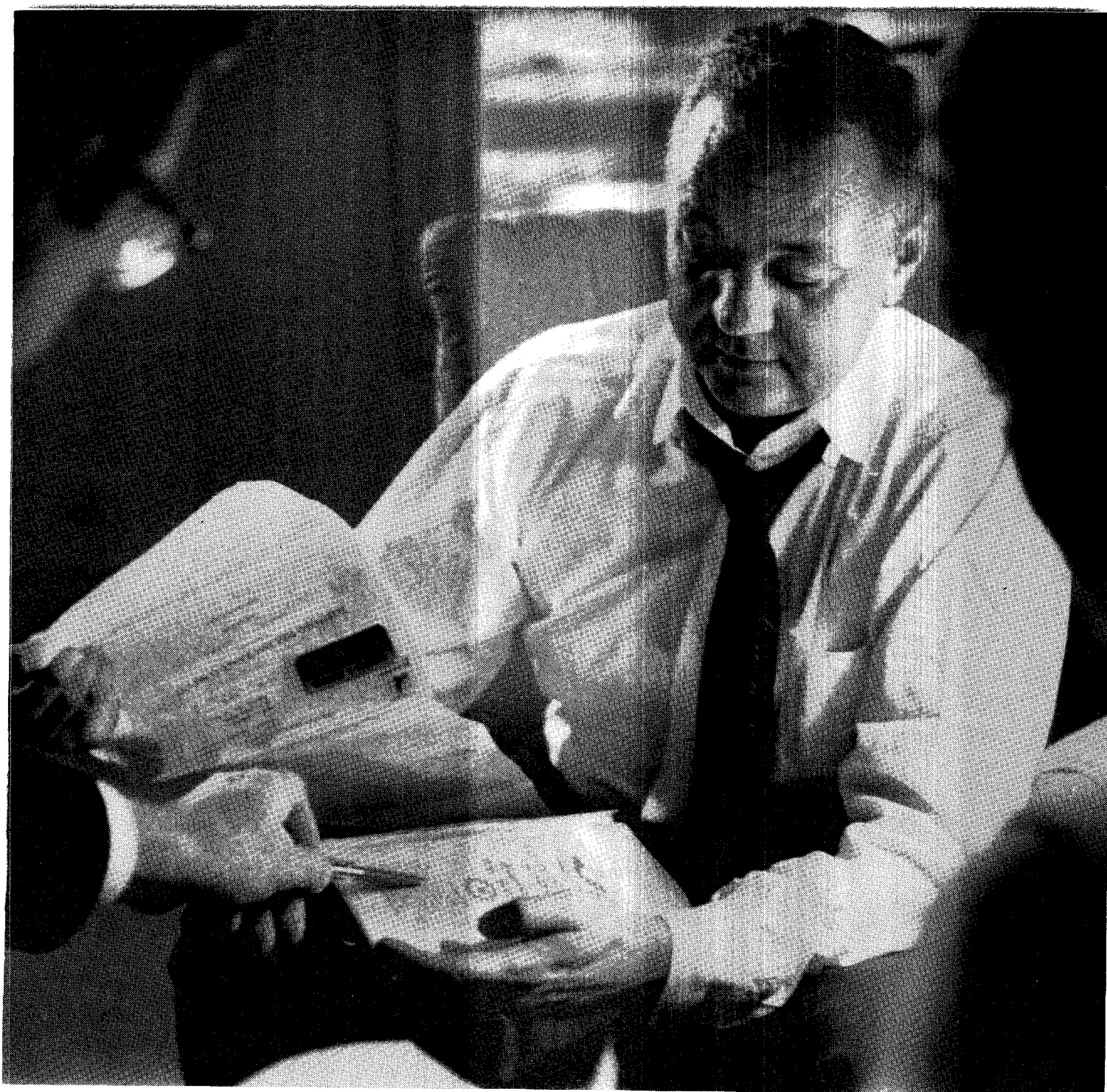
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Report on Rome

voters had not approved of Fanfani's bold turn to the left. A further confirmation of this came from the fact that the Liberals, who had been the more determined and coherent opponents of the turn to the left, more than doubled their votes, placing in the House of Deputies 39 members instead of the previous 16. The Saragat Socialists did very well, increasing their parliamentary seats from 23 to 33, while Nenni's deputies number 87 instead of 84.

The Christian Democrat defeat and the Communist progress were partly attributed to the leniency Pope John had shown toward Communism. His exchange of messages with Khrushchev; the private audience he had granted to Khrushchev's daughter, Rada, and her husband, Adzhubei, the editor of *Izvestia*; the negotiations carried out with the Communist regimes of Poland and Hungary to reach a *modus vivendi*; and the encyclical *Pacem in Terris*, which said that Marxism, although based on wrong materialistic assumptions, had something good in it and could eventually evolve in the right direction, were the most spectacular but not the only examples of this trend. Skillfully exploited by Communist propaganda, these developments made a great impression on the Italian electorate, especially among simple peasant women, who constituted the backbone of the Christian Democratic Party. Instructed by their parish priests, they used to identify Communism with the Devil, but now this belief has become considerably shaken.

The effort to compromise

Fanfani had to pay for his electoral losses, and the President of the Republic, Antonio Segni, instead of asking him to form a new government, entrusted the task to the Secretary of the Christian Democrats, Aldo Moro. Moro is forty-seven years old, and had he succeeded, he would have been the youngest Italian Prime Minister since Mussolini.

Moro is a soft-spoken, able lawyer who has a genius for compromise and for clouding his aims in obscure, involved, high-sounding terms which everyone can interpret to suit himself. For the last few years, Moro

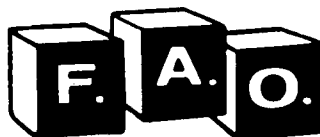
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Report on Rome

has been the real power behind the scenes of the Italian Parliament through his tight control over the party machinery of the Christian Democrats.

The irony of the situation was that the electoral switch that had driven Fanfani out made it even more necessary than before to continue in the policy he had inaugurated. The Christian Democrats had lost seats; the Saragat Socialists, who refuse to collaborate with the right, had increased theirs; and to form a working majority Moro had to knock at Nenni's door again.

Moro carried out, with Byzantine skill and patience, complicated negotiations with Pietro Nenni, Giuseppe Saragat, the Republicans, and also the leaders of dissident trends within his own party. His aim was to repeat the turn-to-the-left experiment, and this time to involve the Nenni Socialists more deeply in supporting the government and make their divorce from the Communists final.

The negotiations were being carried on for more than three weeks, from the end of May until the middle of June, to the indifference of Italian public opinion and press, whose interest was monopolized by the more dramatic events in the Vatican. When it looked as if everything had been settled, quite unexpectedly the left wing of the Nenni Socialists, headed by Riccardo Lombardi, rebelled and threatened to split the party in two if Nenni carried out his deal with Moro.

After a stormy midnight debate in the executive, Nenni resigned, but he was later persuaded to withdraw the resignation. He finally decided to postpone all decisions until the Party National Congress in October. Moro found himself at an impasse, and on June 18 he gave up the task of forming a government.

Stopgap government

The situation was getting very serious. Not only was Kennedy's visit approaching — and it would have been a loss of face to have him come at a time when Rome was without a government — but also

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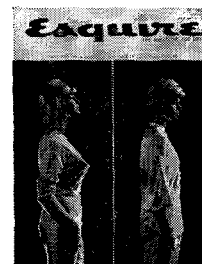
the whole state machinery was threatened with paralysis, since the budget still had to be passed by Parliament and no money could be allocated to the various ministries until it was. The President of the Republic then asked the Chairman of the House of Deputies, Giovanni Leone, to form a caretaker government to last until October, when the Nenni Socialists will make up their minds and clarify the situation.

Leone, who is fifty-five years old, is respected for the impartiality with which he has been conducting the debates and is liked for his Neapolitan bonhomie and common sense. Leone was as fast as Moro had been slow. He concluded his consultations in one day and presented the list of ministers to the President of the Republic on June 21. He formed a Cabinet all of Christian Democrats, confirming nearly all ministers in their previous posts and replacing the Saragat Socialist and Republican ministers with experts.

Fanfani was kept out, but in any case he probably would not have agreed to be included, since he is waiting for the next round. Leone went to the House and in a short speech made it quite clear that his was just a stopgap, emergency government with no special political ambitions. His program was approved with 255 yeses, 225 nos, and 119 abstentions. This meant that only the Christian Democrats had voted for it; that the Nenni Socialists, the Saragat Socialists, and the Republicans had abstained; and that all the others, including Communists, Neofascists, Liberals, and Monarchists, had voted against him.

In such precarious circumstances there is not much one can say about the Leone government. It will be necessary to wait and see how the Socialists will jump. But it can be noted that while extreme uncertainty prevails in Italy's internal situation, its foreign policy is not likely to change. It is a policy based on firm allegiance to NATO, on European political integration and the Common Market, on the admission of Great Britain to the Common Market, and on encouraging disarmament, in agreement with Italy's allies. Italy's prompt signing of the atomic-test-ban treaty was an example.

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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



Negroes and the churches

SIR:

May I congratulate you on your two articles in the August *Atlantic*, Martin Luther King's "The Negro Is Your Brother" and Agnes Meyer's "The Nation's Worst Slum."

Dr. King's emphasis of the fact that the churches have not taken a stand on this matter of integration is a very sad one. To me the most shocking picture of the year was that of four white people blocking the entrance to a church, to keep Negroes out. What kind of Christians are they?

Mrs. Meyer's point that the black elite have not helped those of their poorer brethren is well taken. Much of the friction could be eliminated if the Negro was urged to raise his own standards so that he could be hired or be socially acceptable, although this, naturally, is not going to solve the problem.

Few of our churches have preached that a person should be accepted as an individual regardless of color or race. Yet they should take the lead in urging acceptance of Negroes or Puerto Ricans or other minority groups.

MARGARET G. TABER
Madison, N. J.

SIR:

I must object to Agnes Meyer's sentimental, illogical, and unscientific piece of "social work" published in your August issue.

It presumes that vocational training reduces crimes, that whites "cannot escape a sense of guilt when confronted by the Negro's amorality," that education is possible where discipline is unheard of, that organ-

ized recreation reduces crime, and more such popular nonsense.

It moralizes where moralizing is cheap and irrelevant: "management and labor unions must learn," "all existing agencies must cease their patronizing attitude of working for the Negro and begin to work with him," "well-to-do Washington Negroes should throw themselves into the task of leadership," "fair-weather liberals . . . are now losing their nerve," and on and on.

The trouble with Mrs. Meyer's "analysis" of this social problem is that it does not get to the roots.

GWYNN NETTLER
Reno, Nev.

SIR:

I must with all my heart as a white Anglo-Saxon Protestant say thank you for printing for a larger impact Dr. King's letter from a Birmingham jail.

DAVID K. DONALD
Garden City, Mich.

SIR:

In the past four years I have been witness to sit-in demonstrations in Knoxville, open occupancy hearings in the San Francisco Bay area, and a civil rights demonstration in Phoenix.

From my experiences in these places, my impression is that Dr. King is right: "the Negro's great stumbling block in the stride toward freedom is . . . the white moderate who is more devoted to order than to justice; who prefers a negative peace which is the absence of tension to a positive peace which is the presence of justice."

Since I first read these words in

the *Christian Century*, they have indelibly imprinted themselves in my mind as a classic articulation of the motivation of the white moderate. My thanks to you for making them available to a wide reading public.

RICHARD E. GILLESPIE
Phoenix, Ariz.

Our gamble in space

SIR:

The August *Atlantic's* inclusion of both the "Our Gamble in Space" series and Agnes Meyer's "The Nation's Worst Slum: Washington, D.C.," a restrained, terrifying exposition, aroused an ironic reaction.

Millions of reasonably well-educated, so-called middle-class people in this country are by no means stolid, pragmatic nay-sayers concerning the *entire* space program. In the main, minds are open on the military and communications values, and some people perhaps are already convinced of their necessity and the eventual promised economies.

But when the propaganda and rationalizations turn to national prestige, what can counteract Little Rock, New Orleans, Birmingham, Ole Miss, Medgar Evers? And how convincing is the argument of international one-upmanship or the iffyness of landing instruments or men on Mars in the context of human needs at home?

Franklin A. Lindsay's "The Costs and the Choices" gives a clear and cogent picture of the dilemma. It can be admitted that the (probably low) estimate of \$30 billion for the moon project would not answer all of the questions raised by Agnes Meyer, by Dr. King, and by the harassing news items shown on television every day if spent to those ends. But \$30 billion plus a proportionate surge of human effort would go a very long way toward redressing the inequities existing for citizens of all colors in the United States.

FRANCES RECORDS STORMS
Glasgow, Mo.

SIR:

Please accept my congratulations for your quite successful attempt at an objective look at the space program in your August issue.

I am especially pleased with Franklin A. Lindsay's article on "The Costs and the Choices." His closing paragraphs are a particularly clear statement of the decisions facing us, and his final sentence, "Cer-



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tainly we could not solve our earthly problems by turning our backs on space, but we should be very careful before we turn our backs on earth," sums up the problem nicely.

Proponents point out that the space program represents only one percent of our gross national product. However, it must be realized that the effort consumes far more than one percent of our available research and development potential. There is a real danger of turning our backs on earth.

W. A. SPRAKER
Worthington, Ohio

SIR:

As one who has spent more than twenty years in the technical end of the military aerospace field, qualifying me, at least in years, as somewhat an expert, I take strong exception to the biased and misleading article by Mr. Alton Frye entitled "The Military Danger."

Mr. Frye quotes the Republican Advisory Committee on Space and Aeronautics as referring to the \$1,670 million which the Defense Department has allocated this year for military space programs as "niggardly." Mr. Frye fails to mention that the man instrumental in setting up this short-lived group was Senator Barry Goldwater, a general officer in the Air Force Reserve, who long has been a vocal spokesman for that service's ravenous appetite for more defense funds.

If this \$1,670 million is indeed niggardly, Mr. Frye might at least have informed your readers that this figure is more than the total money which the Defense Department will spend this year in trying to find an effective defense against the large arsenal of Soviet ICBMs and their growing number of Polaris-type submarines, sometimes referred to as "Floating Cubas." These are *existing threats*, which are capable today of completely devastating our country (as we could devastate the U.S.S.R.), and against which we have no effective defense.

When Mr. Frye suggests that the Soviets might find the bombardment satellite a useful weapon because they have fallen behind in the ICBM race, he neglects to inform his readers of certain vital facts. If the Soviets use their rocket boosters as ICBMs instead of using them to put bombs in orbit, they can deliver far larger warheads, with far greater

accuracy and reliability, and with far less risk of giving away their intended aggression. If it were otherwise, then our own U.S. Air Force would be derelict in failing to cut back on its own production of ICBMs and shift over to bombardment satellites.

If Mr. Frye believes the Russians are so foolish as to try to frighten the American people or their President by putting a few bombs in orbit, he should review the record of last October, when we were looking down the throat of a far greater threat and we didn't flinch.

RAYMOND D. SENTER
Washington, D. C.

SIR:

Thank you for the August issue of the *Atlantic*. It arrived today, and I have already read the articles on our space program with great interest. I believe the *Atlantic* has made a real contribution through the publication of this series.

JAMES E. WEBB
Administrator
National Aeronautics and Space Administration
Washington, D. C.

Time for South Africa?

SIR:

I find it unfortunate that Clarence Randall's rosy view of South Africa ("South Africa Needs Time," May *Atlantic*) has not paled despite the solid evidence admirably presented by David Lowe. On the contrary, Mr. Randall's effort to behold South Africa in an all-encompassing, balanced perspective is hindered by his own faulty vision. Nowhere in "A Little More Time for Violence" (July *Atlantic*) does Mr. Lowe press for "military invasion by the United Nations, meaning by the U.S. Marines," which Mr. Randall apparently saw in the article. In fact, Mr. Lowe did not advocate a course of action. Instead, he chose to balance Mr. Randall's prior assertions by pointing out facts and implications overlooked or obscured by Mr. Randall.

Mr. Randall, in his epistolary reply, (July *Atlantic* Repartee) ignores Mr. Lowe's arguments, preferring instead to compare the United States to South Africa, in the hope of balancing the record. As far as I could make out from his earlier essay, he avoids discussing ends, and here he avoids discussing means. Any government will seek to protect

itself from violent overthrow, but the means it uses to detect, restrain, and punish extreme dissenters are arbitrary in South Africa and much more equitable in the United States. While the incident of the Black Muslims in Los Angeles that bothered Mr. Randall may issue from grievances similar to those that provoked incidents at Poqo, the treatment of the offenders and of the issues is far different. The avenues for peacefully calling attention to grievances are not closed off here.

Mr. Randall's failure to distinguish between arbitrary and equitable application of law extends to his view of border entry. White Anglo-Saxon Protestants from Europe are no more freely admitted into the United States without passports, visas, or promise of employment than the Mexican wetbacks. Though our wetback policy can be criticized on other grounds, labeling it "apartheid" is not merely a misnomer, it is a misconception. Passes are involved not because of racial segregation but because nationals of another country temporarily form part of our labor force.

While the Republic of South Africa is busily reinforcing the locks barring its prisoners from free participation in society, its jailkeepers are becoming increasingly uneasy.

Mr. Randall's desire to weigh both the good and the bad would be admirable if it did not lead to imbalance. They may possibly be coexistent, but they are not comparable.

RHODA MANHEIM
Hillside, N. J.

Correction

SIR:

In the Report on Addis Ababa (August *Atlantic*) you credited the University of Oklahoma with developing the Jimma and El Amaya Agricultural Schools in Ethiopia. I believe your text should have read that the agronomists from Oklahoma State University set up the schools.

THEODORE HYMOWITZ
Oklahoma State University
Stillwater, Okla.

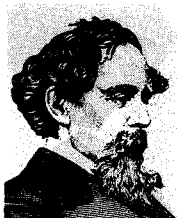
The parodies by Sir Max Beerbohm which appeared in the August *Atlantic* were drawn from *Max in Verse*, collected and annotated by J. G. Riebold, and recently published by the Stephen Greene Press.

— THE EDITOR

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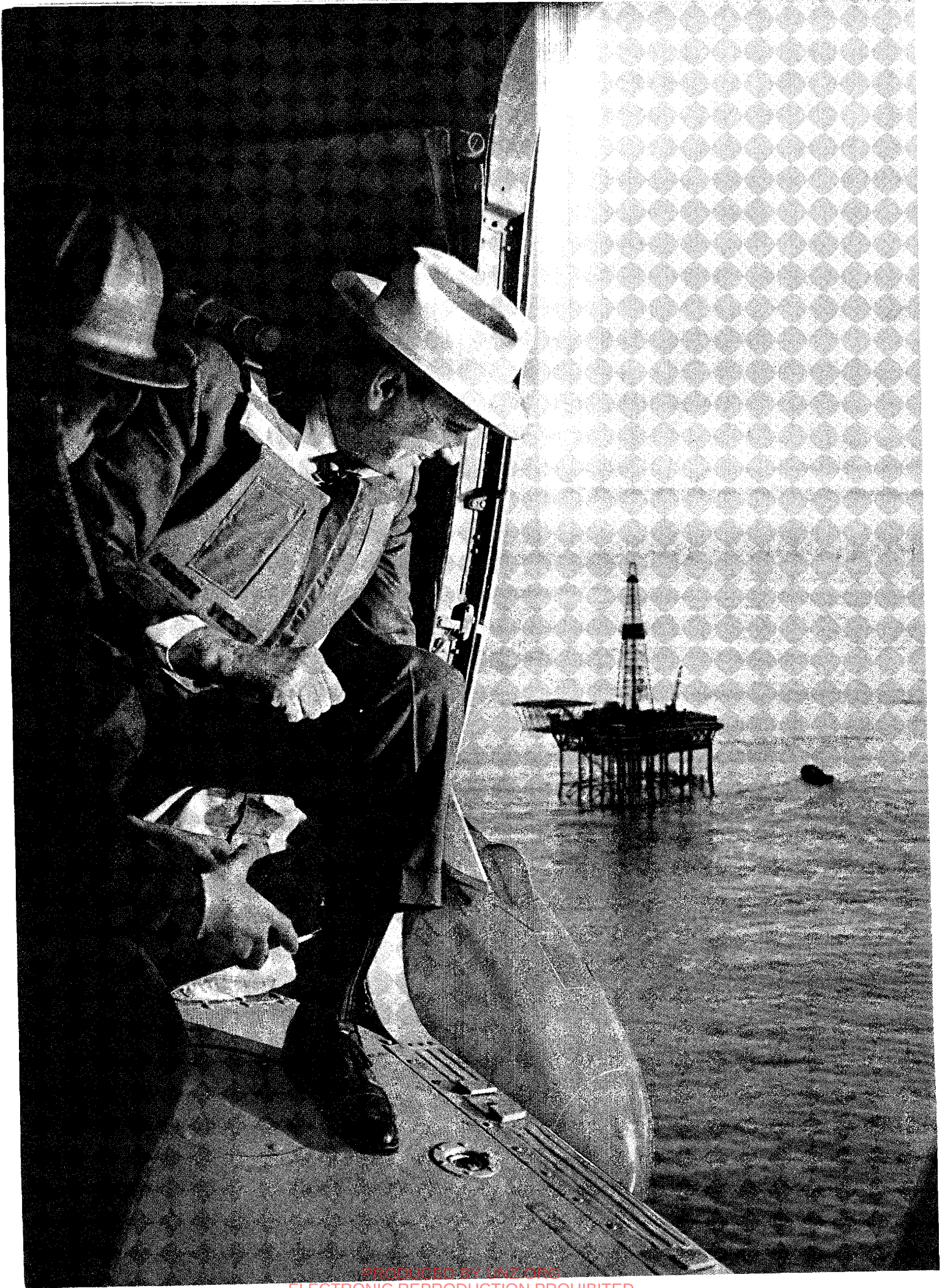
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BRITAIN'S POLICY IF LABOUR WINS

BY THE RT. HON. HAROLD WILSON

An Oxford don in economics at twenty-one, a member of the British Cabinet at thirty-one, and Leader of the Opposition at forty-six, the Right Honorable HAROLD WILSON took over the leadership of the British Labour Party a month after the death of Hugh Gaitskell. If, as many pollsters predict, Labour wins the next election, which will be held not later than October, 1964, he will be the youngest Prime Minister of England since William Pitt.

THE Labour Party's approach to overseas affairs is conditioned by our loyalty to three groupings, the Western alliance, the Commonwealth, and the United Nations. I propose to deal with the role we see for Britain in each of these environments, and then to draw conclusions both about East-West relations and about our conception of Britain's position in the postcolonial world.

Labour rejects a neutralist role for Britain. In common with all sane men all over the world, we look forward to a day when the rule of law in international affairs will have been so firmly established that the regional security pacts permitted under Article 55 of the United Nations Charter will no longer be required. But until the dangers deriving from the present division of the world are dissipated, we insist that the Western alliance be not merely maintained but substantially strengthened, both in Europe and in the wider areas where tension remains high.

It was a Labour Foreign Secretary, Ernest Bevin, who was one of the chief architects of NATO. Since that time we have stressed the need to make NATO a reality, particularly in the provision of adequate, and adequately equipped, conventional forces.

It is the Labour Party's view that the deployment of our limited defense expenditure and of our limited scientific resources on what has proved to be the vain task of providing an independent means

of delivery of nuclear weapons has gravely weakened our contribution to NATO's conventional forces. We are not only below target, we are below the minimum safety level, both in the size of our contribution and, still more, in the equipment and mobility of the forces we have contributed. Short of an effective comprehensive disarmament agreement and a significant reduction of East-West tension, we are not hopeful of making any substantial reduction in the defense budget. What we do consider urgent is to alter the balance of our defense effort so as to provide more for our conventional contribution, in quantity and quality, both to NATO and to other areas essential for the interdependent Western defense effort.

Inadequate conventional forces in NATO are not only dangerous in their inability to withstand a purely conventional attack. They make it very much more probable that if a conventional attack does occur, there will be quick recourse to tactical nuclear weapons. And once tactical nuclear weapons are invoked, the danger of escalation to full-scale nuclear war is immeasurably increased.

It is our view that Britain can make its full contribution to NATO only if we come to terms with the facts of the nuclear age. To become an independent nuclear power in the modern world means to possess effective long-distance missiles, and in order to have these a nation must have the economic and scientific infrastructure capable of

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deployment on the research and development necessary not for one but for a dozen or more separate types. There are only two such superpowers in the world today. There are, however, great powers, among which Britain holds a unique position, which must play their full part in the Western alliance and in world affairs.

Britain staked its all on Blue Streak — and failed. After the V-bombers we shall no longer be an independent nuclear power; any effective nuclear weapons we then possess we shall have only by the grace and favor of a friendly ally.

But the Western alliance is not confined to NATO. It has an important role to play east of Suez, and here again the Labour Party feels strongly that Britain is dangerously ill-equipped to fulfill its part. Our exiguous strategic reserve is held, we are told, for the purpose both of reinforcing the British Army of the Rhine in case of a sudden crisis in Europe and of sending troops wherever they may be needed, from Brunei to British Guiana, from Kuwait to Hong Kong. A stage army capable, by rapid backstage mobility, of representing the whole of Caesar's legions may not be out of place in a touring theatrical company; it is dangerous to rely on it where the freedom of our way of life is involved. For crises, such as Suez and Hungary, Cuba and Ladakh, have a habit of coming not in a conveniently spaced series but simultaneously.

The total force we can deploy in the bushfire areas of Asia and Africa is limited compared with that of the United States, but in many of these areas we have one advantage over our allies — we are there. Should trouble occur, it is far easier for Britain to expand its force in any given area than for the United States to enter an area previously evacuated by the West.

We fully recognize that Britain's overseas garrisons will shrink as year succeeds year, for the one fact we have learned, the hard way, since the war is that you cannot maintain an effective military base in a country which resents your continued presence. To that extent, the need for mobility is all the greater, and the resources required for mobility cannot be provided as long as Britain clings to its existing defense posture.

SO FAR I have approached the problem in terms of the military effectiveness of the Western alliance. But there is a tremendous political problem, too, the question of the proliferation of nuclear weapons.

It is not necessary to stress the dangers of proliferation or the identity of the *n*th power. The United States has always been strongly against proliferation, and in his Ann Arbor speech of June, 1962, Secretary McNamara made no secret of his

government's view that nuclear weapons should be confined to the two existing effective nuclear powers, the United States and the U.S.S.R., until a binding world agreement outlawed nuclear weapons altogether. This was equally the view of the Labour Party, as expressed in uncompromising terms by Hugh Gaitskell. Two world statesmen, and two only, expressed their disagreement — Mr. Macmillan and President de Gaulle. President de Gaulle was later reported as saying that he had been encouraged in his nuclear ambitions by Mr. Macmillan. The U.S. government, after the strongest pressure from London, reinterpreted Mr. McNamara's statement in such a way as not to prejudice Britain's nuclear claims. One cannot help feeling that a great opportunity was lost by Mr. Macmillan's desire to sweeten the French into dropping their objections to Britain's entry into the the European Common Market; American enthusiasm for the same purpose was probably the cause of the retreat from the pure doctrine of Ann Arbor.

But once Britain was placed in an excepted category — quite apart from France — the problem of nuclear weapons for Germany could no longer be ignored.

The Labour Party has repeatedly made clear its opposition to any proposals which would lead to Germany's becoming, directly or indirectly, a nuclear power. This opposition is not based on any hangover from World Wars I and II. One of the most hopeful features of the post-war international scene has been the development of deep democratic roots in Germany, and no one who contemplates a Germany with Willy Brandt as Chancellor has any fears of revenge, irredentism, or a desire, through the ownership of nuclear weapons, to revive Germany's formidable Wehrmacht. Moreover, Herr Schroeder's rapid and warm acceptance of the Moscow test-ban agreement shows a readiness to accept a nonnuclear position for Germany.

Our opposition to a nuclear status for Germany is twofold. First, it would mark a point of no return in the spread of nuclear weapons. We would be on the road to the *n*th power. And, as Russian leaders made clear to me in Moscow, the rise of Germany as a nuclear power would make it infinitely harder for Moscow to deny China's nuclear claims. The Sino-Soviet rift owes a great deal to the flat Soviet refusal to help China with its nuclear ambitions.

The second reason why we oppose German nuclear arms is that they would end any hope of a real easing of East-West tension. President Kennedy and Dean Rusk are on record on this theme. Mr. Khrushchev expressed it in the strongest terms, and for good reasons. Russia's age-old respect for

Germany's technical achievement, combined with its surviving memories of World War II, has created at all levels of Soviet society a positive obsession about Germany's military recovery. We may discount it, but the Russians do not.

In Moscow last June my colleagues and I tried to draw a distinction between direct nuclear status for Germany and the NATO multilateral force which the United States was at that time strongly pressing. We urged on Mr. Khrushchev the fact that the U.S. motive in proposing the MLF was not a desire to clothe Germany with nuclear weapons; on the contrary, it was a genuine, if in our view misdirected, attempt to avert the growth of nuclear ambitions in Germany. If we were convinced that MLF was the only way to achieve this, we would, reluctantly, feel that we had to support it. But we are certainly not convinced of this.

Labour's policy is to strengthen NATO, and we are prepared to examine any proposals for greater participation by both Britain and other NATO partners in nuclear policy, targeting, and agreement on what Mr. Finletter has called the "consensus" — the conditions in which the West, through NATO, would feel it had to have recourse to nuclear weapons. What we oppose is the creation of any machinery which could override the existing U.S. veto on the use of nuclear weapons. Equally we reject dangerous ideas that either France or Britain should have the right to start a catalytic war — the only logical reason which Britain and France have given for their national nuclear policies, for no one envisages either country using nuclear weapons against a nonnuclear nation or embarking on a go-it-alone nuclear war with the Soviet Union.

TURNING from defense cooperation in Europe, what is Labour's policy on economic cooperation — in particular, on Britain's entry into the Common Market?

Our position is clear. We have welcomed the creation of the European Economic Community. We began our policy statement on the Common Market issue, a statement agreed to by an overwhelming majority at the party conference in October, 1962, with these words:

The Labour Party regards the European Community as a great and imaginative conception. It believes that the coming together of the six nations which have in the past so often been torn by war and economic rivalry is, in the context of Western Europe, a step of great significance.

On the question of Britain's entry, we have made clear that we are prepared to join if — but only if —

we can secure acceptance of the five conditions we have laid down. President de Gaulle's intervention last January has made much of the controversy over the terms for Britain's entry academic, at any rate for the immediately foreseeable future. But our conditions remain. They were summarized by the party in these terms:

1. Strong and binding safeguards for the trade and other interests of our friends and partners in the Commonwealth.

2. Freedom, as at present, to pursue our own foreign policy.

3. Fulfillment of the government's pledge to our associates in the European Free Trade Area.

4. The right to plan our own economy.

5. Guarantees to safeguard the position of British agriculture.

At the time of the breakdown of the Brussels talks adequate assurances had been obtained on none of the five conditions. Provisionally agreed terms and the adoption of the severely restrictive, autarkic Common Market agricultural policy, with its penal import levy on imports from the outside world, threatened a collapse in British trade with the Commonwealth. On foreign policy, we were still not being frankly told whether membership in the Community would be a step toward an integrated Western European defense and foreign policy decided in Brussels by majority rule. There had been no guarantee of adequate associated status for our EFTA partners, particularly the three neutrals — Austria, Sweden, and Switzerland. There were still grave doubts about a British government's ability to take the measures necessary to protect full employment and our balance-of-payments position. (The measures recently announced by President Kennedy to strengthen the dollar would not have been open to Britain had we signed the Treaty of Rome.) Last, the position of British agriculture had still not been defined at the time of the breakdown.

The Labour Party believes that we should be prepared to reopen negotiations on these five conditions, but only on them.

At all times during the discussions, we had stressed the need to negotiate from strength. Britain's position had been immeasurably weakened by the fact that, having for years rejected the idea of entering Europe, the government decided to apply for entry at a moment of grave economic crisis. Europe was given the idea that there was no solution to Britain's problem except by entry into the Common Market, and inevitably the Six stiffened their terms. Moreover, Mr. Macmillan's need to sell the European idea to a party which, particularly at the grass roots, was still largely imperialist forced him and his ministers into a series of pronouncements on the theme that Britain was noth-

ing without Europe. This, too, can only have made the Six more intransigent.

We, for our part, in addition to pressing for tough internal measures to strengthen our economic position, insisted that the government should have in reserve a viable alternative, both to strengthen our hand in the negotiations and to provide a tolerable fallback position if the negotiations failed. We stressed the alternative policy of an Atlantic economic partnership on the lines of the Clayton-Herter report to the Joint Committee of Congress, together with active measures to promote Commonwealth trade.

The breakdown of the negotiations left the government high and dry. It fell to us to propose a comprehensive series of foreign and economic policies — in the Commonwealth, in EFTA, in the Atlantic Community, in GATT, in the United Nations — and, through OEEC, to take all possible measures to prevent a further division of Europe.

This is still our policy, for we regard an Atlantic partnership — indeed, a wider-than-Atlantic grouping, covering the Commonwealth and Latin America — as the objective. We felt that membership in EEC would have been worthwhile as a stepping-stone to this wider free world unity. But we have become more and more worried about the development of autarkic policies in the Community, particularly in the sphere of agriculture, and it is now obvious that a growing number of U.S. leaders share our anxieties.

ONE of Labour's greatest anxieties about entry into Europe on the terms proposed was that it would have meant turning our backs on the Commonwealth. This fear was expressed last October in Hugh Gaitskell's memorable Common Market speech, in which he made clear that if we were faced with a choice between Europe and the Commonwealth, we would choose the Commonwealth. Britain has always had a window on the world through the Commonwealth, and we believe that not only Britain's interests but the cause of world peace would be immeasurably impoverished if we were corralled in Western Europe, forced to look at the world through European eyes.

For the postcolonial Commonwealth is the greatest multiracial association in the world, and Britain has a unique contribution to make through the Commonwealth in an age when race relations and the emergence to nationhood of the peoples of Asia and Africa are of central importance. It was the Labour government which began the process of decolonization, with the creation of free and independent nations in India, Pakistan, Burma, and Ceylon. It was we who in Britain fought for

sanity at the time of Suez hysteria — Britain's last attempt to re-create the days of gunboat diplomacy.

Had Britain shown, by entry into Europe on the wrong terms, that we were willing to destroy not only the economic cohesion but the political unity of the Commonwealth, we should have lost the unique influence which we still possess, and can possess in growing measure, in world affairs.

There are today two powerful defense blocs, headed by the United States and the U.S.S.R. But even the most powerful cannot rely on military strength alone. More and more it is becoming realized that a nation's influence depends increasingly on the extent to which it can make its attitudes and policies acceptable to the hundred-odd members of the United Nations, in which Asian and African countries, recently emancipated from their colonial status, are playing a growing part. This fact has been well recognized by the U.S. Administration; Britain's Conservatives, still driven by a nostalgia for a bygone age, are incapable of realizing it.

Hence, we have had ceaseless political battles at Westminster over Britain's role in Africa — over the imposition of an unwanted federation on the peoples of Nyasaland and Northern and Southern Rhodesia, on the question of white supremacy in Southern Rhodesia and, for many years, in Kenya. The same issue arose in the UN crisis over Katanga, where the Conservative government stood almost alone in its desire to placate Sir Roy Welensky and the shade of the long-dead Cecil Rhodes, against the vast majority of the UN members. It was the same issue which was at stake in our attack on Lord Home's backward-looking strictures on the United Nations during the Katanga crisis. It is the same issue which led to the sharp battle between Conservatives and Labour over the question of banning arms shipments to South Africa, an argument which has now been transferred to the United Nations.

The Labour Party's policy on world affairs, therefore, is based on working closely through the Commonwealth for economic and political cooperation in the United Nations and for much more positive measures to further the war against poverty and hunger in the Commonwealth and in the wider areas of the underdeveloped world.

For this, economic strength is essential, both in Britain and in the Western world of developed nations. Britain cannot put forth its full strength with a limping economy whose record in industrial production has for ten years past left it at the bottom of the league of advanced industrial nations. It is for this reason that in our domestic policies we have given priority to the measures needed to get Britain moving steadily forward, firing on all six cylinders, developing its basic industries, particularly

those which can make a major contribution to our export drive.

But measures are also needed to strengthen the economic unity of the non-Soviet world. All of us wish to see urgent action taken on the lines of the Trade Expansion Act, to reduce and remove tariffs and other impediments to freer trade. But if we are successful in this, we shall only hasten the day when the whole economy of the free-trading world slows down through a shortage of monetary liquidity. In the past quarter century world trade has increased fourfold; monetary reserves have barely doubled. Thus, whenever Britain or the United States seeks to expand industrial production, one or the other — or both — runs into serious balance-of-payments problems. The internal expansion of credit by which British and American bankers financed the phenomenal increase in domestic production in our two countries in the nineteenth century has no counterpart in the international trading system of the twentieth century. We are still tied to gold.

This is why so many of us, in both countries, have called for new machinery and new measures to ensure that international credit facilities increase *pari passu* with the growth of world trade. In a speech to the National Press Club in Washington in April, and in more detailed studies since, I have proposed that the International Monetary Fund be granted credit-creating powers to provide for the automatic expansion of monetary liquidity to meet the increased requirements of world trade. Tied to this, there should be a provision which enables the appropriate world development authority to certify to I.M.F. particular projects in underdeveloped countries, which could be financed by I.M.F. overdraft facilities, encashable in advanced countries where unemployment or undercapacity working is present. This would enable Brazil or India, for example, to build a steel mill or power station with equipment provided in the United States or United Kingdom with no adverse reactions on the overseas-payments position of either the undeveloped or developed countries concerned.

I now turn to relations between East and West, and Britain's role therein.

First, we stress that all initiatives for peace should be made within the context of the Western alliance. In many cases, Britain will be able to take initiatives, perhaps more than in the past, because of Britain's fruitful trading contacts with the Eastern

world. But such initiatives would always be within the four corners of agreed Western policy.

Moving forward from the test ban — the main lines of which we had discussed with Mr. Khrushchev before the tripartite negotiations — a Labour government in Britain would press for further action to bridge the gap between the U.S. and Russian disarmament drafts, and for a worldwide antiproliferation agreement. It is our policy, too, to press for a measure of disengagement in areas of high tension, for the creation of nuclear-free zones in Africa, the Middle East, Latin America, and Central Europe. We would support discussions on the Rapacki Plan, as a basis for negotiations, as part of a wider agreement on measures to prevent surprise attack, but with the strict proviso that any agreement resulting would not disturb the existing balance of military strength in Central Europe.

There are, of course, issues where there is a clear difference of view between the Labour Party and the U.S. Administration. One is the question of recognition of Communist China and its admission to the United Nations. This problem will become more acute as the need to bring China within the scope of a test-ban and a general disarmament agreement becomes more pressing. Anglo-American discussions on this matter — and argument within the United Nations — are inevitable.

Another issue, and one on which both major parties in Britain are in agreement, is that of trade with the Soviet bloc. The American view is still based on a hope of containing Soviet economic growth by refusing to trade, especially in plant and equipment which incorporate Western know-how. The British view is that Soviet technological progress is continuing at a rapid rate, that refusal to supply equipment is followed by Soviet expansion of strategic industries, and that, provided there is no shipment of goods of direct military value, a reasonable flow of trade can help to improve contacts and reduce tension.

For the rest, however, the election of a Labour government in Britain should lead to a closer and more intimate contact with the United States through our insistence on all the measures necessary to make the Western alliance a reality, through our closer identity of view on nuclear policy and the prevention of proliferation, and through our common approach to colonialism and the problems of newly emerging countries and the Afro-Asian questions which will increasingly dominate exchanges at the United Nations.

It is this identity of view and interest that lies at the heart of the Anglo-American relationship.

POEMS

BY ROBERT GRAVES

THE APPLE GARDEN

However artfully you transformed yourself
Into bitch, vixen, tigress,
I knew the woman behind.

Light as a bird now, you descend at dawn
From the poplar bough or ivy bunch
To peck my strawberries.

And have need indeed of an ample garden:
All my fruits, fountains, arbors, lawns
In fief to your glory.

AT BEST, POETS

Woman with her forests, moons, flowers, waters,
And watchful fingers:
We claim no magic comparable to hers —
At best, poets; at worst, sorcerers.

A MEASURE OF CASUALNESS

Too fierce the candlelight; your gentle voice
Roars as in dream; my shoulder-nooks flower;
A scent of honeysuckle invades the house,
And my fingertips are so love-enhanced
That sailcloth feels like satin to them.
Teach me a measure of casualness
Though you stalk into my room like Venus naked.

A TIME OF WAITING

The moment comes when my sound senses
Warn me to keep the pot at a quiet simmer,
Conclude no rash decisions, enter into
No random friendships, check the runaway tongue
And fix my mind in a close caul of doubt —
Which is more difficult, maybe, than to face
Nightlong assaults of lurking furies.

The pool lies almost empty; I watch it nursed
By a thin stream. Such idle intervals
Are from waning moon to the new —
a moon always
Holds the cords of my heart. Then patience, hands:
Dabble your nerveless fingers in the shallows;
The time will come when she has need of them.

EXPECT NOTHING

Give, ask for nothing, hope for nothing,
Subsist on crumbs, though scattered casually
Not for you (she smiles) but for the birds.
Though only a thief's diet, it staves off
Starvation, nor does she grow fat
On the bread she crumbles, while the lonely truth
Of love is honored and her pledged word.

SHE IS NO LIAR

She is no liar, yet she will wash away
Honey from her lips, blood from her shadowy hand,
And, dressed at dawn in clean white robes, will say,
Trusting the ignorant world to understand:
"Such things no longer are; this is today."

THE PEARL

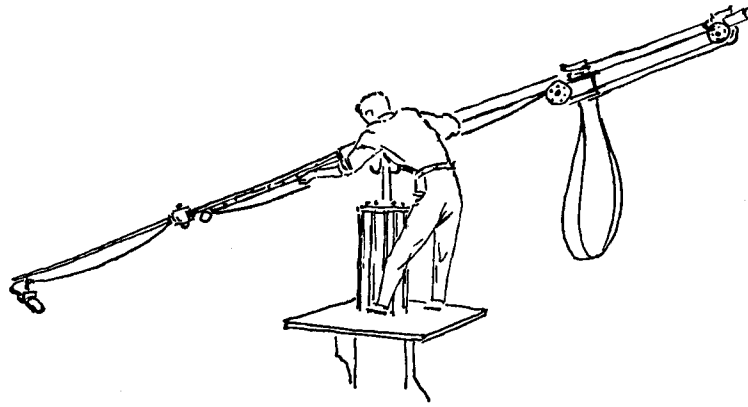
When, wounded by her anger at some trifle,
I imitate the oyster, rounding out
A ball of nacre about the intrusive grit,
Why should she charge me with perversity
As one rejoicing in his own torn guts
Or in the lucent pearl resultant
Which she disdainfully strings for her neck?
True anger I admire; but could she swear
That I am otherwise incorrigible?

NEW MOON THROUGH GLASS

He shall wrap himself in a many-colored cloak
Where the moon shines horned through Castle Crystal.

And if the Queen walks quietly in to greet him
Beside the bubbling vat of her wide hall,
Let him remember how he forced a passage
Through gold flames and white blizzards and black fogs,
Leaving his corpse three times at the wayside
With a death melody vibrant in all ears.

And if she sets a harp between his knees,
Lays both his hands to the strings, and laughs,
Let him render her the courtesy of silence:
Hers is a love far beyond human song,
That three times without flinching took his life.



NEW KINDS OF TELEVISION

Where do we go from here?

by Vance Packard

A former newspaperman, magazine writer, editor, and teacher, VANCE PACKARD is the author of a number of controversial books, chief among them THE HIDDEN PERSUADERS, THE STATUS SEEKERS, and THE WASTE MAKERS. In the article which follows he discusses developments in the transmission of television which may lead to a dramatic improvement in the programs offered.

ANYONE who has casually turned on his television set since the beginning of the 1963-1964 season might gain the impression that television is in the same old rut, only deeper. A closer examination of the landscape, however, discloses that the world of television is in quite an upheaval. Strange new forms of television are starting to emerge, some of them never anticipated, even by most insiders. New hybrids and seemingly implausible alliances are taking shape. As a consequence, decisive changes appear to be in prospect, with a wider diversity of programming from which to choose and, hopefully, an improvement in what is available to the discerning viewer.

These changes are being facilitated by a number of breakthroughs, both technological and economic. Most Americans are only dimly aware of Community Antenna Television (C.A.T.), yet it may prove to be a major instrument in revolutionizing the television we see. There is the breakthrough that will begin in June, 1964, when seventy additional television channels start lighting up. All television sets sold from that time must be capable of receiving not only the present handful of usable very high frequency channels but also the many ultrahigh frequency signals.

For the first time in memory the Federal Communications Commission, charged with regulating

television, contains a reasonably solid majority of commissioners who are impatient with the passive — and often sweetheart — role the F.C.C. has played in its relations with commercial broadcasters in the past. The new chairman, E. William Henry, a husky, tall, young Tennessee lawyer, speaks quietly but seems willing to use both persuasion and power on behalf of the public interest. And, finally, there is a breakthrough of sorts in regard to ratings. There were some embarrassing revelations before the Oren Harris Special Subcommittee on Investigations in the House, which looked into the systems used in measuring television audiences.

It now seems probable that viewers in the not-too-distant future will have a choice of at least four kinds of television: commercial TV, cable TV, charge TV, and cultural TV. There will also be a fifth kind — cartridge TV, by means of which special programs on video tape will be bought or rented over the counter and viewed on home sets. And then, of course, there is color TV — ultimately in three dimensions.

HOW GOOD ARE THE RATINGS?

What are the causes of the creeping staleness of commercial TV after fifteen years? One evident

cause, highlighted by the Harris hearings, is the absolute reliance of the entire commercial TV and radio industry on companies that sell ratings. James T. Aubrey, Jr., president of CBS-TV, told the subcommittee that "Ratings are used by all advertising agencies with which we deal. Since our sole financial support comes from payments by advertisers, we can't afford to ignore the tools they use in determining their purchases of programs and time."

The agency spokesmen were less candid about their reliance on ratings. Robert E. L. Richardson, one of two investigators who spent eighteen months studying ratings for the Harris committee, told me that the agency men were the least frank of all the people he encountered. He said they professed to use ratings only as a minor guide when, in fact, they commonly "just go out into the market and buy rating points in making national spot purchases from local stations."

One of the few forthright advertising men at the hearings, Sylvester "Pat" Weaver, who had proved to be too bold and experimental for comfort when he served as the president of NBC during television's golden era, told the subcommittee that "the pressure of numbers pushes everybody into more popular-type shows." Most of the heavy viewers of commercial TV, the subcommittee gathered, are found in the bottom 60 percent of the population in educational and socio-economic standing. And most of the rating figures are drawn from such a bottom 60 percent, Mr. Weaver indicated.

He told of one of his own disheartening experiences with the rating system. "We got thirty million viewers for the Sadler's Wells Ballet on TV," he related. "That is the Nielsen [rating service] figure, in this case accurate enough, give or take ten or fifteen percent." Mr. Weaver suggested that the fact that thirty million Americans watched a ninety-minute ballet program should have been exciting headline news. Instead, he said, the *Variety* headline, in effect, was "Godfrey and Lucy Clobber Culture." It seems that Arthur Godfrey and *I Love Lucy* appeared during parts of the same time period and came out with ratings indicating about thirty-eight million listeners.

The subcommittee heard weeks of damning evidence of slipshod use of varying hundreds of meters or dials to indicate national or regional viewing habits. Moreover, there was also testimony that the pressure of the rating services on their fieldmen to cut corners tended to result in a general underrepresentation of people of above-average intelligence, income, and sophistication. It seems that the fieldmen frequently encountered resistance when they tried to persuade people to permit the installation in a television set of a meter which would record their dialing habits. One fieldman

said he had to visit ninety homes before he could find one taker for a meter.

Committee investigators found that some fieldmen working in apartment areas favored approaching building superintendents, because they were always home. A number of ex-fieldmen conceded that they put meters where they could, regardless of sample specifications. In Oklahoma the committee's investigators discovered that the two set owners chosen by Nielsen fieldmen to represent the tastes of 104,000 set owners in eleven counties lived in slum houses side by side in Chickasha. The families in both homes were on relief. Yet, in this area which they purportedly represented there were not only several oil-rich communities with large professional populations, but also three colleges, including the University of Oklahoma.

THE EFFECTS OF COMMERCIALS

The second noteworthy cause of the creeping staleness of television and the dissatisfaction of discriminating viewers is the chronic intrusion of commercial considerations into the total programming. The typical television family pays for its "free" television fare by sitting through several hundred commercials a week, many depicting draining sinuses or girls worried about bad breath, skin blemishes, irregularity, or clammy girdles.

A stiffer price paid by the public, perhaps, is its acceptance of entertainment molded by many sponsors to suit their particular selling and image-building needs. While a drama is being readied, the sponsor's representative often is at hand with suggestions at every stage of preparation to make sure that no taboos are violated, that no possible offense is given to any conceivable group, and that an upbeat commercial mood is maintained.

These two factors, of straining to prove mass appeal in the rating reports and of bending programming to give top priority to commercial considerations, have led commercial TV to seek the safe, cheerful, popular, and predictable. One television executive predicted that the great future in television programming is in the "one-idea show," such as *What's My Line?*, which is virtually the same show it was a dozen years ago. He explained that even in formula series, such as *Wyatt Earp*, the producers soon run out of fresh ideas, but that a one-idea show can go on year after year and make a fortune for its producers.

On the other hand, great, well-played drama, which is likely to be charged with provocative and often impudent or rebellious ideas, is widely considered risky to attempt, except perhaps as a loss-leader kind of prestige builder. CBS taped an exciting production of *Hedda Gabler* in England with Ingrid Bergman and three of England's greatest

actors — Ralph Richardson, Trevor Howard, and Michael Redgrave. Sponsors shunned it in the 1962–1963 season, purportedly as too “classical” and expensive on a cost-per-thousand-viewers basis. It was put off until the present 1963–1964 season for want of sponsorship, and then was scheduled for December — the last month before CBS would lose its rights to the program — in the hope that sufficient sponsorship money could be found at least to cut losses.

Fortunately, a good many people in broadcasting and government and among the public as well are wondering how the content of commercial TV can be made more appealing to the highly diverse tastes of all Americans. One view is that the challenge can be met simply by improving the accuracy of the rating systems. The Federal Trade Commission, incidentally, has been threatening to crack down on any false claims made by rating systems. The tools are at hand to provide an instantaneous sampling of a far larger group than has been customary in the past. Both Teleglobe and TelePrompter have developed systems which, by using leased phone lines, not only can give an instantaneous reading of dial tunings from tens of thousands of homes but can tabulate the educational and socio-economic characteristics of the set owners — and can even have each set owner indicate, by push button or dial, what he thinks of the show he has just seen. Furthermore, a good model is at hand for assuring foolproof administration of ratings; for many years magazines have permitted a single nonprofit organization, the Audit Bureau of Circulation, to certify their circulation figures.

Many close observers are in agreement, however, that neither broadcasters nor advertising agencies really want to be hampered in their claims by submitting to a single incontrovertible nonprofit rating authority. The rating users want a choice of systems so that in their selling they can cite the system that gives them the biggest numbers. Evidently, the most they will permit is an industry-sponsored group to suggest standards and guidelines to the various rating services.

It would be naïve, though, to hope that even a perfect rating system would make commercial TV significantly more appealing to the discriminating viewer as long as sponsors continue buying programs on rating points or on a cost-per-thousand basis. An accurate count of sets turned on would probably always show *Bat Masterson*, even on rerun, outpulling Leonard Bernstein.

CONTROLLING COMMERCIALS

Another possibility for improving commercial TV's quality is to reduce the blatancy of the commercial intrusion. In the coming decade the ad-

vertising industry expects to double its expenditure for advertising, so that the pressure to crowd more and more commercials into available time segments is bound to increase. The advertisers themselves are growing uneasy about the loss of effectiveness of individual commercials crowded into a succession of commercials. Advertisers howl at any suggestion of a tax on commercials, yet a tax may be the only way to curb the overcommercialization of television and radio, unless the broadcasting industry can learn to impose self-restraint.

Advertisers also are starting to become uneasy about the noise level of commercials. It is now generally conceded — although it was earlier denied — that the engineers do turn up the sound level for commercials or use such tricks as volume compression to achieve the same effect. *Advertising Age* now is urging a less insistent, more discreet approach to the public and suggests that the noise level as well as the total volume of advertising may have to be controlled. Also encouraging to viewers is the fact that F.C.C. Chairman Henry has promised that the commission is going to establish and enforce standards for limiting the noise level of commercials. And the public-minded official spokesman for the broadcasters, Governor Leroy Collins, head of the National Association of Broadcasters, has said, “We are anxious to improve the quality and attractiveness of commercials.” He has called for “elimination of advertising influence over programming.”

The F.C.C. may soon act to reduce overcommercialization on the air in ways apart from control of noise level. It has long had an unwritten policy against overcommercialization but has never defined the term. But now, Chairman Henry told me, “I feel, and a majority of the commission feel, that some policy formulation is necessary and desirable. If we have a policy we should say what it is.” F.C.C. policy should deal not only with the amount of time allowed for commercials but also the matter of timing them, so that they fall only at appropriate break points in the program.

Commercial TV is at its best in offering diversion, news, and spectacular special news events. As long as it must depend for revenue entirely upon advertising, it will probably be at its worst at meeting community needs, covering public affairs and cultural affairs, providing imaginative children's programs, and offering great theater.

If this is so, then, in the long run, what are the other kinds of television we may expect to see, and what, if any, hope do they offer in the areas where commercial TV is weakest?

CABLE TV

Cable TV began its growth humbly “in the sticks,” to use one operator's phrase, as a means of

expanding the horizon of commercial TV. But it has proved to have some most interesting potentialities, that may transform television in unforeseen ways. Today, cable TV is moving into the cities and is in more than a million homes. The television industry suddenly is learning that all sorts of possibilities open up when you think of broadcasting a television signal in conjunction with a network of cables or telephone lines running to the receiving sites. You can define precisely your audience. You can get instant responses back from your audience, whether you are seeking opinions on a particular program, or on political candidates, or on the viewer's willingness to purchase goods you are selling. And you can set up an electronic box office whether your screen is in a theater, a ball park, or a home.

Cable TV began as Community Antenna Television (C.A.T.). This is a system for helping people who live in valleys or in smaller communities beyond the range of big-city television signals to enjoy the best of commercial TV. The C.A.T. operator erects a tower on a hill to catch the nearest network signals; and by a system of cables the signals are carried into the homes of, say, a thousand grateful C.A.T. subscribers (who pay an average of four dollars a month). The C.A.T. idea has spread so that today there are more than a thousand C.A.T. systems in forty-five states. Pennsylvania alone has nearly two hundred systems. Furthermore, the operators are starting to tie their systems together by microwave links, and a potential network of more than a million set owners already exists.

Thus far the C.A.T. operators do not feel obliged to pay anyone for hitching onto big-city signals, and they do not even need an F.C.C. license unless they get into microwave relay. One sour broadcasting official told me: "All you need to run a C.A.T. operation is to have one man with a truck and another man to haul the money to the bank." To date, the commercial broadcasters and sponsors have not seriously objected, because C.A.T. does expand their audience.

The potential customers for cable TV, it is now clear, are not confined to outlying areas. Large cities may be even more ideally suited for cable systems. In fact, the prototype of cable TV is the master antenna system present in most large apartment houses and hotels. Link up a few dozen master antennas and you have a network of tens of thousands of set owners available for a closed-circuit system. In New York City a company called Teleguide has hooked up thirty-nine of the city's leading hotels in a closed-circuit broadcasting system by employing unused cable ducts. At present, its programming is primarily informational (theatrical news, weather, restaurants, news), and it is planning to expand into apartments and hospitals.

A further dimension of cable TV's potentialities

can be seen if a thin, inexpensive, pulse-carrying wire is run into each subscriber's home. Then each viewer can, if he wishes, respond to queries. The C.A.T. entrepreneur most fascinated with this feedback possibility is Irving Kahn, president of TelePrompTer, which has 40,000 C.A.T. subscribers and can link up with 200,000 subscribers in other systems. He thinks he has got hold of "a merchandising revolution," something even better than the discount house, something that can reach into every town in America for instant selling. One of the nation's largest retailers, after inspecting Kahn's little red two-button "yes-no" box, reportedly observed, "You've got a new kind of shopping center."

Kahn's fertile mind envisions many selling uses. He sees the announcer on the TV screen holding up a kitchen gadget and saying, "Mother, if you'd like to own this for four dollars, just hit the acceptance button and it's yours. You'll be billed later by American Express." Or he imagines Betty Furness demonstrating the wonders of a vacuum cleaner or a new model car and saying, "If you'd like a demonstration at your home tomorrow morning, just push button —." With his little yes-no box, Kahn feels that he can offer marketers a powerful selling medium — television — plus impulse buying at point of purchase, plus credit in the home, plus elimination of middlemen.

Kahn and others have not overlooked the box-office possibilities of cable TV, and this possible extension of C.A.T. is what makes the commercial broadcasters most uneasy. In his role as an entrepreneur, Kahn has shown heavyweight-championship fights, via a closed circuit of cable TV, on huge screens in theaters and stadiums; and on three occasions he arranged for simultaneous hookups with C.A.T. systems serving home set owners. In these instances, the home viewers were put on their honor to send in the price of admission, but there are now devices to record charges automatically for special events seen at home. A firm in Newark, in fact, has developed equipment to convert C.A.T. systems to a charge basis at a per-installation cost of only ten dollars. A great many people are convinced that it is through a cable network of hundreds of thousands of C.A.T. and master-antenna-linked homes that a third kind of television, charge TV, will come.

CHARGE TV

In the beginning, charge TV, also known as tollvision, pay-TV, toll-TV, feevee, or subscription TV, was conceived in terms of putting coins in a slot in order to get a desired program on your television screen, and so the phrase "pay-TV" was then most precisely descriptive. Today most of the newer subscription systems operate on an elec-

tronically recorded charge-it basis, so that "charge TV" seems the most apt label.

In earlier days some form of charge TV was seen as the bright promise for television. It would permit the really discriminating set owners to enjoy the finest in ballet, opera, concerts, and top Broadway plays, as well as sports and first-run movies, by paying for the privilege, and the enjoyment would not be spoiled by commercial intrusions. As charge TV comes closer to reality, it is clear that neither quality programming nor freedom from commercials can be taken for granted. Hard-boiled show-biz types with an eye on the box office, rather than idealists, now appear more likely to make the first big breakthrough.

Networks, advertising agencies, and movie exhibitors, with their allies in Congress, have made mighty efforts to strangle any variation of charge TV in its crib, but the F.C.C., after years of delay, authorized two tests and probably will authorize more. The first test, in Hartford, Connecticut (by Zenith-RKO General's Phonevision), is an over-the-air system without cables. A scrambled picture is broadcast, and subscribers have a decoder that unscrambles the picture and automatically records the tuning. The subscriber is billed monthly. Phonevision has more than 2500 subscribers and reportedly would have many more, except for technical difficulties that at one time included getting subscribers accustomed to using the decoder. To break even, the system will need about 25,000 subscribers.

Phonevision has produced such cultural highlights as the Bolshoi Ballet and prima donna Joan Sutherland accompanied by the London Symphony, but the mainstay of its programming has been current movies still showing in Hartford's neighborhood theaters. One reason that movies are favored is that they can be obtained relatively inexpensively. Most of the experimenters in charge TV are haunted by the fact that they are running a marginal operation. In starting with only a few thousand subscribers, the operators cannot afford to bring Broadway plays or other great cultural events without incurring a great loss. Only when a charge-TV broadcaster signs up more than 100,000 subscribers can the true potential of charge TV for quality programming receive a fair test. Although Phonevision is committed to the over-the-air approach, one of its prime backers, RKO General, has made a large hedge — it owns nineteen C.A.T. systems with cables running into 29,000 homes.

The promoters of the second authorized test of charge TV, Teleglobe, in Denver, are relatively late starters, but they have a bold concept that cuts through most of the costs and complexities hampering the Hartford experiment. The Teleglobe people brashly ask, in effect, "Why worry about

scrambling the picture or sending it over expensive coaxial cable? Let's broadcast the picture freely for everyone to see — but without sound. The sound can be separated and sent into subscribers' homes over inexpensive telephone wire. The subscriber wishing to receive sound simply pushes a button." Again, the tuning is recorded at a central office, and the subscriber is billed monthly. Teleglobe contends that its costs are only a fraction of those of other systems and it can start breaking even with 10,000 subscribers.

Its officials believe that broadcasting the video portion freely for all to see will, in fact, serve as a teaser in winning new subscribers. Only prize-fights, they believe, offer any problem, since fights can be viewed satisfactorily without sound. A voice accompanying the typical silent program being shown will say, "If you would like to receive the sound accompanying this program, just call ——" Teleglobe plans to run only one show daily, in prime evening hours. It is simply leasing a two-hour time segment from a regular commercial-TV station. It hopes to offer first-run movies, good plays, and outstanding nightclub acts. In the wings it has a charge-educational-TV *University of the Air* program offering college courses for credit.

Another impressive entrant in the charge-TV race is the Home Entertainment Company of America in Los Angeles, which hopes to launch a cabled charge-TV system in Santa Monica, bordering Los Angeles, next year, and if all goes well, extend it into Los Angeles. It will bill monthly instead of using a coin box, and it plans to have the General Telephone Company lay out a vast coaxial cable system blanketing Santa Monica, so that when a homeowner asks to subscribe, wiring costs will be nominal.

Finally, there is the impresario, Irving Kahn of TelePrompTer, with his 40,000 C.A.T. subscribers already in being and with his dream of electronic merchandising, which can work on either cable or charge TV. To convert a C.A.T. home to charge TV for special events, all he needs to do is to install a low-voltage line beside his existing coaxial system and put his Key TV control box in the home. He has already demonstrated in his closed-circuit showing of heavyweight-championship fights that he can outbid Gillette, the richest of commercial TV's sports sponsors, for really big events. Kahn is thinking of charge TV only in terms of spectacles. He would offer just one every two weeks, or twenty-six spectacles a year. These would include a movie of the month — brand-new, of course; four or five of Broadway's very hottest plays, which he would run six months after their Broadway openings, so that their fame would already have spread to Kokomo; and perhaps a half dozen championship sports events.

Many would agree with television editor Richard Doan that most people are willing to pay only if the programs offered on charge TV are "dramatically better" than those available on a noncharge basis. It may develop that charge TV will become as rating-prone as commercial TV. There is an inherent pressure to seek shows that will attract the most listeners. Charge-TV operators have shown considerable interest in the fact that in one survey in Hartford three programs attracted these varying percentages of the system's total membership: Patterson-Liston fight, 85 percent; *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?* (movie), 66 percent; Bolshoi Ballet, 29 percent.

There is, unhappily, still no assurance that charge TV will not succumb to the temptation to accept a moderate number of commercials as one way to gain revenue and promise reduced costs to the subscriber. It is certain that if charge TV clearly establishes itself, advertisers will try to tap the precisely identifiable new markets it can offer. Tele-globe in Denver has emphatically vowed that it will never carry commercials. At least two other systems are following a wait-and-see policy.

The fact that charge TV has started relatively slowly may be no indication of its explosive potentialities. Kahn recalls that in the beginning of commercial TV the number of set owners remained in the five thousand to ten thousand range for several years and then spurted to seven million in about five years. And soon there may be seventy million set owners. Let us assume that a charge-TV operator puts together a system with a mere three million subscribers. Such an audience on commercial TV would be far too small to interest either a national sponsor or network during prime time. But a charge-TV operator with three million subscribers would know from experience that he could attract a large enough prime-time audience to make good money, even on Ibsen or Pablo Casals. Whether he would bother with programs for a minority audience is less clear.

CULTURAL TV

The nighttime twin of educational TV, cultural TV, is often lumped erroneously under the unattractive "educational" label simply because its nonprofit stations carry instructions by day and because about 60 percent of the stations in this category are licensed by universities or schools. But the remaining 40 percent are independent nonprofit cultural organizations, licensed by their communities and supported by the public and by philanthropic organizations. Both these and the 60 percent licensed by educational institutions carry a general culturally rich schedule after school hours, but it is the community-licensed stations that are

generally doing the finest job in seeking to enrich as well as entertain.

Relatively indifferent to ratings, these stations see themselves as places where any citizen can come to fulfill an interest not met elsewhere. Such a station is a sort of combined auditorium, library, museum, and off-Broadway playhouse, dedicated to exciting innovation. Many have had to struggle along on ultrahigh frequencies, but starting next year, when all sets sold will be all-channel receivers, this will be less and less a handicap.

The fountainhead of much of the programming for cultural TV is NET—the National Educational Television and Radio Center—which considers itself to be a fourth national network. Already it has more than seventy affiliated stations, including outlets in all but three (Los Angeles, Cleveland, and Baltimore) of the nation's twenty-five largest metropolitan areas. It provides ten hours of taped programming a week to its affiliates, which are committed to provide a general cultural service for their communities after school hours. NET concentrates on classic drama, serious music and jazz, public affairs, science, children's programs, and outstanding personalities in the world of culture. It has no production center of its own but draws from independent producers, from the most energetically creative of its affiliates, and from overseas, where it arranges exchanges and co-production.

NET raises its \$6 million operating costs partly by fees from affiliates, partly by gifts from corporations that underwrite programs in return for a simple printed credit, and largely from the Ford Foundation. This year NET will present six full symphony concerts by six major orchestras. Among the individual stations, those in Boston, San Francisco, New York, Pittsburgh, Chicago, and Denver have been most prolific in originating rich cultural programming. In New York City about 7 percent of the programs listed in the *New York Times* are for the community-licensed station WNDT, yet in a sample week beginning June 2, I found that about 27 percent of all the programs selected for featuring in the same newspaper were from WNDT's schedule. And in the same week nearly a third of all programs listed as "Especially Worth Watching" in the *New York Herald Tribune* were from WNDT.

Across the country, cultural TV is now being seen at least once a week by a significant portion of all television-set owners. In Boston, according to one survey, the community station WGBH reaches about 21 percent of all adults in its viewing area at least once a week. When the station burned down in 1962, more than 50,000 Bostonians contributed more than \$1 million to its rebuilding fund. The same study, which covered eight cities, disclosed that the typical listeners of cultural TV tend to

be above average in education and in serious reading habits, as well as being above average in their participation in the community's civic and cultural life. One critic suggests that this indicates cultural TV is failing, since it does not appear to be lifting cultural levels by bringing a richer fare to the culturally underfed. Another way to look at cultural TV is that it is offering the minority of people who crave serious programming a place on the dial where they can usually find something stimulating. As the nation's educational explosion progresses, we may well see more and more millions of viewers seeking out — or being educated up to — the fare that cultural TV offers.

A curious, unexpected romance has been developing between commercial TV and cultural-educational TV. One explanation is that commercial-TV broadcasters see cultural TV as a badly needed proving ground for developing talent and trying out ideas. Another, less charitable explanation is that commercial TV is encouraging cultural TV in order to undercut the competition it fears most, charge TV. A second uncharitable explanation is that commercial TV hopes that a thriving cultural-educational TV may take some of the heat out of demands that commercial TV program for all Americans and not just provide highly profitable diversion for the masses. But commercial TV does not want cultural TV to become too popular. At least, that is suggested as a reason for some of the financial support it has been giving cultural-educational TV. By such contributions, some suggest, it is seeking leverage to push cultural-educational TV into instructional and esoteric areas and away from anything approaching entertainment, even for sophisticates, such as showing now-classic Charlie Chaplin silent films.

This possible motivation was widely aired when NBC contributed \$100,000 to help New York's WNDT through an early financial crisis. A howl went up that NBC was using its resources to push the dynamic new cultural station back into the hands of pedagogues. Jack Gould of the *New York Times* protested: "Cultural TV is much too important to be left to educational bureaucrats into whose hands much of the medium has fallen. . . . Cultural TV should be a fountainhead of experimentation in all the arts and of bold ideas."

Many others are aware of the threat to cultural TV in being dominated by professional educators. John White, president of NET, contends that, while his kind of television has come a long way "from a procession of gray professors standing in front of gray drapes," his network's output is still in need of more "showmanship — flair, style, creativity, originality." A director who moved from making documentaries for commercial TV to making them for cultural TV complained that if this

new medium withered, it would not be so much for lack of money as from the oppressive effect of having to deal constantly with "content" committees that justify their existence by calling for regular reports.

Money is a problem, however. Most of the cultural-TV operators, especially those licensed by communities, lead a Spartan, hand-to-mouth fiscal existence and pay for their programming only a fraction of the price that commercial TV pays for a routine soap opera. Thus, while cultural TV seems the present best hope for quality television, it does not, because of the financial stringencies and the ever-present threat of pedagogical control, offer more than a qualified hope.

Our nation's approach to television clearly needs rethinking. Its potential influence on our lives is too great to be left solely to entrepreneurs and charitable foundations. A group of U.S. senators is sponsoring what seems to be a constructive proposal — the creation of a national advisory commission for broadcasting, composed of distinguished citizens. It would report annually on the state of broadcasting. Its proposals would have no legal force, and so could not be denounced as government censorship; but such a citizens' group could have considerable impact in leading the nation toward a higher quality in broadcasting.

The creation of a government-financed national television network is probably a political impossibility. But there are a number of intermediate possibilities that conceivably could win general support. A quasi-public authority might be established that would be dedicated to serving the public imaginatively, either by operating its own network a few hours a day or by preparing occasional shows of extraordinary merit to be broadcast by buying time from the commercial networks. Such an authority might easily be financed by raising the licensing fees charged to television broadcasters for the right to use the public's airways. Today the fee is nominal indeed — \$100 per station every three years. Many of these stations are worth tens of millions of dollars and enjoy fabulous profits by usual business standards. Some of them net five times their original investment each year. Thus, it would be no hardship to require them to pay a license fee ranging from \$1000 to \$10,000, based on their size — no more than it costs to get a license to run a saloon in some states. A supplemental source of revenue might be a fee of a few dollars paid by the purchaser of each new television set.

The possible routes to a dramatic improvement in the quality of the nation's television fare are numerous. The present explosion of new developments and the ferment in the television field suggest that the time is appropriate for an intelligent assessment of where we can, and should, go.

SUDDEN DEATH



by Paul Dudley White, M.D.

One of the world's leading authorities on heart disease, DR. PAUL DUDLEY WHITE has been a cardiac specialist since 1913 and was a pioneer of electrocardiography. Upon graduation from Harvard Medical School, he went on a fellowship to University College Hospital Medical School in London to do research in his special field. He is one of the founders of the American Heart Association, and the author of several books.

A FEW months ago a widow in the Carolinas wrote me to ask: "What can I do to protect my sons, aged eighteen and sixteen, to escape death in their thirties from heart attacks, which killed their father's grandfather at fifty-nine, their father's father at fifty-one, and their father at forty-two, each generation about a decade earlier?" This is a perfect illustration of the great challenge that faces us today.

In an article entitled "Angina Pectoris in Father and Son" in the July, 1963, issue of the *American Heart Journal*, Dr. Samuel A. Levine wrote as follows: "Angina pectoris or coronary thrombosis was personally observed in 20 fathers and 21 sons. The first evidence of coronary disease in the sons appeared at an age 13.1 years younger (48.1 years) than that of the fathers (61.2 years). The average age at death of 8 sons was 54.8 years, and that of 14 fathers was 68.7 years. . . . The evidence suggests that some factors are at work which cause coronary artery disease to appear at a younger age and to run a more severe course in the present than in the previous generation."

Sudden, especially instantaneous, deaths and heart attacks are commonplace in the United States. The laborer with his "improved" way of life is nowadays, in contrast to a generation ago, just as liable, or even more so, to sudden death as is the professional or business man. And racial origin does not seem to matter; once you come to

the United States and live our way of life, you expose yourself to this hazard. Back in the old country, those who prosper most and own automobiles and are overnourished with rich food run the same risk, but they are generally far fewer in number. In fact, in this country we are witnessing what seems to be an epidemic of coronary atherosclerosis and sudden death, and we take it for granted that there is no way out except to cut down the physical and emotional strain which is, or should be, more or less normal to a healthy population — at least to a population with healthy arteries. Dr. Samuel A. Levine sounded a note of warning about these hazards in his article in the July issue of the *Atlantic*. Certainly for an unknown number of men, whether of middle age, older, or younger, the warning is appropriate, but we must not stop there.

The first imperative challenge is for us to do something about the causative factor of coronary atherosclerosis. We must not be fatalistic about instantaneous death, just sensibly careful for the time being. Even as recently as my own early years in medicine, a high infant mortality was considered inescapable — that is, it was attributed to God's will — but since then we have found that it was our fault. And so I believe that we should develop a more hopeful attitude toward this present epidemic of presenile coronary atherosclerosis. What can and should we do to justify this optimism? Let me begin by discussing the mechanism of sud-

Woodcut by Jacob Pins. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

den death and the pathology and possible causes of atherosclerosis itself.

Sudden death due to so-called natural causes is probably as old as the hills, at least as old as the hills formed at the time that humankind evolved. However, the novelty of it today is its greatly increased prevalence, which has reached truly alarming proportions.

A most interesting presentation of sudden death can be found in the writings of Pliny the Elder, who, in the first century after Christ, included in his book on natural history a chapter entitled "Sudden Death." He wrote as follows:

But the most miraculous, and also frequent, are sudden deaths (this is life's supreme happiness), which we shall show to be natural. Verrius has reported a great many, but we will preserve moderation with a selection. . . .

Cases of men dying from no obvious cause are: while putting on their shoes in the morning, the two Caesars, the praetor and the ex-praetor, father of the dictator Caesar, the latter dying at Pisa and the former at Rome: Quintus Fabius Maximus on 31 December in the year of his consulship, in whose place Gaius Rebilus obtained the office for only a few hours; also the Senator Gaius Volcatius Gurgus — all of these men so healthy and fit that they were thinking of going out for a walk. . . . Also an envoy who had pleaded the cause of Rhodes in the Senate to the general admiration, just as he was to leave the Senate house, expired on the threshold; Gnaeus Baebius Tamphilus, who had himself also held the praetorship, died just after asking his footman the time; Aulus Pompeius died on the Capitol steps after paying reverence to the Gods; Manius Juventius Thalna, the consul, while offering sacrifice; Gaius Servilius Pansa, while standing at a shop in the marketplace, leaning on his brother Publius' arm, at seven o'clock in the morning; Baebius the judge, while in the act of giving an order for enlargement of bail; Marcus Terentius Corax, while writing a note in the marketplace; and moreover, last year, a Knight of Rome died while saying something in the ear of an ex-consul, just in front of the ivory statue of Apollo in the Forum of Augustus.

It should be noted that Pliny does not mention any women who died suddenly, or any menials, perhaps because he did not consider them of sufficient importance. The names that he does mention are those of more important citizens, in all probability prosperous possessors of their own chariots and charioteers, and accustomed to a rich diet and to the stresses of a competitive society. But they had no tobacco.

In 1706, two and a half centuries ago, there appeared on the scene a most notable volume, still unique in medical history, entitled *De Subitaneis Mortibus* (*On Sudden Deaths*) by Giovanni Maria Lancisi (1654–1720), physician to the Vatican during the incumbency of Pope Clement XI. Because of its importance as a milestone in medicine, Pro-

fessor Alfred Boursy of Holy Cross College and I are in the process of translating it. Beginning in the summer of 1705 and on into the following winter, there had been a wave of sudden deaths in Rome, and Pope Clement ordered a series of autopsies under the supervision of Dr. Lancisi. As a result of these studies, Dr. Lancisi reached a number of conclusions which coincide with what we know today, as these excerpts show:

No one will have any doubt but that indications of a sudden death ought also to be deduced from an athletic constitution, whenever such athletic persons . . . become ever more obese through a sumptuous table, through sleep, and leisure. This very plump and more colorful condition of the body Celsus rightly called a questionable advantage. . . .

It happens (as had been my own belief) that these sudden cases were to a large extent not deaths of healthy people but represented some sort of scumming of human nature, or that, in the case of those who openly or secretly had been for a long time in a state of health both enfeebled and diseased, a bad crisis had occurred. . . .

To the above must still be added the observation that the maladies which in the course of the past months paved the way to death did not in any way contagiously affect the neighbors, the relatives, or those who dissected the bodies — a clear indication that in these maladies no virus was flourishing because of which we need to fear some epidemic or pestilential disease.

In May two years ago, sudden death was one of the most challenging and interesting problems discussed in Moscow by the American team of cardiologists with their Soviet colleagues at their annual meeting. These conferences were officially established as annual events when the United States and the U.S.S.R. signed an agreement in November, 1959, to join forces in the struggle against heart disease, cancer, and polio.

Probably the most important question discussed in 1961 was that of the degree of suddenness of death. In the case of long and lingering illnesses, such as cancer or tuberculosis, the heart is the last organ to fail, and the pacemaker of the heart — the sinoatrial node — is the last to die. Death is often very slow in such cases. There are those who die more rapidly, but still slowly, in the course of a few days, as from a virulent uncontrolled infection, or a stroke, or heart muscle failure, or an injury. Then we come to deaths within hours, which may be the first category of sudden ones; here belong many of the patients with typical severe heart attacks (coronary thrombosis), severe strokes, hemorrhage from dissection of the wall of the aorta or from other source of bleeding, or pulmonary embolism. We have also the deaths that come in minutes, again from heart attacks, strokes, and pulmonary embolism.

Finally, there are the truly instantaneous deaths

that fell the victims at once. Here belongs the man who "drops dead." His heart, which may be beating normally, suddenly stops, owing, in the great majority of cases, to what we call ventricular fibrillation, or an incoordinated ineffective contraction of the squirming muscle mass of the ventricles, or pumping chambers of the heart. Sudden total standstill of the entire ventricular muscle, which is found by electrocardiographic study to be the mechanism of death in some individuals who die more slowly, probably does not apply to cases of instantaneous death. There are on record rare instances of recovery from instantaneous death where it has been possible in a hospital to defibrillate the heart by electrical shock and then to start it beating again within a relatively few minutes after "death" and before the delicate cells of the brain have been irretrievably damaged. Massaging the fibrillating heart, either with the thorax closed or opened, in the street or out of reach of expert aid is futile, except in cases where the patient can be quickly transported to a hospital or a special clinic for defibrillation while circulation by cardiac massage and respiration by artificial means can be maintained. In the future, first-aid training and greater availability of defibrillators in first-aid centers outside hospitals may, under medical supervision, enable some victims of ventricular fibrillation to survive. As of today, drug treatment, including oxygen, is ineffective except as a supplement.

It is agreed by all that the vast majority of these instantaneous deaths are due to the effect of ischemia, or lack of oxygen, in the heart muscle itself, which sets off the abnormal rhythm of ventricular fibrillation. The ischemia is, in the vast majority of cases, due to insufficiency of the coronary circulation — that is, of the blood supply through the coronary arteries, which have become blocked to a greater or lesser degree by a rusting process in their walls labeled atherosclerosis. It is not necessary for a thrombus, or clot, to form in the coronary arteries to cause serious ischemia of the heart muscle and instantaneous death. In fact, Dr. Milton Helpert, coroner of New York City, has found in a very extensive experience over many years that at least three quarters of the thousands of victims of instantaneous death that he has investigated do not have coronary thrombosis, but they all have significant degrees of coronary atherosclerosis. I myself have heard of only one case of instantaneous death unexplained at autopsy; this was a young man in a hospital dispensary who literally died of fright — an exception that proves the rule.

WHAT can and should we do? In the first place, we should support to the full the many researches

into the cause of early coronary atherosclerosis now in progress all over the world, both in animals and, more important, in man, as an individual and in populations — for example, in epidemiological teamwork in many countries. We should do this by private initiative and support of the American Heart Association and the International Cardiology Foundation and by public funds allocated by Congress to our National Heart Institute and, internationally, to the World Health Organization.

It is not a simple problem. There are a multitude of causes, probable and possible, that must be investigated intensively and extensively. These include heredity, diet in all its aspects, muscular metabolism, emotional stress, and causes yet unknown. But we have made a start, and some things we do know.

Second, we need to do much more than we are doing now to pick out the candidates for early atherosclerosis. This we can begin to do through an appraisal of the family history and the levels of serum cholesterol and other lipides, of blood sugar and uric acid, and type of body-build, as initiated in a volume entitled *Coronary Heart Disease in Young Adults*, published by the Harvard University Press ten years ago. It is to these candidates, while still young, that we should first apply the protective measures, as soon as we find out what they are.

And third, there are commonsense measures, reasonably scientific too, that we may apply at once, not only to the young candidates but also even to older men, whether or not they have become coronary patients.

And now we come to the widow's question. The first part of my answer was easy — namely, to support to the full the research on atherosclerosis until we have the answers. I am sure that we shall find the answers if enough well-trained investigators are put to work on every phase of the problem — basic, clinical, and epidemiological. The second part of my answer was not so easy, but, from the evidence at hand, young people should avoid obesity, eat lightly of animal fats, and work hard physically all their lives.

Such use of our muscles, especially those of the legs, which make up about forty percent of our body weight and are meant to be used, aids the circulation physiologically in pumping blood up to our hearts against gravity, the valves in our veins preventing the blood from flowing the wrong way. This is incidentally helpful in supplying an optimal oxygenation of the cells of our brains, which are responsible for both our mental acuity and our spiritual health. It has been found in open-heart surgery that the best index of an adequate oxygen content in the blood is the electroencephalogram (brain-wave tracing).

A second advantage of vigorous muscular activity is psychological and is due to its tranquilizing effect. One does not need sedatives or tranquilizers if one becomes physically, muscularly weary. Other antidotes for stress, in addition to the relaxation that comes from the delicious weariness of the muscles, are absorption in the arts — whether music, painting, sculpture, or reading — or just plain philosophical conversation, an art that in these days of television has gone out of fashion but could with pleasure be revived. And, of course, listening to and viewing good programs on radio and television can be relaxing too, if they do not absorb too much of one's time and become entirely a substitute for more cultural pursuits and for essential muscular exercise.

Finally, in some way not yet elucidated, vigorous muscular metabolism acts, probably biochemically, to delay the onset and the rapid progression of atherosclerosis, as indicated by certain recent investigations, including those of Brunner on the populations of *kibbutzim* (collective farms) in Israel and of Henry Taylor of Minneapolis on the employees of several of the Western railroads in the United States.

I HAVE presented the problem as it concerns the young candidate for early coronary heart disease and sudden death. Let me turn now to the second challenge — namely, that of the older man or woman who may have a serious degree of atherosclerosis, whether he knows it or not. To be sure, he may drop dead if he runs for a train or shovels snow, but very often he has warning enough in the form of angina pectoris, a symptom of coronary insufficiency, or in his electrocardiogram (which should be taken annually) before he undertakes such undue exertion. With sufficient time to develop a more adequate coronary circulation, he may recover from his angina pectoris, so that he can become more active again, though he should avoid extreme effort and stress. Herman Hellerstein, a cardiologist at Western Reserve, has been

able carefully to retrain a good many coronary heart patients who have not been too hard hit, so that they can live not only a normal life but an unusually physically active one too. Indeed, exercise in moderation probably promotes the collateral coronary circulation which nature usually supplies us with in order to bypass the points of much narrowing of the bore of our coronary circulation when we get older and acquire variable degrees of coronary atherosclerosis.

Incidentally, it hardly seems reasonable to sentence to a life of physical inactivity the millions of older men who will not drop dead if they shovel snow because a few thousand men, some of whom are already ill or untrained physically and should know better, die when they do shovel snow. It is a bit like advising us not to drive our cars on the highways because some careless or unlucky individuals are hurt or killed while doing so. There is also truth in the old maxim that it is better to wear out than to rust out, and most people are happier in the process.

Thus, we should view with mixed feelings the sudden death that results from ischemia of the heart muscle from severe coronary atherosclerosis. If it occurs at a very advanced age after a lifetime of health and enjoyable activity, it comes as a blessing, or, as Pliny said, "life's supreme happiness." If, on the other hand, it cuts down a man or a woman in youth or middle age it is a mistake and a challenge to us to do something about it. The old idea of a short life and a gay one is in essence the acme of selfishness. A person owes it to his family as well as to his own community, and sometimes to the nation and even to the world, to live as long as he can, unless he is a hopeless invalid. We can, I believe, protect the familial candidate somewhat even now, but we have hardly begun to think of doing so. By a better health program for our teenagers and those in their twenties, we may reduce the sudden deaths in middle age and thereby have healthier octogenarians, even though perhaps no greater number of centenarians. It is health, not simply longevity, we want to promote, but if we succeed in the former, the latter will follow.



Etching by B. J. Nordfeldt, from CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN ETCHING, 1930.

THE BARREL LIFTER

An Atlantic "First" by JORDON PECILE

A miner's son, JORDON PECILE writes: "Like so many others in the coal region who graduated from high school in 1948 to find no jobs, I left my town to make a life where I could find work. I taught boxing in a settlement house in South Philadelphia and then, bored, hitchhiked across the country to load oranges in Pasadena." A scholarship to Cornell brought him back East; a Fulbright took him to Florence, Italy, for a year; the navy sent him to the Antarctic and to Okinawa. Last year he taught English at Annapolis; he is now at Princeton on a fellowship, working for his Ph.D. in comparative literature.

SAVERIO opened the door of his daughter's kitchen without knocking and stood there, cap in hand. "It's me," he said.

She was shifting something in the oven and didn't pay attention. "Close the door, Papa."

The old man scraped his sneakers on the doorsill and entered. The Italian program was on, and the kitchen was filled with accordion music and a song about a duck in love with a poppy.

"Close that door," she said again, "before you make my dough fall."

He hung his cap and scarf behind the door and went near the stove. "I like so much the accordion," he said.

She straightened up. Around her head she had tied a dish towel, and it made her look like the women in the old country. "Go up and wash your hands first," she told him.

By the time he got back, the music was over and the announcer was advertising the meals at the Amalfi. She turned it off. "I'm warming a dish of pasta fazool for you, if you want it. You may as well eat it up because Gloria won't touch leftovers. She's spoiled rotten, that kid."

"It's no good, to have only one." He let her turn him around to fix his sweater and tighten his suspenders. He felt a little foolish.

"You stayed in the poolroom all afternoon, I'll bet," she said. "I can smell."

"To stay alone in the house the whole day makes me crazy. When she was alive, there were always people, kids. Now nobody comes."

"Poor Mama." She crossed herself.

"I paid the undertaker today, with her insurance."

"Did he knock anything off?"

"Five bucks. Better than nothing. And he gave me these." From his pocket he took an envelope of holy cards printed up with a prayer for his wife. "They were left from the wake."

"You should have made him wait," she said.

She kissed a card and stuck it in the frame of the mirror over the sewing machine. "They appreciate it more than."

The old man shoved the cat off the chair by the table and sat down. "I don't like to owe nobody," he said. "I'm not like your brother. You know, today again he asked for another loan — for a hernia operation this time."

"Where did he get a hernia? From holding it all day?"

"It's an excuse. He has always good excuses."

"It's his wife, she puts him up to it. Don't lend them nothing. They won't be satisfied till they clean you out."

"Don't be afraid. How they treat me, that's how they'll get treated someday, or there's no Judge above."

She cleared a place and put food in front of him.

"Look how I have to go from house to house for my meals," he said. "Like a dog."

"It's your own fault. You don't want to listen. Suffer, then."

She handed him some paper towels. He fixed them around his neck and bent over the dish. If he listened to her, he would move in with her and make her the only beneficiary of his life insurance now that Petrine was gone. And then where would he be? He knew what that policy was worth.

"Look how good you could live here," she went on. "And then what worries would you have left? You could sleep nice and comfortable right on this couch."

She chased the cat off the couch and smoothed the covers with her big hands. It looked lumpy, but it would be warm in the kitchen in the winter, and better than sleeping in that big, half-empty bed of his marriage.

"How handsome we could live together, me, you, and Gloria," she said. "And with your pension coming in regular, we could get along like rich people, the way I manage. You don't catch me buying the dear cuts of meat like your daughter-in-law does, that she don't know how to shop, and nobody will drink your money down either."

"A drink would go good right now, Amelia."

"You could live ten years longer if you come here, Papa. But I must see my name on the policy first. Or do they think I'll do all the dirty work and then let them appear, nice nice, in time for their shares?"

"Do I get that drink or no?"

"I must go down the cellar for it." She forced her shoes on. "Sit still, I'll go get it."

WHILE his daughter was in the cellar, Saverio reached across the table and uncovered her dough.

He was picking an anchovy out of the cold tomato smeared over a pizza when he saw the cat come forward and watch. The old man stared back, then he popped the anchovy in his mouth and wiped his fingers. "Get the hell out of here," he whispered hoarsely and slapped his thigh. The cat disappeared down the cellar steps.

"What did you do to the cat?" Amelia asked when she came up with the flask of wine.

"What did I do? Nothing. Nothing bothers cats — they're whores."

"Not that one, she's too shrewd. You should see how quick she cleaned up my cellar. And you know, there's not a bird will come near this yard anymore."

She wiped the flask with her apron and gave it to him. "You have to be shrewd to get along in this world," she said. "You have to think of number one. That's why, if I'm going to keep you, I want to keep the policy too."

"Your mother wanted me to divide it between you and Ralph. She even wanted your sister in New York to get her fair share, but she was afraid to say it."

"Her fair share? Connie didn't even show up for the funeral. Look, I'm the widow, I'm the one who wears flour sacks for aprons to save money. You think I like going around looking like this? It's only me who must pay here, fix there, be both man and woman. It's no fun, I tell you."

"And what you want from me?"

"I want you to come here now that Mama's gone and help me out a little, with your pension and the policy. This is the one home where you won't have an equal. Keep that in mind."

He kept it in mind, all right, that curse, "May you have an equal in your home." In silence he gummed his meal while she took the first pizza out of the oven and the kitchen filled with the aroma of hot tomato and oregano. Just like her mother, he thought, the way she handles dough. Petrine had been a hard worker, but he never expected to miss her this much. Now he missed not only her, but the feeling of family she seemed to have taken with her. A month ago, he had been boss; now he was treated like a child by his own children, and he had to worry about an ancient curse. And about that accursed policy.

What to do about the policy was the only important decision left in his life. It was something to keep him in the center while they circled like hawks. Piece by piece, the old man dipped his bread in the wine.

From the alley came the laughter of girls, shrill good-byes. "She's home from school, my honey," Amelia said and quickly untied the dish towel from around her head. "Why don't you button up your coat, days like this?" she asked her daughter.

The girl was big like her mother. "You here, Grandpop?" she said and rubbed her cold hand on his bald spot. "My God, it's hot enough in this kitchen. There you go, baking up a storm again, Mama, then you yell because I'm heavy. I told you a million times, bought bread is better for my sandwiches."

"I wanted to use up the flour from Surplus," Amelia said.

"It's embarrassing, the way everybody in the lunch hall looks at me when I unwrap them flying saucers you make me. All that crust."

"Don't talk foolish," Saverio said.

Gloria dropped her notebook and scarf on the sewing machine and glanced sideways at her hairdo in the mirror above. "Is this from Grandmom's funeral?" she asked and picked up the little card in the corner.

"It was an extra. Did you call up about that ad yet, young lady?" Amelia said. "She's trying to get a job for after school, Papa, watching kids. And light cleaning."

Gloria put the card back. "It was some rich lady on the other side of Wilkes-Barre, practically. She wanted to know what I was."

"What did you say?"

"I said Italian."

"So?"

"She said, 'I'll let you know.'"

"Maybe she'll get in touch with you," Amelia said.

"She won't. I won't say I don't care, but it really doesn't bother me that much."

"Go change your dress before you sit down — go ahead, honey, go."

"You'll have to unlock the parlor tonight, Mama. Some of the kids will be around to pick me up."

"Who's going to pick you up?" demanded Saverio.

"Just relax, Grandpop. They're only girls."

"Where you going, out with girls in the night?"

"Downtown. Stores are open Friday nights. Holy God, you'd think I was going to get seduced or something." She kicked her shoes under the sewing machine and stamped upstairs.

"See?" Amelia pulled a chair next to him.

"She's growing up. It won't be long now before she's eighteen, and then the social security checks stop, and where can she get a job in this town? As God is my judge, I don't know how we're going to get along."

"Make her quit now," he said. "What does a big thing like her need with a diploma? Let her go in the factory."

"They won't hire her, they want experience. I'd gladly go myself, but what's the use? I'd never make production, with these varicose veins."

He was tired of listening now and got up to go. "Just so she don't fool around, like your sister in New York."

"God forbid. My Maria Gloria's serious."

"Hey, serious," he laughed. Out of his pocket he took a roll of bills and started to count, watching her eyes fasten on the fistful of money. He slipped a dollar on the table by his dish.

"Always the big shot." There was gall in her voice, but she smiled. "Go, go stand drinks for them freeloaders in the poolroom, but take that buck back. Am I your daughter or not?"

"Keep it. Thank God I can still pay my own way." He pocketed the roll. "Who has the horse in the stall never has to walk," he said and smiled back.

"No wonder Ralph likes to borrow from you. Money burns a hole, don't it?" She folded the bill and tucked it down her bosom. "Right now, I am a little short," she said. "But here, take this pitz with you." She covered the still-steaming pizza with waxed paper and wrapped it in a newspaper.

"Good idea. Sometimes I have a little hunger in the night."

SHE watched by the window as he walked up the alley. I'll bet he has hunger in the night, she thought. I have not been a widow for five years now without knowing how it is to reach out and feel only the cold sheets when you are used to sharing the bed. She went to the table and poured herself some wine.

"Is he gone? I hope he's not going to make a habit of eating here," Gloria said from the stairs.

"Oh, he'll be back. I can tell."

"He haunts me. I can't eat in peace with him here." She pulled the flaps of her chenille robe together and sat at the empty place.

"Maybe he'll buy you that class ring you want so bad. How about that?"

"Really, I'd rather go without it. I get so sick of the way you and Uncle Ralph are always chiseling him."

"Our family's not the same anymore, honey, since your grandmom died. That old man never was too shrewd, always ready to give the shirt off his back. What me and you don't get, somebody else'll grab. That's why I want to get the policy in my name right away."

"If he's around the house, I might as well say good-bye to all my friends."

"Why? That's what I keep the parlor locked for. To entertain in."

"But you know what a greeny he is. Whenever I'm walking with a boy downtown, he follows us."

Right into Neil's Lunch sometimes. And him, why, he knew every damn tramp in town in his day."

"Hey! Don't talk so fresh. Grandpop just wants to make sure you'll be wise. Nobody marries girls who are too liberal. Look at your Aunt Connie in New York."

"Oh, God," Gloria cried. "It's disgusting. He'll cough and spit all over and keep his stinking pot under the couch. Aren't things awful enough around here the way they are? Why must you ask him to come?"

Amelia slammed the girl's supper in front of her. "Enough now!" she shouted suddenly and gave her daughter a crack across the face that left red finger marks on the fat white cheek. "That's nice talk. Nice smart talk. Is that how you're going to talk about me when I get old, huh? Is that how you intend to treat me?"

AFTER dark it turned much colder, and the old man got up in the night to take the extra blanket out of the chest. Then the smell of mothballs kept him awake. He watched and listened for the dawn, but it was a long way off. Nights were longer now.

By the wine bottle on the side of the bed, he kept her picture, the postcard she had sent from Italy when he wrote for a wife. It showed her handsome and proud, in spite of her dress full of creases from being carried in a bundle on her head the ten kilometers to the photographer's. She had looked like a woman who would last.

He would not let himself think about the way she had looked in the candlelight in the casket in the next room. Her death had thrown the whole family into confusion. But his, now, his would be their convenience, wouldn't it? After he changed the policy.

He got up because he could not lie still any longer in that bed, and he sat in the kitchen until morning. Then he ate the pizza. Later, he carried his things to his daughter's house.

"The policy, did you bring it along?" she asked when she met him in the alley with his arms full.

"Right away, the policy. Here, take something, please."

"But what did you bring that this sack's so heavy?"

"I picked what there was in the yard — some tomatoes and peppers."

"You didn't leave nothing ripe, I hope. They're all crooks, up by you."

"Only a few pumpkins. Your brother and his wife were there right after the funeral."

"The heart of some people. And after his per-

formance at the grave, that he almost wanted to throw himself in."

When they reached the kitchen, he laid the policy on the sewing machine. "Leave it there," she said. "Gloria can call the insurance man when she goes out. On Monday he can make the change, maybe."

"Every night must she go out?"

"Saturday night they all go out. She's not a baby no more, you know. I can't control her like I used to. Anyway, she works harder during the day, this way. Now she's up scrubbing the bathroom."

He sat on his couch and took out a stogie.

"Must you smoke that thing in here? Can't you wait till you go down the poolroom?"

"I feel tired," Saverio said, but he put it back.

"Lay down, then, and take a nap. Let me go put your clothes away."

He leaned back. Upstairs the girl was singing an American song. She means all right, he thought, even though she likes to act grand. What does she know? They were not born wise in this country, like over there. Here, they got too much. His own three he had never begrudged anything, when the mines were working. Especially the youngest, his pretty, weak-minded Connie. All what you want, my Costanza. That night when he heard them talking about her in the poolroom, he saw blood, and thank God they locked him up or he'd have killed her for sure. Before morning, she was packed and out of his house. And who could accuse him for that?

"A lick and a promise, that's how she cleans," Amelia said when she came downstairs. She had her coat on. "What do you want me to get from the store for Sunday?" she asked.

"Get something good. Got enough money?"

"Depending on what you want. For supper I made a nice soup to warm you up."

He reached in his pocket. Then she said, "I got another notice about the school taxes. They're going to sell my furniture, as usual."

"Is this enough? Ask what the girl wants."

"I'd like to see them try it once." She snapped her purse shut. "You know me when my hair stands up. I can be a regular Carnera."

"Carnera! I was stronger than him, ten times."

"Gloria, honey," Amelia called, "come here a minute. What should I buy for Sunday?"

The girl came to the stairs, still singing. She had a pink Turkish towel wrapped around her head. "I'm sick of macaroni," she said and came down.

The old man dug inside his sweater. "I brought you something, Maria Gloria," he said.

"Ooh, look," cried Amelia. "Grandmom's good earrings. Lucky girl!"

"Wear for my wife," he said.

"Grandpop, they're for pierced ears."

"Well, your lobes were pierced, honey," Amelia said.

"Well, I only wear the other kind, Mama. My God, what do you think I am?"

"A dope, that's what." Amelia picked the earrings out of his hand. "These are real cameos. By rights they should belong to me." She went to the mirror.

"I want a class ring, that's what I need," said Gloria. She twisted the towel around her head tighter. "But you know what I'd really appreciate, Grandpop? I'd really appreciate it if you wouldn't use my towel in the bathroom now that you're going to stay with us."

He was not sure he understood, so he kept quiet.

"It's unsanitary to use other people's towels, Grandpop. The colored towels will always be mine, OK? You can use the white ones."

"Get back to work!" Amelia came forward and pushed her daughter up the stairs. "Keep your towel in your own room from now on, if you're so fussy. Don't bother the poor old man."

"Don't mind her, Papa," she said when the girl was gone. "She's worried about getting pimples, that's what it is."

But he was on his feet. "What's the matter with me?" he said. "I make her sick? If she thinks I make her sick, I go."

"Oh, Papa," Amelia said, her big hands on his shoulders. "She's only a kid. What do you want from a kid? God knows what those teachers tell them."

He let himself be pushed down. He tried to uncurl his fingers, but they wouldn't straighten out. They were hard like horn. The blue scars made by falling slate in the mines and the black dirt deep in the cracks wouldn't rub off. What, then? If he wiped himself, didn't she?

"What makes her so special, that I'm not good enough?" he asked. "Better I go."

"Simmer down, Papa. Don't worry about her, she'll get over it. Soup is never eaten as hot as it's cooked."

No, he thought, we must cool life off, kid ourselves. Otherwise?

"If I am in the way —" he said.

"Oh, Gesùmaria, don't start that again. She's young yet, what does she know? One way or another, we must try to get along. Have patience, you too." She stuck out her chin and knotted her woolen babushka. "I must go now before the stores close. Lay down, why don't you, till I get back. Then we'll eat. I'll get something tasty."

At the door she said, "Leave her alone while I'm gone, she's nervous. It's always tough on her, this time of month."

After she left, he spread some newspapers on the floor by the couch to spit on, and he lighted the stogie. He put up his feet. The couch smelled of the cat. What a shame, he said to himself, to drag things out like this. At least it was not always so bad. When I came over, I had hopes. But who lives by hopes dies in despair — there's justice in that dark saying, and no escape from it.

Still, he persisted, I made some good times. And he remembered the Feast of Saint Mauro: someone singing "Away, Marie!" above the band, and him, drunk and boasting at the beer stand. His paisans, shrewd, putting up ten dollars against the contractor. And him, to show his strength, hoisting a barrel of beer on his back.

And bravos then. The music and the lotteries stopped, and the nuns appeared at the convent windows. His paisans formed a circle to give him space. And him, with that barrel on his back, he didn't know what to do with it — couldn't just let it down. So he turned, everybody followed, and he led a procession to the grotto next to the churchyard. There, at the foot of the Madonna, he placed the barrel. And there his paisans swung him up and carried him off above the crowd.

When the barrel lifter opened his eyes again, someone was running the sweeper in the parlor. There was food on the table, and the cat was watching it.

"Is it already time to eat?" he asked.

"Gloria must get dressed to go out."

He got up and went to the mirror to comb his hair. He saw the card in the corner of the glass, and he thought of his poor wife. There was a prayer on the back he liked to say for her, but the English was hard to remember. He crossed himself instead.

"Mama, tell him to hurry. Leo will be coming any minute."

"Don't start again, you," Amelia said.

"Every night she must go out. Like that other one," said the old man.

"She's only going to a drive-in. He's a good driver, this fellow Leo, he's safe."

"If he's safe, there's something wrong," Saverio said.

"Remember, honey, what the priest said last Sunday — lilies that get festered smell worse than weeds. Pay attention."

Gloria was feeding the cat by her chair. "What does he know about it?" she said.

The old man took his place. Everything smelled good. There was Pastene in the broth that tasted wonderful, but it was too hot, and Amelia had filled his dish so full he couldn't blow over it. "Excuse me," he said as he leaned across the girl to spill some back in the pot.

"Grandpop, don't you dare!" She jumped

up and seized his wrist so hard that he upset the dish.

He saw the soup spread across the oilcloth. Amelia grabbed a dishrag. "My nice soup. Oh, God," she said.

The soup had burned his hand, but the girl held on. "Just who do you think will finish that soup after you pour your slop back in it? Around here, we don't eat other people's leftovers."

His stomach was suddenly cramped with gathering rage, and he felt sick. Gloria let go, but by then the woman wiping the table and the white-cheeked girl were no parts of him. He wanted to thumb his nose: Here, to you both. With the help of the chair, he rose and looked for his policy.

"You fake," Amelia yelled then at her daughter. "What a little troublemaker you are. Must you make us all miserable with your false manners? Go, go upstairs and get dressed for your whoring."

Gloria stared at her mother and started to cry.

She still doesn't believe, Saverio thought, she is still unknowing. He realized it was wrong to keep this inside him, wrong for all of them, and he reached out to touch her bent neck, but in mid-

air he could not control the trembling of his outstretched hand, so he pulled back.

The policy was there, on the sewing machine, and he lifted it up.

"Where are you going?" Amelia asked. "Wait. She didn't mean no harm. Maria Gloria, your grandpop's going."

The girl had picked up the cat. "Maybe he'll learn a lesson," she said. She was stroking the cat, and she was still crying.

"Sit down and eat your supper, Papa. Where will you go?"

Go where? He stood, with both hands trying to hold the policy steady. Go and get drunk, where should he go? Then it came to him, that prayer in English on the back. *O Mary, Mother of Sorrow, conduct us to a place of refreshment, light, and peace.*

He turned and faced the card in the mirror, the picture of Mary, mourning, and he laid his policy down. "You can keep that," he said to Amelia and reached for his cap.

Halfway down the alley, he found himself humming the song about the duck in love with the poppy.

RECOGNITION

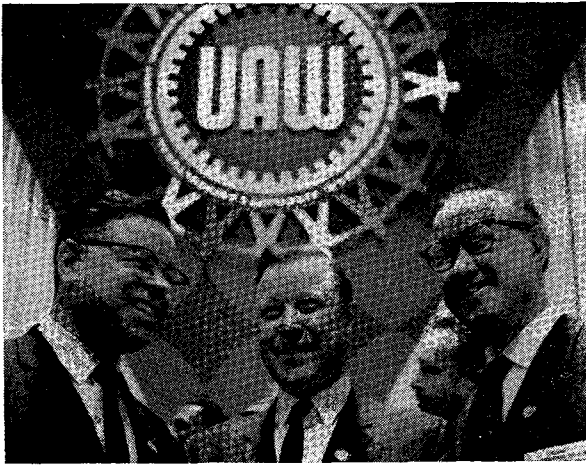
By Lynne Lawner

My nails are weighted with transparency.
Though you touch each luminous mute syllable,
I know I am not anything you can name.
Surfaces flicker in your fist,
Glow, being irretrievable.

Each week I blow out rows of wax prisons.
Then in the darkness there's your ear's definition
And your pupil's defiance, there's the art
Of your tenderness after and candor before
Each fresh annihilation . . . :

. . . from which I surge pinpointed, exalted, eccentric,
Knowing I am not anything you can name.
If something precise and painful in your gaze
Catches at fugitive cinders, clasps
Flame within flame,

It's yours — all the hurt which you recognize.



A. H. RASKIN

"The UAW is the most zestful of America's big unions," says A. H. RASKIN of the New York TIMES. "Most of its qualities of excitement have stemmed not from its strikes or even its trailblazing exploits in collective bargaining, but from the caliber of its officialdom." This article examines the dynamic thinking of Walter Reuther and his giant auto union.

WALTER REUTHER'S GREAT BIG UNION

THE United Automobile Workers is a union in search of a mission. What differentiates it from other unions in this respect is that, in the last few months, it has moved from lip service to action in acknowledging the necessity for a basic reassessment of labor's goals and how to reach them.

Most unions are so lost in self-admiration that even Colonel Blimp would find their smugness extreme. The UAW, while still inordinately disposed to regard itself as a solitary pillar of virtue in an economic swampland, is turning a searchlight on all its preconceptions to determine whether it has changed enough in the past quarter century to meet the needs of labor and of the nation in a transitional society.

The most interesting aspect of this effort to restore the giant auto union to its old primacy as a promoter of fresh ideas in collective bargaining, industrial democracy, and social betterment is that it is going forward without any of the fanfare usually associated with projects initiated by the union's highly articulate president, Walter P. Reuther, a man whose critics have accused him of almost everything but reticence.

In May the UAW opened a unique leadership study center on the grounds of Solidarity House, its modernistic international headquarters in Detroit. This is in the nature of a postgraduate school for all the union's organizers and paid officials, most of whom got their education on the picket line. They will spend three to twelve weeks studying subjects ranging from labor morality to the language of

computers and trying to develop new perspectives on the union and society. As Reuther told the twenty-three officials in the first class, "If you go back home and do everything the way you did before, this school will be a failure."

The center will not stop with an effort to unlock the minds of those already on the union payroll; it will also attempt to attract into the UAW more college-trained youngsters of the kind who became the mainstay of union technical staffs in the early years of the New Deal but who now turn to better-paid jobs in industry, government, universities, and foundations. To offset this drain of professional talent away from organized labor, the UAW plans to offer internships to five or six youths each year, with the choice to be made both from college seniors and from the union's own members. The interns would receive grants of \$5000 to \$7000 a year and would divide their time between work at the union (in such fields as research, law, social security, education, or publications) and graduate courses at one of Michigan's three state universities. The UAW is convinced that, even if in the end the interns decide to make careers outside labor, there will be lasting dividends in improved understanding from their association with the union.

The building that houses the leadership study center was once used by the Chrysler Corporation as an executive-training institute. However, the UAW has borrowed little from traditional techniques of management training except the idea that constant vigilance is essential to keep dry rot out of

Photograph of Roy, Walter, and Victor Reuther by Jim Yurdley.

the mental processes of leaders at every level of responsibility.

A policy statement drafted before the center opened warned that insistence on a uniform viewpoint in all the teaching would stultify the whole experience. "The UAW must be prepared to welcome to the faculty persons who do not share the union's point of view on all subjects — who in fact may be critical, either from the right or the left, of the union's program," the policy declaration said.

Among those the center hopes to have as participants in its seminars are such men as David Riesman, Erich Fromm, Daniel Bell, Seymour Harris, Mortimer Adler, Richardson Dilworth, and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. Representatives of management also will be invited periodically as lecturers, in the thought that both sides will learn from a candid exchange of opinions about how well they perform their duties.

Reuther and his colleagues on the twenty-six-member international executive board have not exempted themselves from the obligation they have imposed on their subordinates to sweep cobwebs out of their thinking. In June the board held a week-long meeting at Tamiment in the Poconos to talk about the union's long-range problems and its internal communications.

The aim was not to adopt resolutions — the UAW already has these in mountainous supply, covering every subject from administered prices to the creation of a National Planning Agency in Washington. Rather, the discussion at Tamiment was geared to stimulating thought on where the union was going and what kind of world it hoped to build. There was nothing parochial about its range. It even encompassed the issue of disarmament, with Norman Cousins of *Saturday Review* to exhort a greater membership involvement.

More such sessions will be held in settings similarly remote from day-to-day pressures. One skeptical member of the executive board came away from the Tamiment parley convinced that the union high command would benefit as much as the secondary leadership from exposure to the training center and to the other methods Reuther is using to bring the union abreast of automation's challenge.

"We're all getting older," is the way this board member expresses it. "You can't keep talking to a guy about what happened in the depression when he wasn't even born then. Why, we've got members who don't even know about World War Two. And how are you going to get through to them? One of the things we learned at Tamiment was that the average person spends more hours than he ought to watching television and only twenty minutes a day reading — that goes for newspapers, magazines, books, every kind of reading. If we don't take that into account in our communications

to workers and the community, all we will be doing is talking to ourselves."

REUTHER VERSUS MEANY

The quietness with which the union is engineering its self-examination reflects the recognition that no magic carpet is going to carry the UAW over the hurdles that face all major unions in this automated era. Any tom-tom beating about "departures from familiar paths" could lead only to exaggerated expectations about how much could be accomplished how soon.

But beyond this realistic deterrent to self-advertisement may lie factors more intimately related to Reuther's estimate of his personal role as a shaper of the destiny of the UAW, of labor generally, and of the total society. Recognized as the possessor of one of the most fertile minds and eloquent tongues in any branch of American life, even by those who like him least, Reuther has found himself increasingly excluded in recent years from any position of real creativity and influence in the affairs of organized labor.

Much of the dynamism that carried him to the top rung of the auto union, over the opposition of the porkchoppers in the entrenched union bureaucracy and their allies in the union's pro-Communist wing, has been wasted in sterile power feuds inside the AFL-CIO. Relations between Reuther and George Meany, the federation's president, deteriorated sharply after the merger in 1955 — a merger that never could have taken place if Reuther, as president of the old CIO, had not stepped aside to allow the chief post in the fused organization to go to Meany, his AFL opposite number.

Wrangles over the federation's failure to make significant headway toward its target of organizing the unorganized grew into a general indictment by the Reuther faction of stagnation and purposelessness in the AFL-CIO headquarters. The pro-Meany majority in the federation's executive council saw nothing in the record of the Industrial Union Department, under Reuther's leadership, that indicated it had a better formula for pinning union buttons on the millions of workers outside union ranks.

The net effect of the bickering was to convince Meany and his partisans that Reuther would never be content until he moved into the number one job, an ambition not at all to Meany's taste. The downward spiral of their relationship culminated in a schoolboylike series of jousts between the two leaders, almost all of which wound up badly for Reuther and none of which was calculated to contribute anything notable to the general advancement of labor.

The designation of a labor member of the United States delegation to the United Nations was a case in point. For many years organized labor had argued that the presence of a prominent trade unionist as a spokesman for this country in the UN General Assembly would do much to counteract Soviet charges that Wall Street controlled everything here. President Eisenhower finally accepted this point in 1957, and Meany was named the first delegate.

When Meany's year ended, Reuther, who is by far the best known of American unionists in the developing countries of Asia and Africa, hoped the AFL-CIO would recommend him for the following year. Instead, Meany proposed George M. Harrison, chairman of the federation's International Affairs Committee. A year later Meany took the post again, thus effectively continuing the Reuther freeze-out until the end of the Eisenhower term.

Soon after President Kennedy's inauguration, Meany learned secondhand that Reuther expected to be appointed to the post by Ambassador Stevenson. The AFL-CIO president sent discreet word to the White House that he would welcome reappointment. Confronted with the necessity for choosing between two of its most resolute political supporters, the Administration chose neither. It did away with the notion of having any labor member on the delegation; the precedent labor succeeded in establishing under a businessman's Administration was lost when labor's candidate took office. As a consolation prize, both Meany and Reuther were made special advisers to Stevenson — posts with no defined duties.

A similar contretemps developed over the designation of an Under Secretary of Labor to fill the vacancy created last year when W. Willard Wirtz moved up to succeed Arthur J. Goldberg as Secretary. Reuther began lobbying for Jack T. Conway, formerly his administrative assistant at the UAW, who had gone to Washington as deputy administrator of the Federal Housing and Home Financing Agency. Meany made no secret of his high regard for Conway and his conviction that Conway would be an excellent Under Secretary of Labor, but he felt it more important to demonstrate once again that there was only one head of the AFL-CIO and only one man entitled to speak officially for it at the White House.

Accordingly, he put into nomination as his candidate Thomas E. Harris, the federation's associate general counsel. Again the White House stepped away from the necessity for a choice. It persuaded Meany to come up with another name — that of John F. Henning of the California AFL-CIO, a virtual stranger to all the union bigwigs in Washington. The upshot of this and several similar

contests was a presidential decree that Meany was to be recognized as the federation's sole authorized ambassador to the United States government.

This still left Reuther plenty of access in his separate capacity as president of the UAW, but there was a perceptible dip in his prestige in the power-conscious upper echelons of both labor and government. One of the President's closest advisers suggested last spring that the best way to relieve the White House of the embarrassments created by the tug-of-war between Reuther and Meany would be to designate the auto union chief as ambassador to India. Another ranking Administration official summed up Reuther's status in the single word "pitiful."

Somewhere along the line the message seems to have got through to Reuther that there might be a more effective way to operate. Ever since spring he has been comporting himself with a blend of serenity and decisiveness that may signal the emergence of a new Reuther at age fifty-six. If the change denotes a recharge of imagination and industry, rather than the resignation of a frustrated man prepared to settle for frustration, it will be the best of good news for a labor movement groping for new directions.

AID TO UNIONS OVERSEAS

The UAW is the most zestful of America's big unions, the least sunk in bureaucratic detachment from its rank and file. Most of its qualities of excitement have stemmed not from its strikes or even its trailblazing exploits in collective bargaining and politics, but from the caliber of its officialdom. It has been less afflicted than most huge unions by the loss of good secondary leaders who leave their union jobs discouraged by the blocking off of channels for advancement. The average age of its executive board is just under fifty. This is at least ten years below the average in most other unions spawned by the NRA and the Wagner Act.

But Reuther is still the pivotal force in the UAW's affairs, its most prolific generator of ideas, its bridge to stronger rapport with the membership and the community. That is why his apparent decision to invest much more concentrated attention in the UAW is of profound importance. He has been talking inside the union's board of establishing a mandatory retirement age of sixty-five for all officials. That would leave him only nine years in which to fulfill all his dreams for labor and the country.

The global compass of these dreams was given tangible expression in the decision of the UAW convention last year to earmark the interest on the union's \$50 million strike fund for aid in building free labor organizations and in reinforcing their

drives to improve wages and working conditions. One of the early allocations from this worldwide Marshall Plan for labor was \$25,000 in financial assistance for workers in France's nationalized coal mines when they were striking against General de Gaulle's restrictive wage policies last March. At the same time, \$1000 went to striking metalworkers in Turkey.

The foundations for this drive are not all altruistic. They are predicated on a hardheaded realization that American labor standards cannot keep on advancing if sweatshop conditions continue to prevail in competitive industrial countries abroad. "You no longer work for American corporations; you work for world corporations." This is the credo Victor G. Reuther, director of the UAW's international affairs department, has been seeking to pound home at regional UAW conferences on the mission of the Free World Labor Defense Fund.

"All over the world, in the most remote parts of Asia, South Africa, throughout Latin America, General Motors has its plants," Victor Reuther declares. "Ford has its subsidiaries and Chrysler its associates; and so have International Harvester and thousands of other firms. This interlocking worldwide control which vast corporations have means that their policies — fiscal and otherwise, as they affect your jobs — are determined not in the light of what is best in your home community, what is best for the United States, but in terms of what is best for General Motors."

By way of making the message of interdependence even more explicit, the UAW's chief envoy to world labor asserts that when American corporations set up shop overseas "they don't act like American employers who know something about labor relations." Instead, he says, they suddenly acquire all the bad habits of the local employers and are quite happy to pay the lowest wages and enforce the longest hours.

Despite such grim warnings that the survival of free unions in the United States depends on the strengthening of their struggling counterparts in underdeveloped lands, the immediate problems of the UAW in collective bargaining and in its efforts to offset the job-killing impact of new technology on existing employment opportunities are quite remote from those of unions in Sierra Leone or Tanganyika.

MORE GAINS FOR FEWER WORKERS

The gravest danger for the UAW at the bargaining table is that it will find itself doing more and more for fewer and fewer workers, and thus engender a tremendous incubus of resentment among young people and others shut out of jobs.

This danger is envisaged with special grimness by Leonard Woodcock, vice president of the auto union and director of its General Motors department.

"The automobile industry is in its second boom year, but it is meeting much of its additional production through overtime hours of the existing force simply because it is cheaper to do so," Woodcock told the Industrial Relations Research Association in Pittsburgh last winter. "The costs of pensions, insurance, vacations, holidays and supplementary unemployment benefits are all tied to the individual and not to the hours worked, which means that costs are reduced when overtime is worked by fewer individuals. Thus we have the callous spectacle of overtime and sharp unemployment existing side by side in America's booming automobile cities."

The forecast of trouble unless the UAW broadened its bargaining sights to provide more job opportunities for those on the outside looking in was made sharper still when Woodcock met with delegates representing the 338,000 hourly-rated workers at General Motors in June to take a forward look at preparations for the 1964 contract round. He noted that joblessness among young people was running at nearly triple the rate for older workers, and he warned of mass discontent among these dispossessed youngsters if they saw the UAW and other unions focusing their energies on protecting the job security of those who already had jobs.

"Whom did Hitler first mobilize?" Woodcock asked. "He mobilized the young men. The Storm Troopers, the Brown Shirts were made up of kids who had no hope in the German Republic in the late 1920s and the early 1930s. Who is going to exploit this dissatisfaction against the labor movement? It is going to be the extreme right, which is gathering political force in this country. It is going to be the Barry Goldwaters or probably somebody else whose name we have not yet heard who will mobilize the young people. And if to them the labor movement stands as a group of selfish people concerned only with themselves and not with their plight, then we are really going to get the business."

The seriousness with which the UAW regards the necessity for turning the bargaining table into an instrument for full employment was indicated in the letters it sent to all the major auto and agricultural implement manufacturers last March, requesting that joint study committees be set up a full year in advance to begin work on problems that would require solution in next year's contracts.

Even before expressing its general desire to provide greater security and higher standards for the existing work force, the union stressed the need for joint action to "make such contributions as we can to the creation of new job opportunities

for younger workers, for older workers still too young to retire and for members of minority groups in the face of automation and accelerating technological advance."

BARGAINING WITHOUT A CRISIS

In the past the Big Three auto makers have shunned anything resembling year-round joint consultations with the Reuther union for fear that these might become an entering wedge for co-determination or some intermediate form of union encroachment on management prerogatives. The vigor with which Reuther has campaigned for a government board to conduct public hearings on proposed price increases in autos, steel, and other large industries has kept such fear alive, despite the cordial day-to-day working relationships that have long existed between the union and the corporations.

The companies would probably not have agreed to sit down with the union this year if the success of the Human Relations Committee, established in the steel industry after its disastrous 116-day strike in 1959, had not touched off what amounted to a tidal wave of support for experiments in continuous dialogue in other key industries. A refusal to accept the Reuther bid would have exposed the auto giants to pressure from President Kennedy and Secretary of Labor Wirtz, both strong advocates of year-round labor-management discussions. Rather than risk more government intrusion in the industry's affairs, the Big Three said yes, without any outside push.

Under the rules laid down for the joint study committees, all the proceedings are off the record and neither side is committed by anything that is said. However, Woodcock gave the GM union delegates a peek behind this curtain of secrecy when he reported on the initial session. He said GM had been most cautious about the subjects to be canvassed in the talks and had made it clear that it might reconsider its agreement to participate if it found itself led into areas that impinged on politics, rather than those in which decisions could be made directly by labor and management. The union's comeback was that its biggest worry involved jobs, and that obviously the answers to fuller employment lay partly in collective bargaining and partly in government policy. All of this lent point to the observation of one rank-and-file delegate at the GM conference that when the union called for the joint study, "the guys in the plant thought this was a wonderful proposal, but when GM accepted, they wondered what was the matter with it."

The wonder may grow even stronger if the UAW seriously endeavors to use the 1964 auto contracts

as the vehicle for a basic assault on unemployment, with the primary focus on creating openings for those who now have no jobs rather than on additional security and benefits for those who do. This would mark a radical shift from the prevailing orientation in collective bargaining, which treats present jobholders as a preferred group to be shielded against technological displacement but does nothing directly for the hundreds of thousands of youngsters cascading into the job market or for the four million workers already idle. The unemployed are made wards of the general community while the union and the industry concentrate on protecting the ingroup.

Thus, the pioneering formula negotiated by the Kaiser Steel Corporation and the United Steelworkers of America for sharing the fruits of increased productivity at the company's plant in Fontana, California, starts with a guarantee that no worker will lose his job because of automation. The formula also provides that the workers are to get one third of all the money the company saves as a result of greater efficiency in steelmaking. The shortcoming in this plan, as the UAW sees it, is that it treats those already on the Kaiser payroll as a group with a vested interest and makes those who never have been hired the victims of the shrinkage in total job opportunities that comes from being able to make much more steel with many fewer men.

The auto union has not even begun to formulate the specific demands through which it will try to make itself a spokesman for the outs as well as the ins in the 1964 negotiations. But if it does draft a program that breaks dramatically with the isolationism of "we must take care of our own," it will mark a fresh crystallization of the line of fidelity to social responsibility that Reuther has always enunciated as the touchstone of his union philosophy.

His concept is that labor must go forward with the community, not at the expense of the community. It was on this basis that he insisted, when unions in steel and other key industries were cheerfully riding the wage-price spiral, that the auto workers wanted no wage increase that could not be supported without a price increase. On the same basis he urged that the companies couple price rebates for car buyers with higher wages for UAW members in a proposed profit-sharing plan five years ago.

This proposal proved no more popular with the Big Three than most of the other novelties Reuther has put on the negotiating table in the post-war period. But this has not stopped him from winning a good many more than he has lost — notably supplementary unemployment benefits, a mark-down from his original project for a true guaranteed

annual wage but nonetheless a long step forward in income security for laid-off workers.

THE PROFITS OF MANAGEMENT

One reason for the substantial gains the UAW has made since the days of the speedup and the sit-down strikes is the fantastic profitability of the auto industry. Unlike most unions, the UAW does not take the view that it should keep quiet about the prosperity of its employers. It says bluntly that it considers the profits of the auto makers too high for the country's good, and it has compiled some arresting statistics to support its charge that workers and consumers are not getting their fair share of the pie.

The parent union has sent to all its GM locals charts intended to show that if General Motors had been content with a profit rate equal to the average for all United States manufacturing corporations in the fifteen years from 1947 through 1962, it could have cut the retail price of all its cars by \$205 and also raised the wages of all its hourly-rated workers by fifty-seven cents an hour.

Taking GM's record profit of \$1,459,000,000 after taxes last year, the union asserts that the colossus of the Big Three could have cut the price of the 3,742,000 passenger cars produced in its United States plants by \$100 each and still had a profit of 21 percent on its investment, or more than double the average for all manufacturers.

Still another chart is designed to contrast the relative rewards of working for GM or owning its stock. It notes that the average GM hourly employee would have earned \$3009 if he worked full-time in 1947. A GM stockholder would have received exactly the same amount in dividends if he had bought stock worth \$52,846 at the beginning of that year. At the end of 1962 the cumulative dividends and capital gain on the stock would total \$463,000. The worker's aggregate earnings in the same period, assuming that he had never been laid off and that he had got all the union-negotiated wage increases, would have been \$78,800 — roughly one sixth the shareholder's gain.

Perhaps the most startling of all the UAW charts, and certainly the one most likely to irk General Motors top brass, sets the \$15.7 million in salaries and bonuses received by 56 GM officers and directors last year against the combined salaries of \$13.8 million paid to 606 top government officials. The men who ran General Motors got more for their efforts than all of these officials put together: the President, the Vice President, 100 United States senators, 435 members of the House of Representatives, the nine Supreme Court justices, the ten members of the Cabinet, and the governors of all fifty states.

One concrete moral the UAW has drawn from these figures is that a profit-sharing plan would mean a lot to its members in the major companies. The UAW negotiated its first such plan at American Motors two years ago, and the plan has worked so well that the union hopes it will be extended to GM and Ford next year. On the basis of last year's profits Reuther estimates that the American Motors "progress-sharing" formula would have meant an extra \$915 a year in benefits and stocks for each GM worker and \$845 for each worker at Ford. Woodcock put the prospect of extending the idea somewhat less circumspectly when he addressed the UAW National GM Council. "If we could get the profit-sharing formula from GM, it would be like getting the keys to Fort Knox after somebody had shot the guards," he said.

GRIEVANCES IN THE PLANT

But not all the task of running a union of 1.2 million members in a period of meteoric change is concerned with mass decisions. The main business of the UAW, and in many respects its principal reason for being, is in its administration of the grievance machinery that protects the worker against petty tyranny at the plant level. The desire for individual dignity and a collective voice in a vast corporation was the spur for the union's formation, and even with the enormous improvements that have occurred in personnel administration most UAW members have not lost their fear that "Once you let the boss start pushing, he'll never stop pushing."

UAW local newspapers are full of complaints about the irritations and frustrations of plant life. The correspondent at one Detroit factory in which management had appealed for teamwork to help the plant survive wrote this wistful comment on the results of the campaign:

"The Team, as the company puts it, set an all-time production of over 5 million pounds of copper tubing for the month of March. That, I would say, is a good Survival Team, but the Team became split up when it came to the celebration end of it. The hourly rate ate in the company garage off of chairs and the VIP's dined and were entertained at the Lee Plaza, the latter is a good way to cut costs. Your entire bargaining committee clocked out at 11 A.M. and had their lunch elsewhere and clocked back in at 11:41 A.M. They were penalized for being late — what happened to THE TEAM — I wonder if the VIP's punched a time clock in and also out upon entering and leaving the Lee Plaza Hotel?"

At a GM Fisher Body plant in St. Louis, with only 2800 employees, a backlog of 3000 individual grievances piled up. Early this year the accumu-

lation of complaints grew so oppressive to both management and the UAW that a special union task force was sent in from Detroit to work with GM officials in ending the pileup. Five hundred of the grievances involved charges that foremen had put on gloves and done production work in violation of the contract.

The GM contract contains six hundred pages, and there are three or four supplemental contracts for every GM plant. This is shop law — law the workers have participated in writing through their union. Yet the rules are so well established that fewer than forty cases a year have to go to arbitration for final settlement.

"We deal for more than 300,000 workers in GM," says Nat Weinberg, director of the union's special projects department, "but in negotiations we will fight, bleed and die for a word that won't affect more than three people — perhaps not even one in the whole life of the contract. That's what differentiates us from the corporations."

How important the workers consider the rules and conditions in their own plants was driven home to Reuther and the other international union chiefs rather rudely in the 1961 negotiations. They were repeatedly overridden in local revolts when they tried to steamroller through a national settlement without allowing full time for the adjustment of local issues. In retrospect, the leaders say the rebellions were a healthy reminder that even the best national contract is no good if festering sores are left untended in the plant.

As an expression of its own recognition that maximum protection for individual rights is as essential inside the union as it is inside a corporation, the union acted in 1957 to establish an unusual Public Review Board, to which its members could appeal as a court of last resort if they felt they had been denied justice by the union's internal machinery. The board consists of seven distinguished clergymen, educators, and jurists, and is completely free of any control by the UAW.

A study completed last year by Professor Jack Stieber, director of Michigan State University's School of Labor and Industrial Relations, showed that the board had upheld decisions of the union's executive board twice as often as it had upset them. Dr. Stieber said the board represented "the broadest grant of authority over its internal affairs ever given voluntarily by a labor organization — or any other organization — to an outside body."

In a report at the 1962 UAW convention the board's chairman, Rabbi Morris Adler of Detroit, declared that the union's adherence to high standards of ethical and democratic practice could not be measured solely by the cases submitted to the board for review. "We have had no cases of or-

ganized corruption," he told the delegates. "We have had no cases where an officialdom was in collusion with those who are enemies of the union. We have had no great instances at all of anything that was fundamentally undemocratic in the constitution in our structure."

WHITE-COLLAR MEMBERSHIP

The high levels of auto production in the last two years, plus the UAW's success in organizing scores of relatively small shops in many parts of the country, have brought its membership up nearly 200,000 from the low point of early 1961, when it slipped below the million mark. However, there is no prospect that it can keep climbing unless the UAW makes much more substantial progress than it has up to now in unionizing white-collar and engineering personnel.

In automotive plants the expectation in union circles is that it will be possible to make a million more cars by the end of the decade with 50,000 fewer workers than are now employed. In the missile and spacecraft plants, the dollar volume of contracts is higher than it was in the days of winged aircraft, but the number of production workers is a third of the old requirement in many plants. The union's defeat in union shop elections at two aerospace companies last year has not enhanced its organizing drive in that field.

The effort to recruit office and technical employees in the automobile industry has been put under the direction of Douglas A. Fraser, one of the UAW's most enterprising young international executive board members. He is making his greatest bid for workers in offices attached to strategic production units, where the union can use the strength of its blue-collar membership to maximum advantage in speeding company recognition. Five white-collar workers who served initially as volunteer organizers have been put on Fraser's staff, and he is casting about for engineers interested in taking recruiting assignments. The whole theme of the approach to the white-collar groups is "Your Needs Are Different," and stress is put on the distinctiveness of treatment they can expect as against that given hourly-rated employees.

No titanic forward thrust is in sight on this front, but the experiments now under way in year-round discussions with the Big Three, the inauguration of the leadership study center, and the importance of finding a key to white-collar organization present a sufficient challenge even for Reuther's restless mind. He is also seeking to animate the AFL-CIO Industrial Union Department, which has matched the federation itself for spectacular nonaccomplishment. Jack Conway, long Reuther's chief aide in Detroit, has been installed as the department's

executive director, but he inherits a staff jaded by seven years of loud talk and little action, so the job of overcoming inertia will be monumental.

"The phones never ring," complains one veteran official. "No one has any sense of purpose. You can't have an effective staff without a leadership that is really on the move. Confidentially, I'm looking for another job — outside labor."

Politically, Reuther always can find plenty to do. His conception of the interrelatedness of union and political activity is much more fundamental than that of most bread-and-butter unionists, who reluctantly accepted the idea that labor ought to have its own political machinery after the Taft-Hartley Act made it obvious that what they gained at the bargaining table could be lost in the legislative chamber. The UAW has become a major political force not solely in Michigan but in every Midwest state. Its influence is growing rapidly in California, where it has a thirty-eight-year-old regional director, Paul Schrade, who looks like an Ivy Leaguer but is a prototype of the labor leader of the future. Intelligent, eager, dedicated, he has all the drive of the union pioneers, plus the sophistication of a young man who left a scholarship after his junior year as a chemistry student at Yale's Sheffield School because he wanted to acquire some field knowledge in economics.

He went to Los Angeles with the thought of spending a year working in the experimental division of North American Aviation. He joined the UAW and learned that his department was only one percent organized. He became a volunteer organizer, then editor of the local union paper, vice president of the local, and finally its president. Reuther made him his special assistant, and at the last convention Schrade was elected to the international executive board as regional director for seven Western states.

Reuther's ability to attract into his union and to move up to posts of authority men like Schrade is one of his distinctive attributes. A Reuther aide says, "Walter is a wholly moral man, a true be-

liever. He makes countless compromises to serve his larger purposes, but he thinks of himself as a practical radical. In fact, he argues with European socialists that he is more radical than they."

A glimpse of this phase of the Reuther character shone through a sentimental talk he gave when Paul Sifton, the former playwright, newspaperman, and unemployment insurance administrator, retired as the union's Washington representative a few months ago. "Paul Sifton," he declared, "has too much of what the American labor movement has too little of — social idealism." Reuther told the last union convention, "A labor movement can get soft and flabby spiritually. It can make progress materially, and the soul of the union can die in the process."

The implementation of this spirit is found in the UAW's record of combating racial discrimination. It battled Jim Crow tendencies in its Southern locals at a time when most unions were giving lip service or no service at all to the principles of equal treatment. When President Kennedy called top unionists to the White House just before introducing his civil rights bill, Reuther cut through the Claghorn-like speeches of many of his associates with a crisp declaration: "If we really wanted to do something about it, the men gathered in this room right now could do more for civil rights in one month than the whole government could in five years." He was the spearhead in making \$160,000 in labor funds available to post bail for Negroes arrested in the Birmingham demonstrations.

Now that he has apparently decided to curb his impatience to become head of the AFL-CIO, his standing with the rest of labor's high command has improved markedly. When the sixty-nine-year-old Meany does leave his post, Reuther is the man most likely to succeed. But waiting for what may happen — if — is a poor occupation for a man whose talents can be applied so fruitfully in the UAW. Happily, the signs point to a more constructive application, in the best interests of Reuther, the labor movement, and the country.

FACT AND FANCY

by EDWARD WEISMILLER

A poet whose work has been appearing in the ATLANTIC over the last quarter century, EDWARD WEISMILLER was a Rhodes Scholar, took his master's degree at Harvard and his doctorate at Oxford, and is now a professor of English at Pomona College, Claremont, California. He and his wife (also an ATLANTIC contributor) have five children. He has published two collections of poems; his first work of fiction, THE SERPENT SLEEPING, a serious novel on the theme of treason, was brought out recently by Putnam's.

TELL me any fact you like, and I will believe it. I will believe it, but I will not believe in it. For I do not believe in facts, and I do not like them. I am perfectly willing to look them in the face; I simply reserve the right to look away again. I know well enough that one cannot really reason without them. But in the end I am not, perhaps, a reasonable person. Being what I am, I should like others to know what I am. And I should like also to say, seriously, that in my view fancies are the true nourishment of man, and that facts are, wherever it is humanly possible, to be neglected.

Note that I have said "in my view"; I do not claim that what I am about to say is *the truth*.

There was a time in the world (call it the good old days, and laugh about it as long as you can) when the advocacy of fancy over fact would not have been necessary. Only a few centuries ago men thought that lightning signified the wrath of God; that the soul of man could be possessed by the devil; that Christ, when he lived on earth, was exactly six feet tall; that the earth was the center of the universe, and that it hung from heaven on a golden chain. We know now that none of this is so. But I am not sure what advantage it is to us to know. Only a few centuries ago, to speak on a slightly different level, men thought that there was an animal in the sea to correspond to every animal on land; that the elephant had no knees; that the cubs of the bear were born without shape, and had to be licked into their proper form by their mother's tongue. And today we know that none of *this* is so. But,

again, I cannot see that it profits us to know. Doubtless it is true, as scholars maintain, that the idea of the fabulous unicorn arose from corruptions, far after the fact, of eyewitness accounts of the rhinoceros. But my interest in this explanation is a very tepid one. I do not altogether rejoice that we can go into the forest today with no fear of those drumming, dangerous hooves, no terror of that spiral horn, sharp and shining white, leveled at our hearts. And which virgin you know would not have the unicorn come and lay his head, in gentle tribute, upon her lap? A unicorn — not a rhinoceros. The legends of the unicorn were in reality an acknowledgment that there were places in the world held by the Mystery, places where only a few out of all mankind could or ought to go. Now man belongs anywhere he can get to, and I do not always feel that it much matters where he goes.

But, you may tell me, those foolish beliefs of the ancients — they were "facts" to those who knew no better. The alchemists, who tried to find the philosopher's stone (by means of which they thought they would be able to turn base metals into gold), nevertheless dealt with what they held to be scientific principles. It may be so. And yet I think it is significant that for centuries men solemnly believed hundreds of things which simple observation would have showed them were not so. The only explanation I can find is that simple observation, that basic principle of modern science, did not occur to them, did not seem to them important; and it did not seem to them important because they were really looking

at something above, or behind, or to one side of facts *as facts*. They were looking at or for meanings. Once the fashion for facts arose, a million soap bubbles burst in a moment. The last three centuries have seen mountains of fact thrown up everywhere on the face of the earth; and doubtless they will endure. But does anyone imagine that Western man of the last three centuries has discovered so many facts because he is more intelligent than all his predecessors? We look where our eyes are directed; we discover what we set out to discover. I suspect that many a Newton, before Newton, sat under many an apple tree on this old earth, and thinking of ritual fruitfulness and decay, the fall of all things bright that yet, somehow, comes from God, heard only as a corroborative sound the fall of an apple into the long grass beside him.

But Newton saw an apple fall with the speculative eyes of his moment; and now man flies. This is at times convenient. But I do not see that it is important, in any but horribly wrong ways. Let me talk to you for a moment about facts. It is easy to think well of them, and to think well of man for discovering them — the principle of flight, the life secrets of subatomic particles. I am sure we all marvel as, one by one, the world's first cosmonauts step safely back down on earth from their rides on the biggest Ferris wheel of all. I am sure we wonder what (classified) discoveries they make, what facts they know that we do not know, and what use scientists will make of the facts discovered. And believe me, a use will be made of them, because the fact is that facts can only *be* used. They are tools. And tools help us to do things with other things. They are utilitarian. They cannot be anything but utilitarian. And therefore the end point of the processes they initiate cannot be anything but utilitarian. Is it possible for us to comprehend what this means? Man may, and doubtless will, one day reach the farthest corners of the universe (not, let us hope, like T. S. Eliot's Mrs. Cammell in "Geron-tion," "whirled/Beyond the circuit of the shuddering Bear/In fractured atoms"), but if he does this, all we shall be able to say is that he has done it. Oh, doubtless in that interstellar junkyard he is beginning to create he will learn new facts. And these will lead him to the knowledge of other facts. But no fact man ever learns will tell him who he is, or why he is here, or what life, or love, or death, or beauty means.

Now, I do not wish to underestimate the practicality of the practical. I, too, like to eat, though I do not eat all day long. Facts, I am willing to

admit, are convenient; because of them we are physically more comfortable, in most ways, than man has ever been before. Facts can do everything for us, physically, including (if you will forgive my making the obvious remark) kill us. But perhaps what I am thinking is not so obvious, after all, for my suspicion really is that that is what they *must* prove best at. In any event, it may well be that these centuries will prove (if there is a history to record them) the age of man's seduction by ruinous convenience, by the physical, by fact. It may well be that, if anyone remains to make the observation, an old riddle will one day be solved in these terms: Eve and Adam conducted the first scientific experiment, as a result of which, quite naturally, all men died.

But, someone may protest, it is in the nature of the human mind to know; and if this is our destiny, how are we to avoid it? And anyway, facts aren't really as bad as all that, surely? In answer, let me hazard one or two more things about facts. In the first place, they are, I suspect, tyrannical. They come to engross the mind that yields to them too far; and moderation in the use of facts is far more difficult to achieve than moderation in the use of alcohol or tobacco. We all know that facts have the overwhelming approval of our time, and that people who do not deal in them primarily are suspect, or at best tolerated. But how has this come to be so? Surely because of what the entertainment of fact does to the mind, since all facts lead so inevitably to other facts, and only to other facts. It is not merely that the imagination and the spirit are the unknown, and therefore to be feared. Far more important, fact has too many consequences to permit itself to be neglected; and after some centuries of non-neglect of fact, man finds (*if he finds it, if he can still see*) that what he is neglecting instead is his imagination, his spirit.

But now, truly, this is unfair, you may say: the modern scientist is very imaginative, and furthermore, he believes in God. No longer does evolutionary biology deny the possibility that God may have warmed, in His cosmic saucepan, the water that produced the first living cell; and the astronomer, the physicist, begin to glimpse a strange and unfathomable brightness at the end of the trail of law upon which their feet are set. But need one go so far to see that brightness? The simple man can see as much in the branched lightning of a veined leaf. And, after all, one may suspect that the scientist calls "God" only what he does not, at the moment, see the possibility of explaining. But he will go on trying to explain; and he, or his successors, will succeed in explaining more than is now thought possible. And so the ineffable vision will be postponed. What is one to say? Does anyone recall the *New Yorker* cartoon of

the farmer on a remote country road asked for directions by a shiny young couple in a shiny new automobile, and saying to them, "You can't get there from here"?

I do not think it is in the nature of man's mind to know; I think it is in his nature to *want* to know — to seek, and not to discover. And what he was made to seek is meaning, not fact. Therefore, I should say that fact is useful to man only insofar as it frees his mind, gives him leisure, gives him time to pursue the search for meaning. But does anyone suppose that — after the fact — it is at all easy to claim such leisure, or to want to claim it? All the mechanical genius of the West has produced leisure, yes, but also mechanical ways of using it. This is inevitable, and it is more true with each passing year. I am deadly serious, and I am not conscious of much exaggeration, when I say that it could honestly be argued that the civilization Western man has known is dying of facts. Last weekend I drove out on the highways, and somewhere between here and the ocean, from the midst of heavy traffic almost stalled because of freeway construction, I saw suddenly a pure curve of concrete, not yet ready to use, not yet connected to anything, lifting up and out to my right — and around it nothing, waist-high weeds, dead groves by the acre, and a few houses with the roofs fallen in and the windows gouged out.

Let me make one more observation about facts, and then I am through with them. It is this: facts are intractable. They shrug aside the human past; they point — forward. But either they lead nowhere, or else they lead man faster than he can follow; they lead him into ugly darknesses which they cannot illuminate. The economic consequences of the industrial revolution have, for example, proved uncontrollable; "facts" have entrained other facts whose laws we only partly understand, and whose operation we cannot much more than affect. Every saving of lives brought about by medicine (a saving so humane in itself) poses a problem in human ecology the solution of which is, and that doubtfully, in the future. "The use of atomic energy for peaceful purposes" — I need hardly try, even, to explore that conundrum. Wait and see. If you get there, you're lucky. Meanwhile you will, of course, be spending more and more of what time is left you upon fact — how can you help it, sitting on the powder train as you are? Rebel? Be an individual? How can you, when fact has joined the peoples of the world together? One world, one thunderclap.

And what is the answer? It is possible to fear that there is none, this late in the day; but if there is an answer, it's just this: we must go back to ask-

ing ourselves useless questions. "Who am I?" "Why am I alive?" And knowing the choices I have made, you will not be surprised to hear of my belief that every good poem ever written, every short story or novel, every painting, every piece of music or sculpture, addresses itself to these questions and to others like them. And because there are no real answers, only constant, and exciting, and often contradictory illuminations, the arts keep our spirits exercised, keep them flexible and alive instead of crystallized in fact like flies in amber. The arts deal in some ways with fact, it is true; but as long as we are lucky our artists will keep pace with our fact finders, will be at work breaking up new facts and making them useless — to everything but the spirit. Only the other day I read a short story in which the setting was a modern glass-and-chrome restaurant, bathed in what the author called the "penitential light" of fluorescent lamps. I would rather have seen that light, in that way, than know all about which electron must be booted out of what ring, and with what, in order to produce fluorescence.

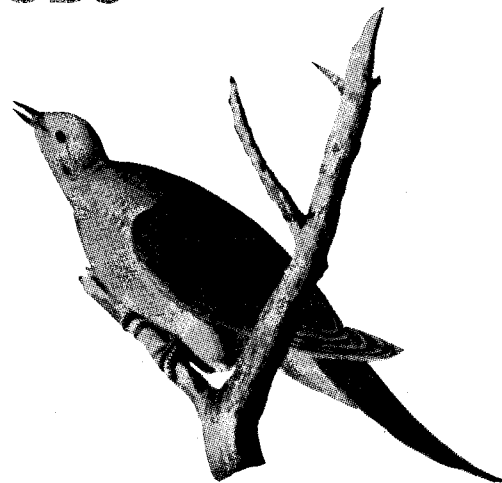
The artist breaks up the world of fact by making us see comparisons, analogies, meanings that we never saw before. They lead to nothing, of course, except our own deeper understanding of ourselves and of the rest of humanity. But more than this they will lead us, imperceptibly, to live more and more in the realm of the spirit, which is where I think we were meant to live. And so perhaps there is a solution for our dilemma after all: read, look, listen. And love. Everyone agrees that the world needs love if it is to avoid being overwhelmed. But facts do not teach love: no one's facts, not the scientist's, nor the sociologist's, nor the historian's. I *think* love comes of the exercise of the spirit.

Let us not forget that man differs from the generality of animals in two things: he has something he does not understand but has called "spirit," or "soul"; and he has something he understands very well, an opposable thumb. Our problem is the problem of reconciling these extraordinary and extraordinarily different virtues. At present, the reconciliation seems, ominously, not to be taking place. What man can do becomes increasingly what he cannot not do, and all that his life means is thrust desperately, or indifferently, to one side. There is no longer any novelty to us, even, in the thought that we have reached a place where our knowledge could completely anesthetize us, our practical triumphs wipe us out. If they do, what will be left on our departure will be a world of exploded facts.

A VOICE FROM THE WOODS

BY WILLIAM HUMPHREY

WILLIAM HUMPHREY was born in Clarksville, Texas, in 1924. His first book, *THE LAST HUSBAND AND OTHER STORIES*, was published in 1953; five years later, his novel, *HOME FROM THE HILL*, which appeared under the Knopf imprint, received wide critical acclaim. Mr. Humphrey is now living in Europe.



SSH! Listen," says my wife. "You hear? Listen."

"What?" says my mother.

"Hear what?" say I.

"SSH! There. Hear it? An owl. Hooting in the daytime."

Then I do hear: a soft hollow note, like someone blowing across the lip of a jug: *hoo-oo, hoo-hoo-hoo; hoo-oo, hoo-hoo-hoo.*

A ghostly sound, defying location, seeming in successive calls to come out of the woods from all points of the compass. Near at hand one moment, far away and faint the next, barely audible, the echo of an echo. It is not an owl. Yet it cannot be what it is. Not here. So far from home. It comes again, this time seeming to sound not outside me but inside myself, like my own name uttered in a once familiar, long-dead voice, and my mother says, "Owl? That's no owl. Why, it's a —"

"A mourning dove!" say I.

It is the sound, the solitary sound, save for the occasional buzz, like an unheeded alarm clock, of a locust, of the long hot somnolent summer afternoons of my Texas boyhood, when the cotton fields shimmered white-hot and in the black shade of the pecan trees bordering the fields the Negro pickers lay napping on their sacks and I alone of all the world was astir, out with my air rifle hunting doves I never killed, gray elusive ghosts I never could locate. I would mark one down as it settled in a tree (I remember the finicking way they had of alighting, as if afraid of soiling their feet) and would sneak there and stand listening, looking up into the branches until I grew dizzy

Mourning dove by John James Audubon.

and confused. I would give up and move on, and at my back the bird would come crashing out of the branches sounding its other note, a pained squeak, and wobble away in drunken flight and alight in another tree and resume its plaint. They favored cedars, at least in my memory, and cedars in turn favored burial grounds, so that I think of the dove's whispered dirge as the voice of that funereal tree. It would be one of those breathless afternoons when the sun cooks the resin from the trunks of pines and sweet gums and the air is heavy, almost soporific with the scent. Heat waves throbbed behind the eyes. The fields were empty, desolate. High overhead a buzzard wheeled. The world seemed to have died, and in the silence the dove crooned its ceaseless inconsolable lament: *hoo-oo, hoo-hoo-hoo; hoo-oo, hoo-hoo-hoo.*

"A what? Mourning dove?" my wife says. "I never knew we had them here." *Here* being among the budding sugar maples and the prim starched white paper birches in the bustle and thaw of a crisp New England spring.

"I never knew you did either," says my mother. "What is a mourning dove doing way off up here?"

"What are you doing way off up here?" I say.

For my mother, too, has left Texas, lives out in Indianapolis. Now she has come on her annual visit to us. We sit on the sun porch, rushing the season a bit. As always, we two have fallen to reminiscing of Blossom Prairie and our life there before my father's death, telling stories by the

hour which both of us have heard and told so often now that it is the rhythm which stirs us more than the words, our tongues thickening steadily until the accent is barely intelligible to my Yankee wife, who listens amused, amazed, bewildered, bored, and sometimes appalled.

"Son, do you remember," my mother says, "the time the bank was held up?"

I am still listening to the dove, and I have to ask her what she said. But now she is listening to the dove and does not hear me.

"The time the bank was held up? No, I don't remember that. First time I ever heard of it."

"Hmm? What did you say? First time you ever heard of what?"

"Of the bank being held up. The bank in Blossom Prairie?"

"Really? Oh, you remember such funny things. Old Finus that used to come around to the house every afternoon selling hot tamales. Why anybody should clutter up their memory with him, I don't know. Lord, I would never have given him another thought this side of the grave. And not remember the great bank robbery! You were old enough. You remember lots of things that happened long before that. I took you with me, and we saw the dead men lying on the sidewalk on the square. You've forgotten that?"

"Dead men? Lying on the sidewalk? On the square? What dead men?"

"The bank robbers. All shot dead as they came out of the bank. You don't remember?"

"What!" says my wife. "You took a child to see a sight like —"

"That's the kind of thing I remember. Not someone who used to come around crying 'Hot tamales.' Why, that was just about the biggest thing that ever happened in Blossom Prairie, I should think."

I open more cans of beer, and she drinks and sets down the can and wipes her lips and says, "Well, it was back in the bad old days. When lots of men were out of work and some of the young ones, who had all cut their teeth on a gun, took to living by it. The age of the great outlaws, when we had Public Enemy Number One, Two, Three. In our parts Pretty Boy Floyd was carrying on. And Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker."

"Did Clyde and Bonnie stick up the bank in Blossom Prairie?"

"No, no, it wasn't them. But it was in those days and times. No, the ones that stuck up the bank in Blossom Prairie —"

"Wait. Who was Pretty Boy Floyd?" asks my wife. "Who were Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker?"

"You never heard of them?" asks my mother, wiping away her mustache of suds.

"Now we will never get the story of the Blossom Prairie bank robbery," say I.

"Never heard of Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker? Never even heard of Pretty Boy Floyd?"

"Pretty Boy!" My wife laughs. "Pretty Boy!"

"Clyde Barrow," I say, "was a notorious outlaw, and Bonnie Parker his gun moll. They came out of West Dallas, the real low-down tough section of the town. They tore around sticking up banks and filling stations and honky-tonks, and between them shot and killed any number of tellers and gas-pump operators and law officers in Texas in the early thirties. We used to follow the exploits of Clyde and Bonnie in the newspapers every day, like keeping up with the baseball scores. We really cannot claim Pretty Boy Floyd. He was an Oklahoma hero."

"You're making fun," says my mother. "Well, no doubt they did a lot of bad things, but let me tell you, hon" — this to her daughter-in-law — "you can go back down there and out in the country and to this day you'll find a many an old farmer will tell you he was proud to give Pretty Boy Floyd a night's lodging when the law was hounding him down like a poor hunted animal, and more than likely they found a twenty-dollar bill under his breakfast plate after he had left the next morning. And he never got that nickname for nothing. Oh, he was a good-looking boy!"

"Well, what about the ones that held up the bank in Blossom Prairie?"

"He was a good-looking boy, too. All three of them were."

"She just never could resist an outlaw," I say.

THE dove calls again, and my wife says, "What a sad, lonesome sound. I hope she doesn't come to nest around here. I wouldn't like to listen to that all day."

"As a matter of fact," says my mother, "as a matter of fact, I knew one of them. Travis Winfield, his name was. He was the leader of the gang. You wouldn't remember the Winfields, I don't suppose? Lived in that big old yellow frame house beyond the bridge out on the old McCoy road? A wild bunch, all those Winfields, the girls as well as the boys, but good-looking, all of them, and Travis was the best-looking, and the wildest, of the lot. Well, anyway. One day when you were — oh, let's see, you must have been six or seven, which would make it — How old are you now, hon, thirty-eight?"

"Seven."

"Thirty-seven?"

"Yes'm."

"Are you sure?"

"I was. Aren't you?"

"Oh, you! Well, anyway, it was during the summer that you had your tonsils and adenoids out. Remember? We were living at the time in Mr. Early Ellender's little cottage out on College Avenue. I had that little old Model A Ford coupé that your daddy had bought me."

"Was there a college in Blossom Prairie?" my wife asks.

"No!"

"Well, you were just getting over that operation, and that's how you happened to be at home at the time and not off somewhere or other out of call. It was around eleven o'clock in the morning. I remember I was fixing dinner when the telephone rang. . . . No, honey, there wasn't any college in Blossom Prairie. It was just a little bitty old place — though it was the county seat, and we all thought we were really coming up in the world when we left the farm and moved into town. It was so little that his daddy used to come home for his dinner every day. What you call lunch. . . . Well, the telephone rang and it was Phil. 'Hop in your car and come right down!' he said. 'They've just shot and killed three men robbing the bank!'"

"Then why was it called College Avenue? That doesn't make much sense."

"Don't ask me. I just grew up there."

"Well, but didn't it ever occur to you to wonder why they would call it that when there wasn't any —"

"Now, here is what had happened. These four men —"

"Three, you just a minute ago said."

"I said three were killed. These four men had been camping out down in Red River Bottom and— However, I better start with the woman. There was this woman, see. She had come into town about a month before. A stranger. She took a house, and she gave herself out to be a widow woman interested in maybe settling in the town and opening some kind of business with the money her husband had left her. And she had a husband, all right, but she was no widow, nor even a grass widow. That came out at the trial. In fact, her husband showed up at the trial. When the judge sentenced her to eighteen years in the penitentiary this man stood up in the courtroom and said, 'Mildred! I'll still be waiting for you!' And she said, 'You'll wait a lot longer than any eighteen years!' And as they were taking her away he yelled, 'Mildred! Darling! I forgive you!' Meaning he forgave her for leaving him and running off with Travis. And that she-devil turned and told him I-can't-tell-you-what that he could do with his such-and-such forgiveness, right there in front of the judge and jury and the whole town and county. And still the poor fool did not give up but went

round to the jailhouse and yelled up at the window of her cell until finally she came to the bars. And do you know what she told him was the one thing he could do that might win her back? — and this, you understand, would be after waiting for her to come out of the penitentiary for eighteen years. To get a gun and go shoot the one that had told on them to the law and had got the lover that she had run off with killed. However, it was not him that did it."

"That did what? Wait. I don't —"

"She was a cutter! Well, shortly after coming to town she went to the bank one day and opened an account. The very next day she was back and said she had changed her mind and wanted to draw her money out. They asked her why, and she said she had had her money in a bank once that had been held up, and she seemed to imply that that bank had looked a lot stronger than what she saw of ours. This piqued the manager, and he took her on a tour of the place to convince her that her money was safe with them, showing her all the strong-vaults and the time locks and the burglar alarm system and how it worked and whatnot. Besides, he said, there never had been any bank robberies in Blossom Prairie. So he convinced her, and she said she would let her money stay. After that she would come in every so often and make a deposit or a withdrawal, and she got to know the layout of the bank. She was making a map of it at home, and after each trip she would go and fill it in some more and correct any mistakes she had made in it. That way, too, she came to know when the big deposits were made by the business firms and the big-scale farmers and when there was always the most cash on hand in the bank.

"Meanwhile, she wasn't spending much time in that house in town. She told her neighbors — and of course they told everybody and his dog — that she still hadn't made up her mind to settle in Blossom Prairie and was looking over other spots around the county before deciding. She was seen on the road a lot, and she was a demon at the wheel. I was a pretty hot driver my own self, but —"

"Was! You still are. You scare me half to death."

"Well, that redheaded woman handled a car like no other woman and few men that I ever saw. In town she would spread her shopping over all the grocery stores so it wouldn't look like she was buying more food than a lone woman could eat, and she bought a good deal of bootleg liquor too, it came out later, and she would fill up the car and slip off down to Red River Bottom where Travis and his gang were camped out, though of course nobody knew that at the time. Whenever any squirrel hunter would happen to come up on

them Travis kept out of sight, as he was the only local boy among them, and the other three made out that they were a hunting party too.

“TRAVIS had been gone from home for some years, and everybody had pretty well forgotten him, except for maybe a couple of dozen girls who would have liked to but couldn’t. Word would get back every now and again of some trouble he had gotten into and gotten himself out of. Now he had rounded up this gang and come back to rob the bank in his old hometown. But though he had grown up there, he had to have that woman, or somebody, to draw him a map of it, for I don’t suppose poor Travis had ever set foot in it in his life.

“All the while that he was holing up down there in the woods laying his plans Travis had living with him in that tent and eating and drinking with him one man who was in constant touch with the sheriff. He had told him all about that woman and about that map she was drawing of the bank and every little detail and switch in their plans. Imagine it? Living with three men for a whole month and letting on to be their friend, listening to them plan how they’ll do this and do that to get the money and make their getaway, and knowing all the while that they were walking into a death trap that he himself had set, for pay, and that they were doomed to die as surely as if he himself had pulled the trigger on them? I’m not saying that what they were meaning to do was right, you understand. But can you just feature a skunk like that?

“I and Phil must have been just about the only people in town that didn’t know the bank was set to be robbed that Monday morning. The sheriff had gone out and hired eight extra deputies, old country boys, good shots, squirrel hunters, and had them waiting, each with a thirty-thirty rifle, on the roofs of the buildings on each corner across the street from the bank, the old Ben Milam Hotel and the other, well, office buildings, stores downstairs on the street and doctors’ and lawyers’ offices upstairs, four stories high. The tellers in the bank had all been told not to put up any resistance but to give them what they asked for, to fill up their sacks for them, they’d have it all right back. The tip-off man was to wear something special. I seem to recall he wore a sailor straw hat, so they would recognize him and not shoot him.

“You remember, the bank in Blossom Prairie sits on the northwest corner of the square. The street that goes out to the north, Depot Street, goes past the cotton compress and over the tracks and past the icehouse and toward the river. That

would be the street they would come in on. The one going out to the west went past your daddy’s shop and over the creek and on out of town in the direction of Paris. Down this street that morning, headed toward the square, came a wagon loaded high with baled hay. On the wagon seat, dressed up in overalls and a twenty-five-cent hardware-store straw hat, sat Sheriff Ross Shirley, and under the seat lay a sawed-off pump shotgun. At twenty minutes to eleven he set his team in motion with a flick of the reins. A moment later a car came round the corner and pulled up alongside the curb, and four men got out and ducked into the bank. As soon as they were inside, the sheriff says ‘Come up’ to his team, and up on the rooftops the rifle barrels poke over the walls and point down, followed by the heads of those eight deputies. The woman was driving, and she stayed in the car, keeping the engine idling. The wagon came down the street toward her, rattling over those old *bois d’arc* paving bricks, until it got to just a little ways in front of the car. There suddenly the left rear wheel flew off the axle, the load of hay came tumbling down, scattering clear across the street, bales bouncing and breaking apart, the street completely blocked. The woman in the car made a sudden change in plans. She threw into reverse and backed around the corner into Depot Street, thinking that now, instead of going out by the Paris road, they would have to cross the square and go out by the southwest. Then she sees ahead of her a man fixing a flat tire on a big delivery van out in the middle of the street halfway down the block. This meant, she thought, that she would have to cut diagonally across the square, through the traffic and around the plaza and out by the southeast corner. She didn’t know it, but they had her cut off there, too. In another minute or so the men burst out of the bank carrying the sacks.

“The moment they stepped out the door it began to rain bullets on them. Those that were on the square at the time said it sounded like a thunder-clap had broken overhead. You couldn’t count the separate shots, they said. The bullets chewed holes in the cement sidewalk. The men must have all died in the first volley, but the deputies poured another round and then another into them as they went down. The fourth man had fallen a step behind, deciding not to trust everything to that sailor straw hat, maybe thinking they would just as soon not pay that reward, and when the noise broke he dived back into the bank. He had cast a quick look up above as he came out, and that woman in the car must have seen it. In any case, when he didn’t come out with the rest a thousand things that she must have noticed at the time and shaken off suddenly added up like a column of figures in her mind. She didn’t even try to run.

She jumped out of the car and up onto the curb, swooped down and pried the pistol from the still-clutching hand of one of the bandits, and stepped over the body in the doorway into the bank. By then the sheriff was one step behind her. He grabbed her and took the gun away from her and held her until help came. She was more than he could manage alone. They said it was all four big strong men could do to keep her from getting at that one and clawing his eyes out, and then when they dragged her outside she broke away and threw herself on the body in the doorway, crying, 'Travis! Travis! Speak to me, Travis!' They had taken her away and taken away the informer too, and locked him up for his own protection by the time we got there, but the bodies were still lying on the sidewalk where they had fallen."

"Taking a little six-year-old child to see a sight like that!" my wife says, shaking her head.

"It was a terrible sight to see. Three strong young men cut off in the very Maytime of life, shot down like mad dogs before they even knew what was happening to them. I was sorry I had come. I wasn't going to look any closer. I tried to back out of the crowd. Then Phil said, 'My Lord! Why, ain't that one there that Winfield boy, Travis?' Oh, what a funny feeling came over me when I heard Phil say that!"

"Why, had you known him pretty well?"

"Yes. In fact — well, in fact, I had gone with Travis Winfield for a time, before I married your daddy."

"You had!"

"In fact, Travis Winfield had once asked me to marry him. He was not a bad boy then. Wild, yes, but not mean, not any gangster. I — I thought about it a while before I turned him down. That stung him, and he didn't ask me a second time. I was just as glad. Oh, he was a good-looking boy. I don't know what I might have said a second time. Well, he had quickly forgotten me and I had gone out with other boys and in time had met and married Phil, your daddy, and wasn't ever sorry that I had. But I want you to know I felt mighty queer standing there looking down at poor Travis — he was still handsome, even there in the dirt and all bloodied — lying on the common sidewalk with people staring at him and thinking of that wild woman who had loved him so and had shared his wild life and now being dragged off to prison, and I was glad to have you there to hold on to. It was a comfort to me then to have my own child to hold on to his hand."

SILENCE falls, and in it the dove utters again its dolorous refrain.

"My daddy and my brothers disapproved of Travis Winfield. I think — apart from the fact that I was infatuated with his reputation for wildness, and his good looks — I think I probably went with him mainly just to devil my brothers a bit, let them all worry over me a little maybe, at least give them some reason for all that concern over my reputation. I don't believe I was ever really serious about him, and I never thought he was serious about me, partly because there were already lots of stories of other girls he hadn't been serious over. So I was taken by surprise when he asked me that day to marry him. I told him I would give him my answer next week. I knew then what it would be, but I suppose I wanted a week of thinking of accepting what I knew I was going to turn down.

"You remember, honey, out back of my old home that little family graveyard where all my folks are buried? It was there that Travis Winfield proposed to me. I said to meet me there again next Sunday and I would give him my answer. I remember waiting for him to come. You know how still it can be on a farm on a Sunday afternoon. The only sound for miles around as I sat waiting for him was the cooing of a dove. I sat there thinking, I'm going to turn him down, of course, but what if I was not to? What if I was to say yes? What would my life be like?

"There are people just born for trouble, you know; Travis Winfield was one of them. It was written all over him in letters like headlines. Wild. Stubborn. Headstrong. Full of resentment against those who had all the things he didn't have. Proud. Vain. Believing the world owed him a living for the sake of his pretty face. No one woman could ever hope to hold him for long. After a time she wouldn't even want to keep on trying, unless she was an utter fool. But certainly life with Travis wouldn't be dull. It would be different from life on the farm, or in Blossom Prairie in a bungalow that had to be swept out and dusted every day.

"But I knew what I was going to say, and I said it. And maybe Travis wasn't sorry to hear it. Maybe during the week he had begun to wish he hadn't asked me. Most likely it was just his pride. He wasn't used to having a girl say no to anything he wanted. In any case, he didn't ask me again, and I was glad he didn't. He just gave me a hot look and turned and left. After he was gone I sat there a long time listening to the mourning dove. I never saw him again until that day on the square. It's years now since I even thought of Travis Winfield. It was hearing that mourning dove that brought it all back to my mind."

We sit listening for some time to its call. Then something alarms it, and though we do not see it

we hear the thrashing of its wings among the branches and its departing cry.

"Who did shoot the one who told?" I ask.

"Oh, yes, him. The trustees of the bank voted him a big reward, but he never got to spend it. They found him a week later floating in the river, though it was a wonder, with all the lead he had in him. It was generally known to be the work of that Winfield tribe, but they could never prove it. Never tried any too hard, I don't suppose."

I make a move to rise, but seeing her face I sit down again. Brushing back a strand of her cotton-white hair, my mother says, "Aren't people

funny? There in his blood lay Travis, whom I had forgotten, dead, and deservedly so, I suppose, if any man deserves it. There was I, happy, with a good, loving husband and a decent home and a smooth, even life ahead of me and my own child's hand in mine. And yet, thinking of that redheaded woman — even then, on her way to prison — I felt, well, I don't know what else to call it if not jealousy. Isn't that crazy? What did she have? Nothing, less than nothing, and I had everything. It only lasted a moment, you understand, yet it comes back to me even now, and if it wasn't jealousy, then I don't know what else to call it."

HER LONGING

BY THEODORE ROETHKE

Before this longing,
I lived serene as a fish,
At one with the plants in the pond,
The mare's tail, the floating frogbit,
Among my eight-legged friends,
Open like a pool, a lesser parsnip,
Like a leech, looping myself along,
A bug-eyed edible one,
A mouth like a stickleback —
O a thing quiescent!

But now —
The wild stream, the sea itself cannot contain me:
I dive with the black hag, the cormorant,
Or walk the pebbly shore with the humpbacked heron,
Shaking out my catch in the morning sunlight,
Or rise with the gar eagle, the great-winged condor,
Floating over the mountains,
Pitting my breast against the rushing air,
A phoenix, sure of my body,
Perpetually rising out of myself,
My wings hovering over the shorebirds,
Or beating against the black clouds of the storm,
Protecting the sea cliffs.

SAYING WHAT ONE MEANS

BY FREYA STARK

Author, traveler, and photographer, FREYA STARK has journeyed extensively in the Middle East. Her knowledge of the Arabic language and of the history of the region, combined with her understanding of the people, led the British government to give her a special assignment in the Middle East during World War II. A master of descriptive writing, Miss Stark was recently invited by the BBC to speak on style. Here is what she said.

I AM asked now and then by people who know little about writing how a style is acquired. I am sure I don't know. It's one of those things, like a light hand at pastry. All sorts of ingredients must go to make it up — fundamentally the same, and superficially so different for every individual.

One is safe, however, I think, in pointing out a basis without which no respectable style is possible, and this is the capacity to say more or less what one means. It is not as easy as it seems. Let anyone who doubts take some simple object — a teapot, a chair, a vegetable — and try to describe it exactly; he will come up at once against the formidable inexactitude of language. It is only when he has succeeded in following Flaubert's advice — to describe a tree so that no other tree could be mistaken for it — it is only then that his stylistic problem will be on its way to being solved.

Colors, for instance, are extraordinarily difficult. There is a muddy little canal I often pass, and I have puzzled for a week at a time over its color. It is indeed exactly like putty, but one could not use such a word for any sort of water without instantly destroying the idea of fluidity. The point to remember is that every word calls up far more of a picture than its actual meaning is supposed to do, and the writer has to deal with all these silent associations as well as with the uttered significance. I noticed this once when walking along a street full of beggars in Cairo; they came up asking for alms in the name of Allah, and I

paid little attention to the too-familiar sound until one said, "By God, I am hungry," and the word "God," which we use forcefully and rarely, immediately compelled me to give.

When I compare our new Bible with the Authorized Version, the passionate wish for exactitude seems more noticeable in the old translation than in the new, however their actual achievements may compare. Take a rather clumsy sentence from the old — the third verse in the first chapter of St. John: "All things were made by Him and without Him was not anything made that was made." Regardless, we may say, of style, the word "anything" together with the insistence on the word "made" does lead the hearer or reader to realize the deadness of matter before a living Divinity inspires it. The modern version says "and through Him all things came to be" (as if it could be an accident!); "no single thing was created without Him" (and why "single"? It might be double, treble, or infinite). The old wording, "was not anything made that was made," is far stronger.

Take also in the same chapter, verse one of the modern version: "When all things began, the Word was." The point is that things didn't begin, they were begun. The old and beautiful opening does not lose sight of this context — "In the beginning was the Word"; it concentrates on the main fact and is supremely accurate.

Accuracy is, indeed, the basis of style. Words

dress our thoughts and should fit, and should fit not only in their utterances but in their implications, their sequences, and their silences, just as in architecture the empty spaces are as important as those that are filled. The problem of all writing is the same as that presented by the composition of a telegram; one has to convey a meaning with the use of few and always inadequate words and eke it out with what the reader, drawing upon his own reserves, will understand. The number of words that even the most profuse writer will dare to use is always insufficient for a complete impression, but the reserves that he can draw upon in the reader's mind are lavish indeed. The whole generalship of writing is in the summoning and marshaling of these unseen auxiliaries.

This necessary cooperation makes tradition in literature valuable — the gradual development of a vast familiar field. It also makes it difficult to

acquire a style in a foreign language, where the writer must rely on his own words and has few of the subtleties of his reader's background to play with. It is as if a musician were condemned to have the resonance taken out of his notes.

Even the best stylist fails wherever his appeal finds no echo. The words he uses come down from their embroidered past and wield their magic in the proportion in which this rich sort of tracery is understood, and even the simple mere beauty of sound is built by an infinity of unrecognized associations. The writer's business is to make all this as intelligible as he can. With sequences not too abrupt, with images not too remote, with necessary pauses, he must think how best to use the few words that are given him to deal with the unmanageable multiplicity of Nature, even at her easiest, relying on what echo he is able to awaken in the recesses of his reader's mind.

FIRE IN THE ARCHITECTURAL INSTITUTE

BY ANDREI VOZNESENSKY

Translated by Stanley Kunitz

Fire in the Architectural Institute!
through all the rooms and over the blueprints
like an amnesty through the jails. . . .
Fire! Fire!

High on the sleepy facade
shamelessly, mischievously,
like a red-assed baboon
a window skitters.

We'd already written our theses,
the time had come for us to defend them.
They're crackling away in a sealed cupboard:
all those bad reports on me!

The drafting paper is wounded,
it's a red fall of leaves;
my drawing boards are burning,
whole cities are burning.

Five summers and five winters shoot up
in flames
like a jar of kerosene.
Karen, my pet,
Oi! we're on fire!

Farewell, architecture:
it's down to a cinder
for all those cow sheds decorated with cupids
and those "rec halls" in rococo!

O youth, phoenix, ninny,
your dissertation is hot stuff,
flirting its little red skirt now,
flaunting its little red tongue.

Farewell, life in the sticks!
Life is a series of burned-out sites.
Nobody escapes the bonfire:
if you live — you burn.

But tomorrow, out of these ashes,
more poisonous than a bee
your compass point will dart
to sting you in the finger.

Everything's gone up in smoke,
and there's no end of people sighing.
It's the end?

It's only the beginning.
Let's go to the movies!



THE YIDDISH THEATER by Stefan Kanfer

STEFAN KANFER is the young author of an off-Broadway musical and several short stories and articles. The Yiddish theater is, literally, in his blood. His great-grandfather was in Abraham Goldfaden's first Yiddish theater troupe in Iasi, Romania, and his grandfather was the author of Yiddish plays produced in Europe and America.

TO BE or not to be —" The actor pauses for effect, then moves downstage.

"Let it be, that's what we paid for!" shouts an old man in the orchestra.

Othello gestures to Desdemona, boards a gondola — and promptly sails the entire length of the orchestra pit, which has been especially flooded for this one scene. As Othello prepares to debark he loses his footing, and he and the boat capsize. He climbs out and plays the rest of the act wringing wet.

"We want Shakespeare!" an enthusiastic audience shouts after a performance of *The Merchant of Venice*.

"He's dead, Shakespeare," the stage manager explains, standing in a spotlight before the curtain.

"Liar!" a young man shouts. "We want Shakespeare." The cries continue until the lights are dimmed and the exits opened.

The time is almost three generations ago. The place is the lower East Side. And these are scenes in Act One of that unique amalgam of art and absurdity, realism and fantasy, inspiration and ham acting, the Yiddish theater.

The tragicomedy of the Yiddish theater is really two stories, one of the people who created and produced it, the other of the audience who applauded it, heckled it, loved it, learned from it, and finally neglected it and let it dwindle away.

In the beginning that audience was almost

entirely composed of Jewish refugees from Russian and Slavic pogroms and from ghettos in nearly every European state. Some had been to a play at some time in their lives, but many had never seen an actor, never seen a stage, never seen a theater even from the outside. The Talmud is hostile to the theater; there are no dramas, secular or religious, enacted in Orthodox synagogues. So there was no tradition of playgoing among the early Jewish immigrants. The theatrical magic was fresh and miraculous. To them it was not a paraphrase of Shakespeare that they saw in the Yiddish theater. Shakespeare himself was speaking to them. It was not an imitation of Broadway that they applauded; to the young worker on the lower East Side who spent a dollar out of his ten-dollar paycheck to see *The Rabbi's Melody* or *Shmendrick* it was *the* theater and the people on the stage were the greatest celebrities in America.

When the giants of the Yiddish theater — Maurice Schwartz, David Kessler, Boris Thomashefsky, Jacob Adler — walked down Second Avenue dressed in black hats and long, swirling capes their audience looked at them with a genuine wonder born out of admiration for achievement. The adulation was spontaneous; it was not inspired by press agents. No press agent, in fact, could possibly have dreamed up the personalities or the eccentricities of the Yiddish theater.

The first all-Yiddish vehicle was produced in

Photograph, "The Wise Men of Chelm," courtesy of Yivo Institute for Jewish Research.

1820 in Hungary. It was an awkward comedy of errors entitled *The False Kashtan* (Kashtan was a famous cantor of the time), and it was only a moderate success. Ten years later a Yiddish troupe sprang up in Kraków, Poland, playing extempore before indifferent audiences. And then, in 1863, an obscure playwright wrote and produced *Serkele* in Iași, Romania. *Serkele* is significant for two reasons: it was the first legitimate, serious play in the Yiddish language, and it had in the title role an ex-choir-leader named Abraham Goldfaden, who was to become the father of the Yiddish theater.

There was Yiddish before 1863, the old actors used to say, and there was theater, but there was no Yiddish theater because there was no Goldfaden. Goldfaden was a Jewish Renaissance man. He had wit, he could act, he could write, he could compose, he could organize, and he could promote. He was more than the father of the Yiddish theater, he was its Moses, who led it in 1884 from the Balkans across the sea to the promised land, Second Avenue, New York.

The first Yiddish production in America was Goldfaden's musical *Koldunya*, which played to standees at the Turn Hall Theatre on East Fourth Street. Encouraged, Goldfaden turned out *Recruits*, *The Contractor*, *Shmendrick*, and a dozen other musicals and melodramas. Goldfaden was not a subtle writer. His plays are painted with a broad brush in primary colors, and his music is of the "yai de dai," as opposed to "do re mi," school. But his audience loved everything he did. He prospered, and the Yiddish theater took hold and blossomed. All it needed now was another giant like Goldfaden. As if on cue, Boris Thomashefsky chose at this time to come to the lower East Side.

Thomashefsky was an actor-cum-producer from London who knew even better than Goldfaden what the public wanted. By 1899 he had produced a series of hits and was playing the role of offstage villain by forcing his actors to go to rehearsals early and work late.

Not long afterward, underpaid, overworked, and harassed by Thomashefsky and other producers, the actors rebelled and formed the Hebrew Actors' Union. It was the first theatrical union in America, founded in 1900 by Joseph Borondess with the help of Samuel Gompers himself. Whereupon Thomashefsky, with characteristic inconsistency and volatility, became the first producer to recognize and negotiate with the union.

So, by the first decade of this century the Yiddish theater had a great writer and a great producer. It also had a great actor, the handsome Jacob P. Adler, who had come in 1890 to make New York his home. More immigrants, who

would quickly be converted into paying audiences, were arriving at Ellis Island every day. The future looked bright and limitless. By the end of Act One, when Abraham Goldfaden died in 1908, it seemed as if the Yiddish theater was about to become a permanent part of the American scene.

ACT Two of the Yiddish theater opened on a prosperous note. Jacob Gordin, who succeeded Goldfaden as the greatest Yiddish dramatist, had written two serious dramas, *Siberia* for Jacob Adler and *God, Man and the Devil* for David Kessler, a brilliant, if unsubtle, actor whose vagaries are still recounted on Second Avenue.

It was he who stopped a play in midaction to tell the audience that a singularly inept actress was cast in a starring role merely because she was Thomashefsky's mistress. And it was he who halted the action of a tragedy halfway through to scrutinize a fellow actor's makeup. "Look who I have to work with," he complained to the paying guests. "Like that he wears his wig." Kessler promptly snatched the wig from his fellow performer's head and put it on. "Here, like this you wear it," he said. He waited until the actor wore the toupee to his satisfaction and then allowed the action to resume.

The audience, encouraged by these occasional outbursts, became more vocal than the actors. Spontaneous clagues for Thomashefsky and Kessler and Adler sprang up suddenly, and when, from time to time, they played opposite each other, pandemonium reigned.

"That's a mustache!" shouted a Kesslerite at one dramatic performance. "From even the cheap seats you could see Thomashefsky's wearing paint."

"That's a voice?" retorted a Thomashefsky advocate. "It belongs better on a peddler."

"Quiet the both of you," said an uncommitted customer from the back of the house. "The time to argue is during a *comedy*."

Frequently the audience would fall under the spell of the performers and there would be silence, broken only by the individual who could not separate reality from the superreality occurring onstage. "Don't marry him, he's a no-good" was a common unconscious outburst directed to the heroines of romantic dramas, and "Throw him out, he's a loafer" was standard advice given to fathers during plays of family life.

Of course, the audience did not always comment on the action. They came to see, to understand, and to wonder, and most of the time they watched in silence. And when they did speak, more often than not they spoke not to the actors but to each other. The work week was six and a half days long

in the ghetto, and there were few places where a tenement family could go to see friends in a happy, convivial atmosphere. The Yiddish theater was one of them. It was not uncommon to see three generations at a performance: the old grandmother, the middle-aged mother, and her daughter and son-in-law, who were already fluent in English as well as Yiddish. Sometimes there was even a fourth generation, a baby suckling at the breast. It was one of these babies who squalled loudly during a Thomashefsky opus, causing the mother to say one of the most quoted audience lines in the history of the Yiddish theater. "Shut up," she told the infant, who refused to nurse. "Shut up or I'll give it to the actor."

Plays during those early days lasted, in the traditional phrase, "Three weeks, good or trash." The next play was announced onstage by the manager. And in three weeks he could expect plenty of repeat business. There was rarely an empty seat. The actors, encouraged by their success, began to learn their craft. They grew tired of the shaking fist, the cocked eyebrow, the breast-beating, and the booming voice. They began to raise their standards. The Actors' Union grew selective. Each prospective actor had to audition before a highly selective membership.

One of their rejected candidates was the young Maurice Schwartz. Schwartz, who was never one to believe his bad reviews, waited a day and then stormed into the offices of the *Jewish Daily Forward*. There he collared the first-string drama critic and acted out a scene for him. The critic may have felt that he was watching a madman, but there was no question that the madman had talent. Perhaps he had genius. He agreed to champion Schwartz's cause. And in a few weeks the Union, softened by the *Forward's* repeated mentions of the brilliant but nonunion actor, gave Maurice Schwartz another chance. He was permitted to have a second audition, and this time he passed.

It was one of the most significant memberships the Union ever awarded. Within a year Schwartz was a star; in 1918 he helped establish the Yiddish Art Theatre, a group which maintained consistently high standards in performances and in the plays they chose to do. The Art Theatre made special translations of Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession*; Strindberg's *The Father*; Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya*; and Sholem Asch's *Uncle Moses*. It helped make the Yiddish theater so robust and solvent that in the early twenties twenty-three theaters simultaneously played host to Yiddish productions.

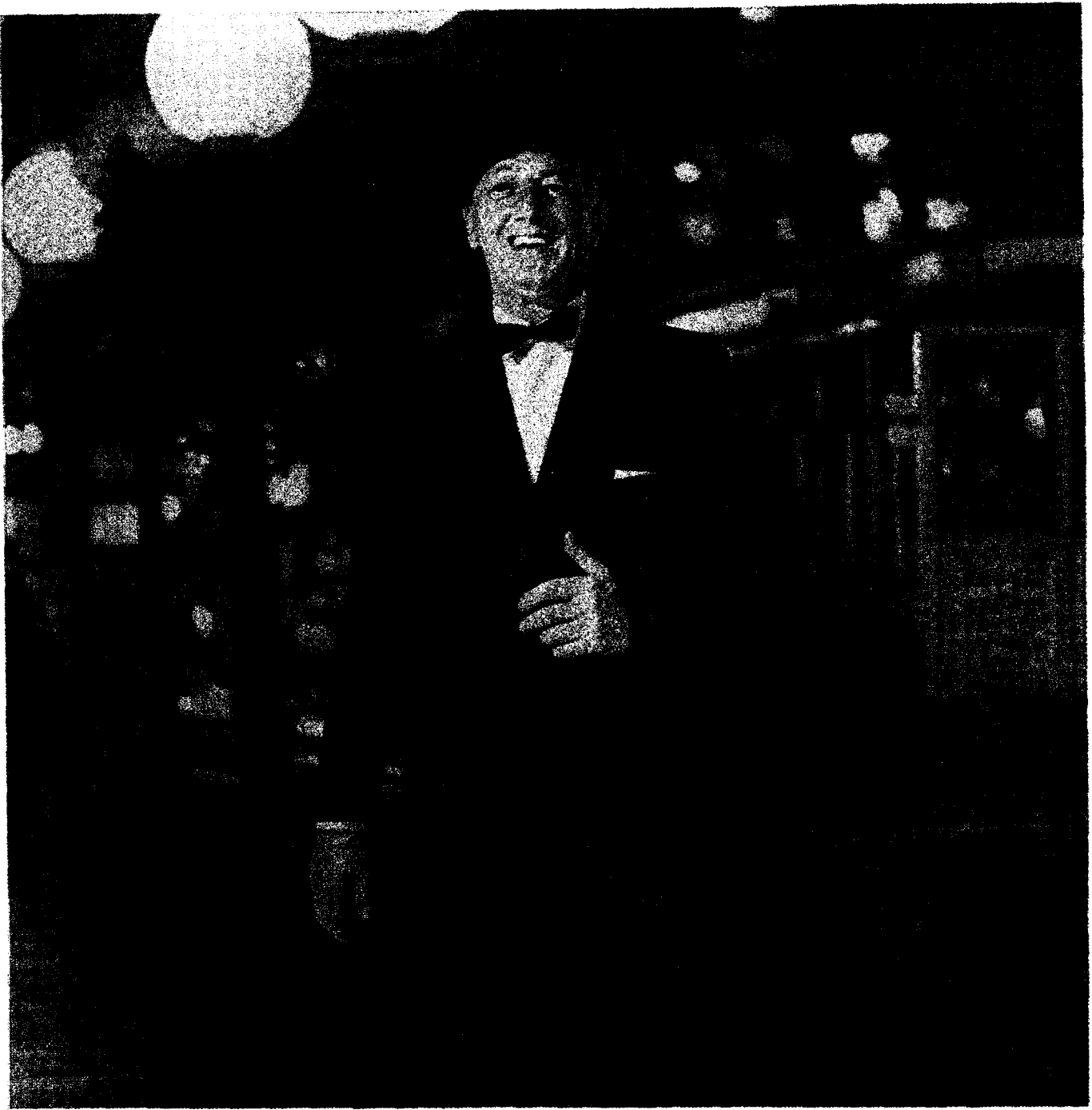
It was the time when the goyim discovered the Yiddish theater, when the tunes began to be hummed north of Fourteenth Street, and when the youths who were to become the leaders of the group theater were watching and learning. One

of the youths was Harold Clurman, who says in *The Fervent Years*: "The Yiddish Theatre, Lincoln Steffens and other observers of the period pointed out, 'was about the best in New York at that time both in stuff and in acting.' The 'stuff' was frequently Shakespeare, Tolstoy, Gorky, Andreyev, or charming folk operettas and plays modeled after original works by Sudermann, Hauptmann and other contemporary Europeans. The actors were among the best I have ever seen in many years of playgoing all over the world. Most stimulating of all were the audiences. . . . Here the problems of their life, past and present, could be given a voice; here they could get to know and understand one another."

It was a splendid time, a time when audiences refused to leave an Adler play until, at the final curtain call, the old man ceremoniously removed his wig and showed his magnificent shock of white hair; when even the residents of Chinatown learned a little Yiddish so they could attend the Yiddish theater, which was, after all, only four blocks away; when everybody in New York was making money and buying tickets.

And then the good times ended. It was not the Crash that hurt the Yiddish theater in the late twenties and early thirties; it was the times. The new generations, the ones who knew both English and Yiddish, began to assimilate. Second Avenue, the promenade, the Schubert Alley and Fifth Avenue of the ghetto Jew, was no longer home. The Jews had gone to the Bronx, to Long Island, to the West Side, to Westchester, to everywhere but Delancey Street. They discovered Broadway and the movies. And, at last, the newest generation, born and reared in America, could not follow the dialogue that took place on Second Avenue. The familiar exchange — "Do you know Yiddish?" "I can understand it but I can't speak it" — began the death knell for the Yiddish theater.

Not, however, that the people of the Yiddish theater listened to it. They were too busy. They were doing originals and adaptations. They were playing Shakespeare and Tolstoy. They were writing new melodies, one of which reached the hit parade when the Andrew Sisters recorded Sholem Secunda's "Bi Mir Bis Du Schoen." And the crowds still came. But they were smaller, and they were not likely to come back very often. One by one the theaters began to close down. The old meeting place of the actors, the Café Royale, whose decibel output used to make the Russian Tearoom sound like a library, went out of business. And finally the Yiddish actors themselves began to forsake the Yiddish theater for assignments on Broadway and in Hollywood. Jacob Adler's children, Luther and Jay and Celia and Stella, all left Second Avenue; Rudolph Schildkraut's son



How I spent 3 days and 6 nights in San Francisco

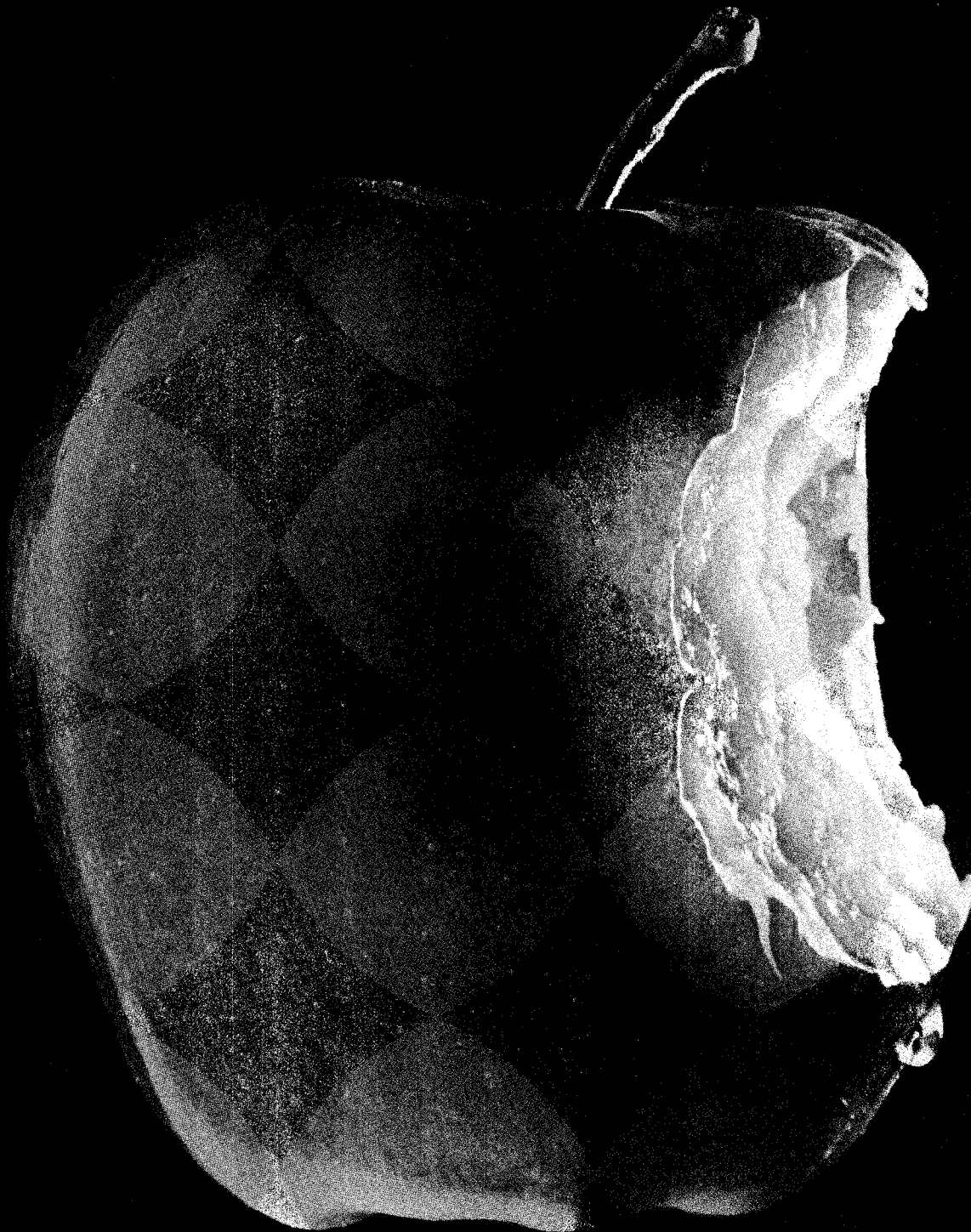
Where did those other three days go? Let me explain.

Once you've rounded a curve on the Powell Street cable car, once you've watched a yacht race from a window on Nob Hill, and once you feel you've captured the many other sights, sounds and moods of this eventful city—you have at least three more days of *must* sightseeing within a few hours' drive of San Francisco. To the North, across the Golden Gate Bridge, you'll find giant redwoods and the Wine Country (where dedicated guides will invite you to sample a glass of their best). To the South, down the

Peninsula, the sea coast of Carmel and Monterey. To the East, the Bay Bridge leads you to Mt. Diablo and a view of 80,000 square miles. And to the West, the entire Pacific is at your feet.

The nights? If you can cover San Francisco's restaurants, stage plays, musicals, opera, ballet, symphony, jazz clubs, night clubs, and little theatres in less than a week—then my name isn't *Ray Bolger!*

SAN FRANCISCO
CONVENTION & VISITORS BUREAU



Who got the biggest bite from Bobby's apple?

When a child begins to lose weight even though he's eating normally—when he appears listless or tires easily—when his complexion becomes pale—the doctor often finds that intestinal parasites are sapping a youngster's vitality.

Since this is a common disorder among children, Parke-Davis undertook a long search for a medicine which could do away with one of the most common of these parasites.

Fortunately, that medicine was perfected. Should it be

needed, in most cases your doctor can prescribe a single dose to kill this parasite. And soon thereafter, a child usually begins to gain weight and become active and alert again.

The search for new and better medicines at Parke-Davis covers a broad area, ranging from the diseases of childhood to those of life's later years. And this search will continue with but one aim—to help bring better health and longer life to people everywhere.

PARKE-DAVIS

BETTER MEDICINES FOR A BETTER WORLD

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Joseph passed his screen test and acted in silent films; Ludwig Satz's nephew Muni Weisenfreund, who billed himself as Paul Muni, started working uptown and in Hollywood. Jacob Ben Ami went under Broadway management, followed by Manasha Skulnik, Joseph Buloff, and a score of others. Even before the war, *Variety* was reporting "The Yiddish Theater's Travail." By the end of the war there was hardly any travail to report because there was hardly any Yiddish theater to report. The curtain had unceremoniously come down on Act Two.

Now it is Act Three. There is still a Second Avenue, there are still nineteenth-century cobblestones on it, and there is still a Yiddish theater near it. But the three generations that kept it alive are scattered. The old grandmother and her middle-aged daughter are gone. The baby at the breast is a grandmother herself and seldom gets downtown. Her children, who live in the city, only go to Second Avenue to see *The Blacks*, or *The Second City*, or some other choice off-Broadway offering.

Still, the Yiddish theater goes on. Four productions played in the 1962-1963 season, but they played, in the words of one actor, "from benefit to benefit." There are plans for another musical, another comedy, another adaptation, but no one, least of all the actors, kids himself. Seymour Rexcite, the president of the Union, says, "It's hard to attract young people to the Yiddish theater now. We can't get them in the audience; how can we expect to get them on the stage? How can we compete with off-Broadway or Broadway or television? Of course we have *some* kids, but only a handful. It's funny, people will go to see the Comédie Française, even though they don't know French, or the Classical Greek theater, even though they don't speak Greek, but Yiddish, they don't come to see that."

The late Abraham Ellstein, who composed dozens of scores for Yiddish musicals and who wrote the only Jewish opera in American repertory, was also realistic, if wistful, when he said: "It's a shame; years ago there were composers as good, truly, as Rodgers or Loewe. But they went unrecorded, and their music is lost forever. I can't even find my own scores anymore. It's all gone, and it'll never come back."

And an actor who still works in the few remaining Yiddish productions recently confided: "The Yiddish theater is already dead, but it won't lie down. A few years from now we'll all be playing in English. But we'll have our revenge. We'll *gesture* in Yiddish."

If the Yiddish theater is dead, its soul is still

vigorously alive. It lives, and will continue to live, in the writers who were touched by it, like Clifford Odets and Irwin Shaw; in the performances of actors who were influenced by it, like the Adler children, and Morris Carnovsky, and Walter Matthau, and Paul Muni, and hundreds of others; it will continue to live in an occasional nostalgic Second Avenue revival; and finally, it will continue to live as a great theater legend.

Where else but in the Yiddish theater could you find a woman like Molly Picon, who plays not only in Yiddish but in English and French, and who acts, sings, and writes her own lyrics?

Where else would you find a giant like Jacob Adler, who replaced himself with children even more brilliant than he? And who in his old age forgot just how many children he did father, and so instructed his valet to give passes to any child who looked like him?

Where else could you find a star like Miriam Kressyn, who sings, dances, and wears such dazzling costumes that the women came (and still come) backstage just to "feel the material"?

Where else would you find an actor bold enough to do what the young Maurice Schwartz did? Imagine a young actor today, turned down for a part by, say, David Merrick. Now imagine him storming up to the *Times*, grabbing Howard Taubman by the lapels, and doing the soliloquy from *The Caretaker*. Then imagine the *Times* taking up the actor's cause. And then imagine Merrick accepting the actor for the part after all. The mind is dizzied. The legend of the Yiddish theater is secure.

In the last decade there has been a plethora of epitaphs for the Yiddish theater. One of the most trenchant ones was told to me by a veteran Second Avenue actor not long ago as we walked past East Fourth Street, near the scene of Abraham Goldfaden's first triumph.

"Years ago," he said, "this was a favorite ghetto story: John D. Rockefeller learned that his Japanese gardener had just adopted a little boy. So Rockefeller went to the gardener to congratulate him, and while he was there he took a peek at the child. The kid looked as if he had just wandered in off Orchard Street. Rockefeller said to the gardener, 'How is it that you, a Japanese, adopted, of all things, a Jewish child?'"

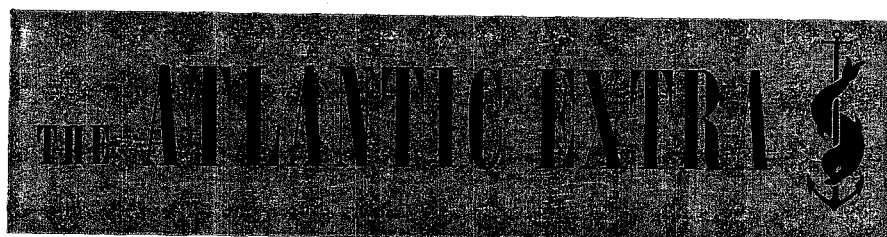
"'Because,' the gardener said, 'Jewish children take care of their parents when they're old.'"

The actor sighed to himself.

"Nu," he said at length, "the Yiddish theater is old. And where are the children?"

"It's only a story," I said.

The actor nodded. "It's only a story." And he walked downtown with me in silence, remembering.



SPEED AND WOMEN

BY STIRLING MOSS and KEN W. PURDY

After fifteen years and 125,000 miles of automobile racing, the British driver STIRLING MOSS announced his retirement from competition. While Moss was convalescing from the accident which caused his retirement, he spent many hours in conversation with his American friend KEN W. PURDY, himself an authority on automobiles and racing. Out of these conversations has come the story of Moss's career, ALL BUT MY LIFE, from which the following article was taken. The book will be published by Dutton this fall.



OFTEN judged the ablest motor racer who has lived since the sport began in 1894, Stirling Moss entered more races than any other driver. In fifteen years, he campaigned in twenty-five countries around the globe, and during the decade 1951-1961 he was indisputably the best-known sports figure in the world. A severe crash at the British Goodwood circuit in April, 1962, the cause of which is still unknown, brought his retirement.

As a boy of seventeen, in his first year of racing, Moss entered fifteen events and won eleven of them. He was then invited to run on the Continent, in a small race at Lake Garda, Italy; he won that race, and he kept on winning. Since then, Moss has been in about 466 races, rallies, sprints, record attempts, and endurance runs. He has won 194 times — 43 percent of all the races he has entered, a fantastically high percentage and one that no other driver has approached.

"No one ever offered me a shilling to let someone else win a race," Stirling told me, "and I've not heard of any such thing being done, in my time. Certainly drivers in the same team have let other drivers pass, and that sort of thing, and have boxed off cars, but on orders, not for money. A famous example of that, I suppose, was the Grand Prix of Morocco in 1958, when the championship of the world hung between me and Mike Haw-

thorn. To take the championship I had to win the race and have as well the extra point for making fastest lap, whereas Mike had only to take second place. I made fastest lap, and I won the race by more than a minute, but Mike was champion, because Phil Hill, his teammate, lying second, dropped back to third. One might say that it was Phil who beat me, not Mike, but I've never felt a trace of bitterness against Phil for it — if he hadn't done it, he'd have been fired off the Ferrari team five seconds after he stepped out of the motorcar. Ideally, of course, every driver would try his best all the time, but that's not the way things are done.

"Some people like to say that motor racing is the cleanest game in the world, the cleanest sport. The older I get, the more I distrust absolutes like that, but it is a clean sport, and to me it's a saintly sport compared with any other.

"That's not to say that there hasn't been crookedness, that there haven't been fixed races. I'm sure there must have been. We know, for instance, that the Grand Prix of Tripoli in 1933 was, as they say in the States, a boat race, a tank job. And, unhappily, there were a lot of important people running in that race: Nuvolari, Varzi, Borzacchini, Campari, Birkin, Fagioli.

"There was a lottery on the Tripoli G.P. You

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must remember that this was in Mussolini's time. People always say that it was Hitler who first really exploited motor racing as a national policy, as propaganda, but in fact Mussolini did it first. Marshal Balbo was running the Tripoli race. I've forgotten what the lottery prize was in lire, but it was eighty thousand pounds, and the pound was worth twice what it is today, so the winner of the lottery stood to collect a major fortune.

"A ticket holder — we'll call him Giovanni — drew Achille Varzi to win the race, and he went around to see him. Giovanni told Varzi that if he could persuade the other drivers to be sure that he won, he, Giovanni, would give him half his winnings. 'Right,' Varzi said, 'fair enough, but how can I be sure?' So Giovanni gave him a written agreement! Then, presumably, Varzi went around to talk to the other drivers.

"Apparently it was a neat arrangement, but unfortunately one little thing went wrong: Varzi fouled a couple of plugs when he was lying third and just beginning to close up on the leaders. This made things difficult for everybody, the drivers behind him as well as those in front. Campari just went into the pits and stayed there. Borzacchini somehow ran into an oil drum and blew a tire. Nuvolari coasted to a stop at the head of the straight, half a minute in the lead, and made a big show of pointing to his tank and screaming that he was out of petrol. A mechanic had to come running with a churn to get him going again, and Varzi just pipped him to win, limping along on six cylinders. But it was a bit plain that something had been afoot and there was a scandal. Nothing happened to the drivers — there were too many of them and they were too important — but the lottery rules were changed. After that, the winning tickets were not drawn until five minutes before the off!

"People have suggested to me that if motor racing were a betting game, like horse racing, there would be a good deal of hanky-panky. I doubt it. I suppose it's easier to sabotage a racing car than it is to dope a horse, but I doubt if it would be as effective. If you dope a horse he will just run faster, or slower, depending upon what you've given him; but anything that's done to sabotage a racing car carries the risk of putting it out of control, and that means that other cars may be involved. If someone, let us say, gets half a pint of sugar syrup into my petrol tank, just when my engine seizes solid I may be passing the car he hopes will win, and perhaps it goes out of the race with me.

"If you did it the other way, by bribery, I think you would have to spend a great deal of money and buy *all* the drivers, because with competition the way it is today you couldn't buy just the top

two or three. There are, I would reckon, six top drivers who are pretty close; after that you get another six or so who are pretty terrific as well. I wouldn't put Innis Ireland or Jo Bonnier in the first six, but they're that good that you couldn't afford to back off much, boy, before they'd be worrying you. Even after that lot you come to another group of perhaps six who are pretty darned good. They wouldn't beat Graham Hill, they wouldn't beat Dan Gurney, no, but I can tell you that Graham or Dan couldn't go to sleep for long before they *would* be beaten. You'd have to buy the whole field, which is what I presume happened at Tripoli, from reading Neubauer's account of it. I imagine one or two of the drivers went along without taking any money, just not to spoil the pitch for the others. But trying to buy the field today would be an impractical solution because you wouldn't have that much money and because there are some people whom you simply couldn't buy for any amount of money. I would say the whole list of 1963 ranked drivers couldn't be bought. I think some of them would not only refuse, they might react in an unpleasant fashion. I shouldn't think it would be wise to try such a proposition on Jo Bonnier, for example. Or Innis Ireland. Innis just might call you a bloody something-or-other and pop you one."

"He'll call you a bloody something-or-other in the friendliest way," I said. "When I first met Ireland, at Watkins Glen, he pointed a finger at me and he said: 'I know you! When I saw you this morning I said to somebody, "I know the bloody man, I saw him on the bloody telly in the bloody motel last night!"' "

"I can hear him now," Stirling said. "He's got a bloody big voice, Innis. But to go back, isn't it true that the sports in which bribery and fixing are common are games like horse racing and dog racing, where the lives of the players aren't at stake?"

"I don't think so," I said. "I think that the governing factor is money, and I think that mountain climbing, which kills three-hundred-odd people in the average year, and tiddledy-winks, which I hope I'm right in saying has yet to produce its first fatality, would both be crooked if there was money in them. After all, boxing — at least in the United States, where it's biggest, and where most championships are decided — is very dirty, and boxing is dangerous. About the same number of men have been killed since the war in boxing as in motor racing, one hundred and seventy-five to one hundred and eighty, although out of a very much bigger total of participants."

"It's still not really a parallel with motor racing, though, is it?" Stirling said.

"No," I said. "But I don't know what is a

parallel, unless it was chariot racing in the Roman Empire, and I'm sure there were plenty of fixed chariot races, because there were vast sums of money bet, and big purses for the drivers. Daniel Mannix, a friend of mine who knows a great deal about it, has written that a top driver could make a hundred times the salary of a Roman senator, and the man who was probably the greatest charioteer of all time, a Spanish ex-slave named Diocles — a medium-height dark-haired man, by the way — was worth about seven hundred and fifty thousand 1963 pounds sterling when he retired. Diocles once won a race for a side bet of more than twenty-five thousand pounds. The bet had been that he couldn't win driving a four-horse hitch without a whip. The whip wasn't used to beat the horses, it was a guide. The drivers used the reins for coarse steering, so to speak, but when it got down to inches, they held the whip against one or the other shoulder of the lead horse, as a signal."

"Sounds very dodgy," Stirling said.

"Yes, I think it must have been."

"I wouldn't want anything to do with a big betting sport," Stirling said, "though I don't care how much the participants get: they're making the effort, they're doing the entertaining, they're taking the risk, fair enough, and good luck to them. And I agree with you, betting does always carry with it at least the risk of corruption. But you don't need betting to attract big crowds. In Europe I should think football was the biggest spectator sport, and it's not a big betting game, because the pools are really a form of lottery, the odds are so high; then comes horse racing — I suppose that's the biggest of all betting games; and

then motor racing, with no betting at all. And in the States it's horse racing first, motor racing second, then baseball and football and basketball and that lot, right?"

"Yes. Motor racing is the second biggest American spectator sport."

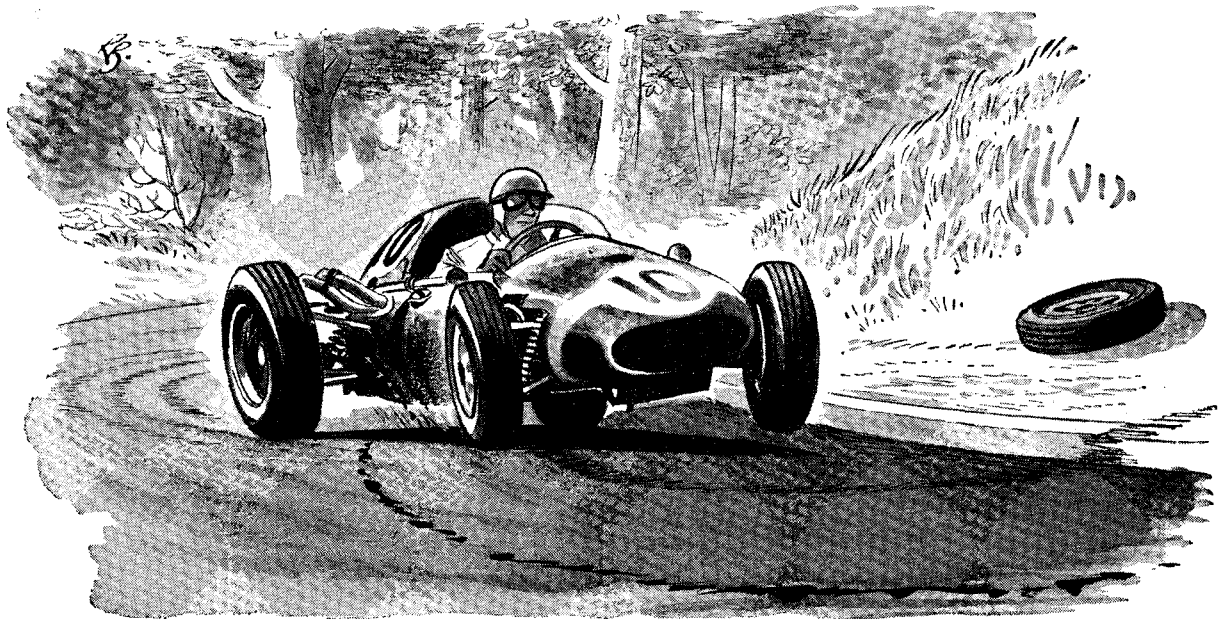
"And there isn't a dollar bet on it, is there, even at Indianapolis?"

"No. Perhaps a few private bets."

"I believe there used to be a bit of betting on British races, before the war. I'm told there were bookmakers at Donington, when the Germans came over in 1938. The bookmakers didn't know anything about form, and they posted long odds against the Auto-Unions and the Mercs, which, of course, came in one, two, three. They couldn't pay off."

"Stirling, I used to know a journalist — he worked for me for a long time when I was an editor — who specialized in turning up corruption in government and financial circles all over the world. He was very able and very tough-minded. I knew he'd been threatened on the one hand and offered bribes on the other, and I said to him one day: 'Look here, everyone has a price, and what is yours? You should have been either dead or rich years ago.' And he said: 'It would have to be enough so that I'd never need to work again and, in addition, enough to compensate me for the enjoyment I get out of working, because, don't you see, the first dollar I took would destroy me, I never could work again.'"

"I wouldn't know how to put it better," Stirling said. "If someone came to me, someone I knew was worth millions, and said, here's a signed check, fill it in as you please but don't win tomor-



row, I couldn't do it; not because I'm a saint, not because I'm incorruptible, I doubt I am, but because he'd be putting me out of motor racing. He'd be buying my life, and there isn't that much money.

"G RAND Prix racing is much more of an art now than a matter of survival of the fittest," Moss says. "I can't think of anyone who races every week who thinks it's his bravery that gets him through. Bravery is common. In 1954, I think it was, some four thousand people wrote to Mercedes-Benz asking for a place on the team. They all thought they were brave enough for the job, and I daresay five hundred or so of them would have been. Bravery isn't hard to find. Skill is something else again. Drivers who have *only* courage don't drive for long.

"I would say courage comes into the equation — oh, let's say you're driving a car belonging to a team and a wheel falls off a teammate's car and you see it at the side of the road and you have to keep going, in a sister car, identical. That takes a certain amount of courage. You have an intellectually valid reason for suspicion: if it was a design error that knocked the wheel off his car, the same thing can happen to yours.

"On the other hand, if a wheel came off my car today in practice or I had a brake failure in practice and nothing was broken on the car or on myself — in other words, if I got away with it — I could get into that car as soon as you could change the wheel or put the brakes right and go straight out and not worry at all, *at all*. It is a complete blanking of the mind; it isn't courage, it's absolute control of the mind. I say to myself, there's no use thinking about it, so I shan't, and I don't.

"I've had plenty of wheels come off and I'm damned sure I know why: I go through the corners a bit faster than the next bloke, and doing that I put a greater G-loading through the suspension. ["G" is a symbol for gravity. A car turning a corner fast enough to produce a force of two G's is exerting a sidewise force equal to twice its weight.] The designer of the car may say: 'Right, we can get one G stopping force and point-eight G cornering and that's the lot. Well, I know jolly well, boy, I can get one G stopping together with point-eight G cornering, together with a bump, and it will add up to two or perhaps three G's in that corner. The designer will tell you that you can't, the tire-adhesion factor won't let you — the tires will let go, and the car will slide before the force reaches that many G's — but nevertheless you can. I've had enough wheels come off to know. I've had wheels come off and brakes fail and steering gear collapse and gear-

boxes break up. I've had more gearboxes break than most people have had in their cars, and I've had my experience to protect me in what people say is a dangerous sport. But do you know one thing I would not do, Ken? I would not go up on a thirty-foot board and dive. And yet I know as well as you do, boy, that if it's deep-enough water I'm not going to hurt myself, but I just haven't got the guts to do it. I would hold my nose and I would jump.

"It took courage as far as I was concerned to do the record attempts with the MG on the salt flats in Utah in 1957, mainly because they buttoned me into the thing and I knew it took three miles to stop it and there wasn't a hope in hell of getting out of it if it caught fire. That I didn't like. I had quite a long time to think about it, while the thing was building up to one hundred, one hundred and fifty, two hundred, two hundred and fifty miles an hour, and the whole situation was made worse by the fact that when you'd gone through the measured mile you cut the ignition and put your foot flat down to suck any flames through the engine and out the pipe, and when you did that you got a smell of fuel, of fumes throughout the car. You wouldn't get out, because to start with, the lid came down from the front — you know, wind pressure would hold the nose down even if you could undo it; there was a release inside, but if the thing went on fire you'd be all thumbs. The runs turned out well, though, and I set up five records.

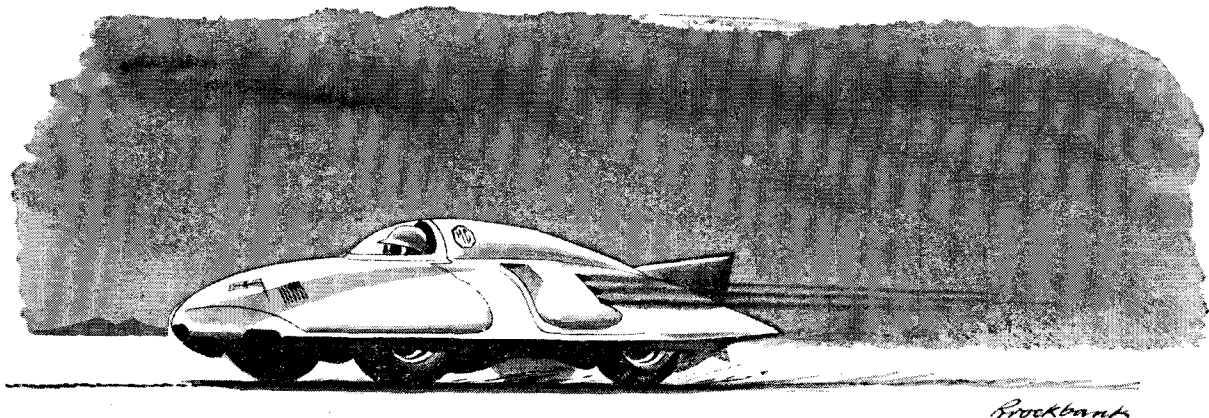
"I've been truly frightened twice, or perhaps I should say the two times I was most frightened were at Monza in 1958 and Spa in 1960. At Monza I was doing one hundred and sixty miles an hour or so in a Maserati when the steering sheared on the banking, the wheel just came loose in my hands — it was no longer connected to anything. I had time to think about it, to try to find something to do, but there was nothing for it. I stood on the brakes, which were nothing — they were sports car brakes, you couldn't even feel them bite at that speed; then I thought maybe I could steer it by holding the bare steering shaft between my feet, which was silly, of course, but gives you an idea how bad the situation really was; I knew I just had to sit and wait, and I knew damned well I had to be killed. I was sure we were going over the top of the banking. I ripped steel posts out of the concrete for more than fifty yards. That car slid for a quarter of a mile, blowing its tires, buckling the wheels, breaking itself up. When it stopped, and right side up, I was surprised to find myself alive, I can tell you that. I could hardly believe it.

"The other time was when the wheel came off in Belgium. I was doing perhaps one hundred and

forty miles an hour when the car suddenly went into a very violent oversteer condition. First I thought I had hit oil, then I saw the wheel go past me. I knew I was going to crash. I jumped on the brakes and tried to spin the car around. It's best to hit going backward, it distributes the shock more evenly over your body. Also, you can't see what you're going to hit! I took fifty miles an hour off it before I hit. I hung on — you'd better believe I hung on — until I felt the tail start to come up. I knew the car was going over, so I let go the wheel — I'd already bent it to a pretzel — I let myself go limp, and I went out. Next thing I knew, I was on my hands and knees beside the road and I couldn't see and I couldn't breathe. And *that* frightened me. I was in great pain around my chest, and I was afraid I had broken ribs and that they would puncture my heart or my lungs. That was how Bobby Baird died, at Snetterton in 1953. He got up and walked around after the crash, and then he died. I was more afraid of that happening than I was when I knew I was going to hit that bank at around a hundred miles an hour.

I remember going through a really fast corner, one hundred and thirty miles an hour or something like that, and the idea flashed through my mind, what would happen if a wheel came off *here*? All one can really do is put it out of one's mind. One's just got to conquer that. It isn't courage, it's just a case of overcoming whatever it is that worries you.

"People think courage is required for things that don't need it at all. For example, people say to me: 'How do you dare take your hands off the wheel to wave to someone in a corner?' — maybe they've heard me lecturing on the subject of one-hand driving on the road, which I think is so stupid! What they don't know is that once a car is presented to a corner, other things being equal — that is, no oil on the track or something funny happening — that car has a sort of line of destiny, a line on which the damned thing is going to go no matter what; once a car has been set up for a corner, it should hold its line at the driver's will. That is one of the primary techniques of high-speed driving. I remember doing a demonstration in a Healey, in about a ninety-mile-an-hour



"I had myself fairly well in hand, but I did do one bad thing; other drivers kept running up, of course, Bruce McLaren and Graham Hill and Phil Hill and others, and I asked someone, I think it was Bruce, to help me breathe by giving me artificial respiration. I was confused. He wouldn't do it, and of course he was dead right not to, because I could have had broken ribs. In fact, my back was broken with three crushed vertebrae.

"At Goodwood, I suppose I must have been frightened, but since I don't remember even getting out of bed that day —

"When I did the Portuguese G.P., a couple of months after the Spa crash, I remember feeling some fear. I was driving the same type of car I'd crashed at Spa, and that circuit is tree-lined, and

wide right-hand sweep, where I started on the left, set the car up, and then told the student to watch the steering wheel, and I would go from the very left verge, clip within a couple of inches of the apex of the bend, and go out the exit to the very verge within, say, three or four inches without moving the steering wheel a fraction of an inch over, say, two hundred and fifty yards. Of course, you do compromise with the throttle, but I think once you've got it set up, you should be able to go to nine-tenths motoring anyway. It's only when you're right on the ragged edge, at ten tenths, that you do need quite a lot of steering to keep the thing exactly in balance, but one doesn't go beyond nine tenths all that frequently. And so, once you've got the thing set up, you can let go with one hand or the other —

it doesn't make any difference, the decision has been taken."

A racing car, at racing speeds, spends quite a lot of time going sideways, "drifting," as it is called, with all four wheels sliding equally. This is generally held to be the fastest way through a bend, although there is some indication that modern suspensions are altering the picture. When the car is going fast enough, and it must be going very fast if the road is dry, the driver can provoke a drift by turning the steering wheel sharply and abruptly — but always smoothly — and by hitting the brakes hard, once. The car's adhesion to the road is broken, and it is thereafter steered with the throttle, more throttle increasing the angle of slide, usually miscalled a "drift," the nose pointing to the inside of the bend, and less throttle decreasing it, because the faster the rear tires are spinning on the road, the less grip they have. Going through a series of S-bends very fast, a driver can be extremely busy with the steering wheel, and a layman sitting beside him would be quite unable to tell what he was doing. He would be not so much altering the direction of the car, in the sense of steering the front of it, as altering the whole attitude of the car relative to the road, pointing it now this way and now that — in various sliding positions — braking and restoring adhesion of the front wheels separately, the rear wheels separately, or all four together. Going through a long S-bend at, say, one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour, a driver of Moss's caliber might change the whole direction in which the car is pointing on the road as many as six times. Maintenance of inch-by-inch control of a car doing perhaps one hundred and fifty miles an hour, partially forward and partially sideways, is the essence of the difference between race driving and ordinary driving. It is a skill difficult to acquire, since it can't be learned with the car going at a safe slow speed. Also, the sudden appearance of a patch of oil, sand, or a puddle of water can fatally upset the requisite balance.

Tazio Nuvolari is said to have contributed to racing the idea of the controlled four-wheel drift; Moss brought to it a radical concept of braking. It has from the beginning, since the pioneer days when a skid was referred to as "the dread side-slip," been held basic to the driving of any motor-car, passenger or racing, that the brakes should never be applied in a corner. Brake before the corner, accelerate coming out of it, is holy writ. Braking while actually in the corner was supposed to bring automatic disaster — as it did often seem to do. Moss upset all that. He applied brakes when the car was in the actual corner, turning, and then instantly banged on full acceleration, so that the car was always under

either heavy braking or severe acceleration, and spent no time coasting. The difference between this technique and the old one can amount to useful fractions of seconds, and in the frantic world of Grand Prix racing, a tenth of a second in each of ten corners can make the difference between losing and winning, or between winning desperately and winning almost easily.

Moss's attention to the details, the minutiae of motor racing has been matched by very few drivers indeed; offhand I would say only by Piero Taruffi and by Tazio Nuvolari. The attention he has given to the "Le Mans start" is an example. In this method of beginning a race, the drivers stand across the track from their parked cars. At flag fall, they run to them, jump in, start the engines, and go. It is used in very few races. At any Le Mans type of start, it was always easy to spot Moss. He was the one in a sprinter's crouch. He had practiced. Almost invariably, he was first to the car, first to have the engine going, and first away. Really earnest drivers watched Moss, not the starter's flag. Hours of practicing this little-used device seemed a waste of time to most drivers. It's used only in long-distance races. What's the point in getting to be expert in something that will save a maximum, say, of two seconds in a twenty-four-hour race? Moss wasn't interested in the two seconds at all. He became the fastest Le Mans starter in the business in order to have a clear track for the first lap, to get well away, and to avoid the potential disaster that always lurks in a traffic jam of forty or fifty cars, not by any means all of them in the hands of front-rank experts, running flat out for the first corner.

Stirling's determination in the matter was notorious among other drivers, of course. As a gag, Mike Hawthorn once blatantly and openly jumped the gun, starting to run well before the flag fell. The dead hush that always marks a Le Mans start at a big race was ripped by Moss's furious and despairing shout: "Mike, you bastard!"

Reeling with laughter, Hawthorn could barely start his own car, and got away well behind the leaders.

"If, for example, a four-wheel slide gets out of hand," Moss says, "the driver senses the loss of the vehicle, before it becomes apparent to anyone else, through the steering wheel. It's a funny thing, it's practically a noise. When you lose the back end of a car you just feel it go. When you lose the front end you feel a 'growl' through the steering wheel. You hear a sort of rumble. There *can't* be any sound, you'd never hear any

sound, you're wearing earplugs and the engine is screaming away just behind your head, but I can assure you that you nearly hear this sensation, this growling, rumbling sound as the thing is losing adhesion. When you lose the whole bloody vehicle you don't get either of these sensations — I suppose the two just cancel each other out — you just know the car is moving sideways more than it should be at that moment; say it's moving eight feet sideways per eighty feet forward, and that may be exactly what you want, but if the rate rises to nine feet sideways per eighty feet forward you know somewhere inside you that this is not right, and if you worked out the equation quickly enough, you know there's not going to be enough road. I wish I could explain that phenomenon of the noise better; I cannot. I don't suppose I really hear it. I sense it, somehow."

Alf Francis, for years Moss's personal mechanic, has said that Moss clearly has an inexplicable anticipatory sense, and that many times he saved himself serious trouble by stopping just *before* a rear axle let go or a wheel bearing locked up.

"I think one must have these extra sensibilities if one's to go on a long time," Moss says. "Perhaps one's born with some of them — unusually acute vision, for instance — but I think most of them are the result of the endless polishing and honing, through experience, of quite ordinary abilities. I have said before: I think a man can do anything he really wants to do. And I suppose one *must*, for safety's sake, be afraid of some things. You know, Dick Seaman died at Spa in 1939 not because he was so badly hurt in the crash, but because he sat in the car *after* the crash, until it began to burn. Seaman died of burns. I pounded that into my head, you'd better believe I did, until I had come to the point where my subconscious could take over, if I had been too badly hurt to think. I had that in hand as early as 1950. In the Naples G.P. that year a fellow burst my front tire and put me off the road into a tree. I had some teeth knocked out, and my knee was broken, and I was dazed, but the instant my car — it was an H.W.M. — had stopped, I was out of it and running, broken knee or no broken knee, and I went a good way, too."

(Said Geoffrey Dupree, the course marshal who was the first man to reach Moss at Goodwood: "He was totally unconscious, but his body was shifting and moving and struggling, trying to leave the car.")

"One's entitled to be afraid of something like that. I'm not sure whether I am more afraid of burning, or dying, or if it's the *needlessness* of dying because you haven't taken the trouble to think ahead a little bit.

"One *must* be afraid of some things. After I'd

got out of the Atkinson Morley Hospital, after the Goodwood shunt, I was euphoric, which, as you know, is a kind of unreal sense of well-being. You noticed it in the hospital, you wrote that I couldn't stop talking. Now, euphoria, if it goes far enough, can be very dangerous, because you can walk across Piccadilly Circus at high noon perfectly convinced that nothing can touch you; you can walk on the ledge of a building and be sure you won't fall off; all natural fears have been taken from you. I tried hard to get over that. Of course, part of it was because my brain had been injured — nothing I could do about *that* until it healed itself. But I tried hard to understand what was happening to me. One of the nurses was very helpful to me about all that. You met her, Christine Williams. She knew a lot about neurological things; she brought me books and medical journals and helped me to plow through them. If you're really euphoric, you're fearless. And if you're fearless, you'll kill yourself, just walking about, never mind motor racing.

"Fear is always there and we must control it. For example, I will not sit on the pit counter, and look at my car standing on the grid, and say to myself, that front-wheel hub nut might be loose, so I shall just stroll over and tap it with a hammer. Once I start doing that I shall have to strip the car myself, before every race. I have never gone around a car that Alf Francis had prepared to check things like that. Never! I would think that a ridiculous thing to do. You've got to have faith in your mechanics, in the people who are with you, and you've got to have faith in yourself. When I get into my car I don't think I have ever in my life consciously considered the point of being killed. If you asked me if it was a dangerous sport, I'd say yes, obviously. But not for me. I would say the only danger to me is if something falls off or somebody spins in front of me where I can't help hitting him, or if I hit oil on the road. But if you asked me didn't I think it dangerous to the point where I might overdrive and go off the road, I'd be insulted. It's as simple as that.

"It doesn't frighten me to go over the blind brow of a hill at one hundred and sixty or seventy miles an hour. I know I shall make it. I say to myself, if I say anything, that I know how to do this, this is what I have spent my life learning, the chance of anything happening is next to nil, and I'll do it.

"What's the point of living if one's not able to do at least *one* thing?"

HEMINGWAY and Barnaby Conrad and Kenneth Tynan, to name three of many, have written

clearly about bullfighting; Ring Lardner and W. C. Heinz, again among many, have done as much for boxing; Sir John Hunt and Sir Edmund Hillary can convey the meaning and the emotion of mountain climbing; but most descriptions of motor racing have been failures.

They do not begin to tell what it means to have behind one, as Stirling Moss has behind him, a decade and more of driving, at least 125,000 miles of driving as fast as a fast car can be made to move. No one who has not done this can express what it means, and not by any means everyone who *has* done it can tell of it. One hundred and twenty-five thousand miles — that's five times around the earth at the equator — flat out. One must think about it for an instant, looking down like an astronaut, the globe spinning in space, and on the rim of it the toy car and the small white figure in it. When was the last time I drove *five* miles as fast as the thing I was in would go? When was the last time you did? Five times flat out around the equator —

"That reminds me, that idea," Stirling Moss said, "of the exhibits one sees sometimes in toy-shop windows, a little electric train or a car running on a freewheeling track; the track spins, the toy's wheels push it away, and the toy stands still. If the earth's speed is a thousand miles an hour at the equator, and I believe that's the figure, then if the whole world had a smooth road around it, and you could get a car up to a thousand miles an hour, would you stand still?"

"I can't think why not," I said. "It's an intriguing idea. To do that would be to reduce speed absolutely to absurdity, wouldn't it? What a thing! A thousand miles an hour — and going nowhere!"

"If you went the other way," Moss said, "*with* the rotation instead of against it, would you do two thousand?"

"Ask Ken Gregory [Moss's manager] to see about getting the road built," I said. "We'll find out."

"There's the little matter of a car that would do a thousand, too," Stirling said.

"By the time the road's ready, the car will be as well, I daresay," I said. "Think how you'll be denounced in press and pulpit, to coin a phrase. *'Mad Moss motors to nowhere. I did it for kicks, he says.'*"

"That's all I *could* say, and be honest."

"Yes. I'm sure plenty of people have quoted Aldous Huxley to you as saying that speed is the only new sin, the sin of the twentieth century, but what he actually did say is that in his view speed provides the only genuinely modern pleasure."

"Yes. Certainly it's a great pleasure, speed, and it is modern all right, isn't it? After all, sixty miles an hour was first reached within the lifetime of

people now living. So it would be hard to quarrel with Huxley over that."

"To what degree *is* it a pleasure, would you say? To start well out, really far out, there used to be an American driver who said that driving so excited him that he occasionally had an orgasm during a race."

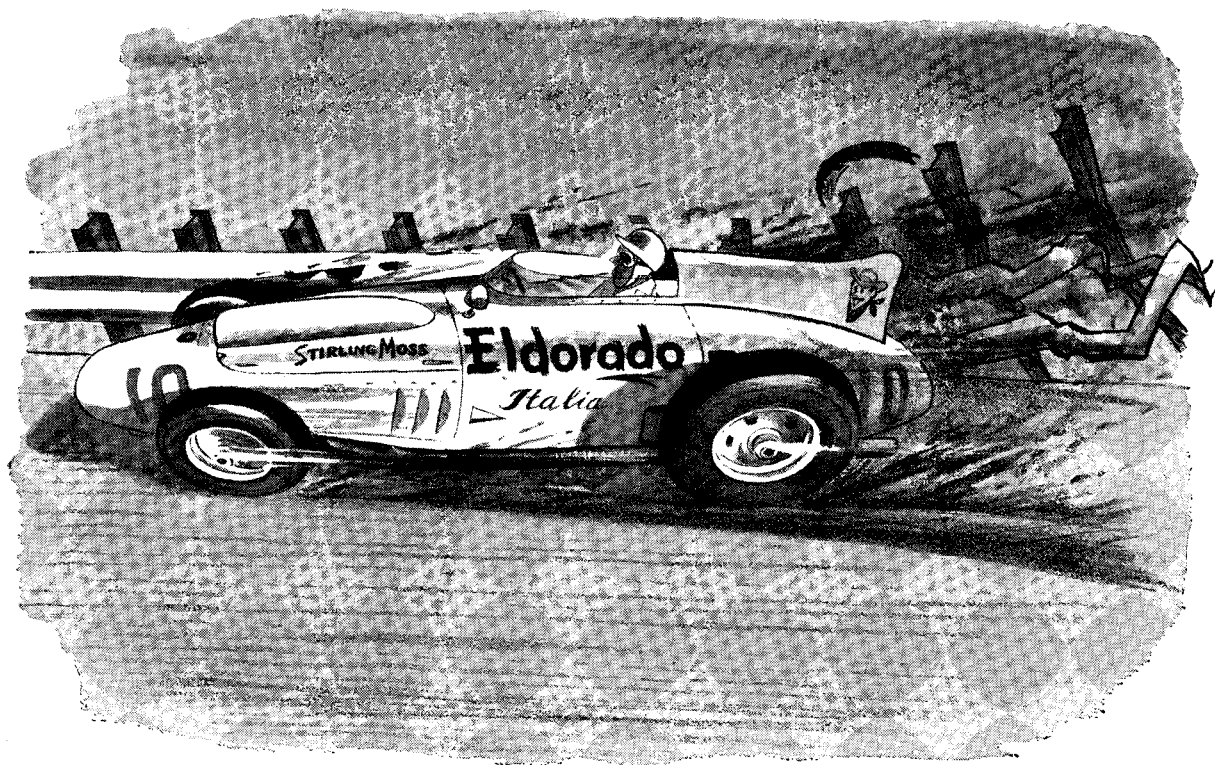
"I think the chap must have been round the bend, don't you?" Stirling said. "A bit abnormal in some fashion or other. I've never had anything like that happen to me; no driver has ever told me of anything of the sort. Mind you, that's not to say it couldn't happen. It probably could. I've heard of that happening to a bullfighter, that kind of excitement."

"A psychologist might think that particular *torero* a bit odd, I'm afraid."

"You mean, of course, because of the connection with death, with killing. Yes. Odd, indeed. But to go back to driving, great speed *is* an intense pleasure; I think it's instinctive and basic. I'm not sure it doesn't run through all mammals, not just humans. You know, if you put a dog in a car he'll stick his head out the window into the slipstream and look ahead, and he gives every indication of enjoying the sensations of speed. I know that some dogs do that because the car's exhaust system is leaking — they can pick up the smell though the people in the car cannot, and it distresses them — but that can't always be the reason, and you almost never see a dog with his head *inside* a car if there's a window open. It's true of children, too. A child of two or three will sit up and show signs of pleasure, and so many children's games involve speed, don't they? They don't know where they're going and they don't care."

"One can't really enjoy speed to the absolute limit if there's a destination involved. A destination introduces an element of obligation, makes a job of the whole thing. For real enjoyment, the speed itself must be the purpose. For example, coming out of a corner into a straight, one's purpose is to leave it as fast as possible, and at the other end, one's purpose is to come as close as possible to the corner before doing any braking, and those purposes are in a sense destinations; but in the very middle of the straight, perhaps, one can enjoy the sheer sensation, the sheer delight, of flat-out speed, when you're in top gear, and the pointer on the rev counter has gone around the dial as far as it *will* go. Oddly, I don't think women have this excitement. I think that when women drive, they always have a destination."

"Probably you're right, Stirling," I said. "Women are more practical. They are less susceptible to aesthetic excitement, one of the reasons women artists, musicians are rare. But they're not



less susceptible to sensual excitement, after all. Haven't you found that the sights and sounds, the drama, if you like, of motor racing excite some women?"

"Definitely. It may even be true of all women, or nearly all. You will certainly find that a woman is more receptive to an advance during a race, or just before a race, than she is afterward. There's no question about that, and it must be because her level of excitement falls after the race is over.

"In Europe it's quite an accepted thing that when you go motor racing you take your wife, your girl friend, mistress, *vahine*, whatever, with you. Most drivers do have a girl and she comes along and decorates the pit. If she can, she takes times. Perhaps she does nothing. With her, the driver can unwind. You come in from dashing around the circuit, it's a fair job, you put a lot into it, and then you pull in and you see your girl and it's light relief, it's like reading a mystery novel after being in school all day, and you have a little chat with her while they're changing the tires or whatever, and then you say: 'Well, good-bye, sweetie,' and you're off. And the moment you leave the pits you've forgotten about her, you'd better believe it, you're looking at the rev counter again.

"There are lots of girls who hang about, of course, as there are around any sport, and of course they're rather different from the regulars, the ones

people think of as an essential part of the *equipe*. Even Mercedes, an organization that was very strict with drivers, saw you had enough sleep, and so on; they didn't frown on your having a girl friend. Neubauer might make jokes about them, but he would never make the girl feel she was unwanted. The most he'd do, he might say: 'Now, look here, keep your mind on the job, boy. I'm afraid tonight we've got a meeting and you're not going to go out.' And the strong comradeship drivers generally feel toward each other extends to the girls. Most drivers are easy to get along with anyway, and everyone's nice to the other chap's girl, or girls, as the case may be.

"I won't say *everyone* approves. Alf Francis would approve of the Indianapolis rule: no women in the pits. Obviously I don't agree with him. I think I take my motor racing pretty seriously, but Alf is *really* in earnest. A man would have to be, to do some of the things he's done. My God, when I think of the times, when we were with H.W.M., when Alf would leave England in a clapped-out Ford transporter with the cars — just enough time, let's say, to get to Monza before a race; drive across France, over the mountains, Italy, nonstop, except that he'd probably have to get out and crawl under the van two or three times to put something right — it was forever breaking; get there, unload the cars, and then perhaps have to tear down an engine. There were

times when Alf went two straight nights without sleep, and he'd go three with a few catnaps. So Alf's entitled to any opinions he has about racing, he's earned the right. But for me, I think a pit's all the better for a bit of crumpet, somebody to wave to, somebody to take your mind off things, if just by chance you come in half a lap ahead, and the transmission in bits.

"And there's the night to think of, after the race. You want to unwind really, no nonsense. Usually the drivers won't be leaving that place directly; there'll be parties, and if it's a city like Brussels, for example, where there are excellent restaurants and some swinging nightclubs, everybody wants to go out. And you may not feel like being alone.

"I used to discipline myself so severely, I would not have intercourse for five days before a race. Later, I began to think that was going pretty far; who needs to live at all, allowing oneself sex two days out of seven? I believed that if I had made love the night before a race, I would be physically just that little bit weaker when I drove, and that belief was enough for me. Then one night before a race at Brands Hatch I was with a girl. We were fond of each other, and I abandoned my rule. Next day I had seven races, quite a few really, only short ones, but seven, and I won the lot! I was really swinging, I was in great form.

"That day didn't altogether change my mind, though. After all, they were short races, I had intervals of rest. The night before a really hard race, Le Mans, Sebring, the Mille Miglia, or a G.P. race — no.

"An odd fact: while I don't get a conscious sexual stimulation from driving, as I said, I do get a tremendous stimulation; I think of it as intellectual — that's not the right word, but it's a non-physical sensation, and it produces a tranquillity that is very like the tranquillity that follows a deep relationship. Driving does that to me. My mind is calm, but very active, and I feel at peace.

"I know it's been put forward that one drives to prove one's masculinity because it's a masculine sport like bullfighting and mountain climbing, things that women really and truly can't do, or never do well. A most *male* thing. I don't know. Anyone who's paid much attention to what some have called the blood sports can name homosexuals who've been boxers, bullfighters, racing drivers, but none of the latter, at least, were even close to the first rank. I don't think that I drive to prove I'm a man. I think I drive for a dozen different reasons, but not that one. Still, if it were true, I suppose I'd be the last to know. If there are those who think I drive to prove I'm a man, or that other drivers drive for that reason, fair enough, and good luck to them, they know something that I do not.

"I do think that no woman could become a truly great racing driver. I didn't see the great women drivers, Elisabetta Juneck, Kay Petre, 'Bill' Wisdom, Gwenda Stewart, and the others, but I understand that only Juneck could worry top men drivers in Grand Prix cars, and she didn't drive for long. I don't believe that lack of physical strength, ability to hold the car, that sort of thing, keeps women from driving as well as men. My sister Pat, for example, certainly has ample physical energy to do three hundred miles flat out in a Grand Prix car. I doubt Pat would even have to go into her reserve. It isn't lack of strength. It's just that women are almost never *personally* competitive. In rallying, which is a less demanding form of racing, there are women who are very good indeed; there are women who will beat all but the top men, and beat them easily. But rallying is running against the clock, and women do that sort of thing very well. Also, rallying makes much of minute detail, and women are good at that, too. For instance, everywhere in the world where very small machines are being assembled, tiny radios, subminiature ball bearings, and that sort of thing, you'll find women are doing the work because men can't do it as well. Anything involving patience, detail. But women will not compete, as the Spanish say, *mano a mano*, hand to hand. They will not go into really brutal competition with another person; they will not, or they cannot, as a rule, reach the highest plane of the competitive urge, where a man will say: 'Right, now I've had enough of hanging about, now I'll have a go, now we're going to separate the men from the boys here.' No, they won't do that. Mind, I'm not saying that's wrong, or a bad thing, I'm just saying that's the way it is. When someone says that if women ran the governments of the world there'd be no wars, no argument comes from *my* corner of the room. It's probably true.

"You'll notice that in driving a woman passenger, sometimes she'll pay attention to how fast you're going, she'll watch the speedometer, and when you go over the limit at which she's comfortable, you'll sense that she's pushing her right foot on the floorboard, or she'll reach for the grab handle, and then of course, unless you're a hopeless clot, you'll back off ten miles an hour. But if the speedometer is disconnected, or unlighted at night, she may not object at all, providing you work up speed slowly and drive very smoothly. In other words, she's probably just not aware.

"I had a date with a girl one time, we were in a Mini-Cooper; I've forgotten where we were going, but it was a bit of a journey, and after fifty or sixty miles she told me she thought it was very amusing that a friend of hers who had an M.G.A.,

a solicitor or something, drove much faster than I did. I asked her what was the fastest she thought we'd been doing — the speedo cable was broken, she couldn't tell from that — and she said, oh, around fifty, which was pretty funny because she was about thirty miles an hour out of the way. Of course, she was no doubt a poor judge of speed, but she didn't think she'd been going fast because she hadn't felt any violent movements of any kind, and that's how most people judge. I should say right here, however, that I can think of six nonprofessionals who, in my opinion, drive really well, and four of them are women.

"Another woman — let's say, a top woman driver — will sit there, you can go very fast indeed, right on up, and she'll be tranquil, outwardly at least, and she may say she's enjoying the ride, but I believe that what she's enjoying are the points of technique she finds interesting; she's not enjoying speed for the sake of speed. Fair enough, most passengers do not, but I at least have never found a woman who I think enjoyed speed for its own sake, either driving or being driven. I think it's a peculiarly male reaction. It satisfies something fundamental in men. You and I can certainly expect to live to see trains doing one hundred and fifty and two hundred miles an hour, and people will be mad to travel on them, you'll see. As for aircraft, the Concorde, the jet passenger plane the British and French governments are planning, will do about fourteen hundred and fifty miles an hour!"

"Yes," I said, "but you can't have windows in anything that's doing fourteen hundred and fifty miles an hour. The passengers will be sitting there reading or watching a cinema; perhaps the captain will come on the blower and say there's a tail wind and the airplane is indicating sixteen hundred; they'll think: 'My, that's quick, isn't it?', and go back to watching the screen — they won't have any sensation of speed at all."

"True enough," Stirling said. "When you get down to it, speed matters only in a motorcar or on a motorbike. Nothing else goes fast enough, on land, carrying only one man, or at the most, two; speed on water seems to me to be imprecise, uncontrolled; speed underwater, or in the air, doesn't produce any sensation, really, doesn't count."

"No. For me it has to be in a motorcar, in contact with the earth, if not by much, and a man using his hands, his feet, his eyes, his brain to balance inertia and momentum and gravity and centrifugal force in an equation that changes ten times a second; in a vehicle, if you like, that represents the best efforts of the most skillful specialist designers in the world, and a beautiful thing, too — you must admit, there have been very few ugly racing cars; *that* is living, and in the

company, if you like, of the dozen or fifteen men in the world who can do what you're doing, and, let's say, on a real circuit like the Nurburg Ring, *that* is motor racing, and when you think of it in that fashion, as it really is, you realize that it's absurd to compare it with any other sport. I'm not being provincial, I am not narrow-minded, I hope I'm not, but I really do believe that: there is nothing in life so satisfying. Caracciola said it years ago, that it was the most intoxicating sensation in life, something like that. And it is!"

"Hear, hear!" I said. "And hot sunshine and a bright-blue sky!"

"Blue sky, nothing!" Stirling said. "In the pouring rain, in a half-cloudburst. The sun coming out in the last lap, if you like, for the finish."

I LOOKED down the long settee at him: immaculate in hand-sewn Italian loafers, gray flannel slacks, a blue jacket; he was silent for ten seconds; he was waiting for me to say something, looking at me. This was long after Goodwood, after the Atkinson Morley Hospital, but before his second trip back to St. Thomas's, where they would saw a piece of bone out of his pelvis and prop up his left eye socket with it; now his left eye was lower in his face than the right, and the eye itself pointed off at a slight angle, looking past me. "You are a damned strange man," I thought, "and there is certainly a hell of a hot little fire burning in you somewhere. I don't know where you're headed; I hope you get there. But you won't be going motor racing anymore."

I walked over to the big window and looked out. There are temporary buildings in the street, the view is not enchanting. Life looks real out there, though, and sometimes, in contrast, the living room in the Moss house seems unreal in its newness and its shiny near-perfection, in the eerie sensation that there are many motors humming unseen, hidden in the walls.

I came back.

"The transport pilots say flying is no fun anymore," I said, "because the black box does everything, and if you want to land in London you have to start letting down over Paris. There aren't many generations of pilots left. Of fighter pilots, none, we're watching the last one. Can you think of Formula cars without drivers, big black boxes doing the steering and the shifting, and treading on the loud pedal?"

"No, never," Stirling said. "The race would be totally without excitement."

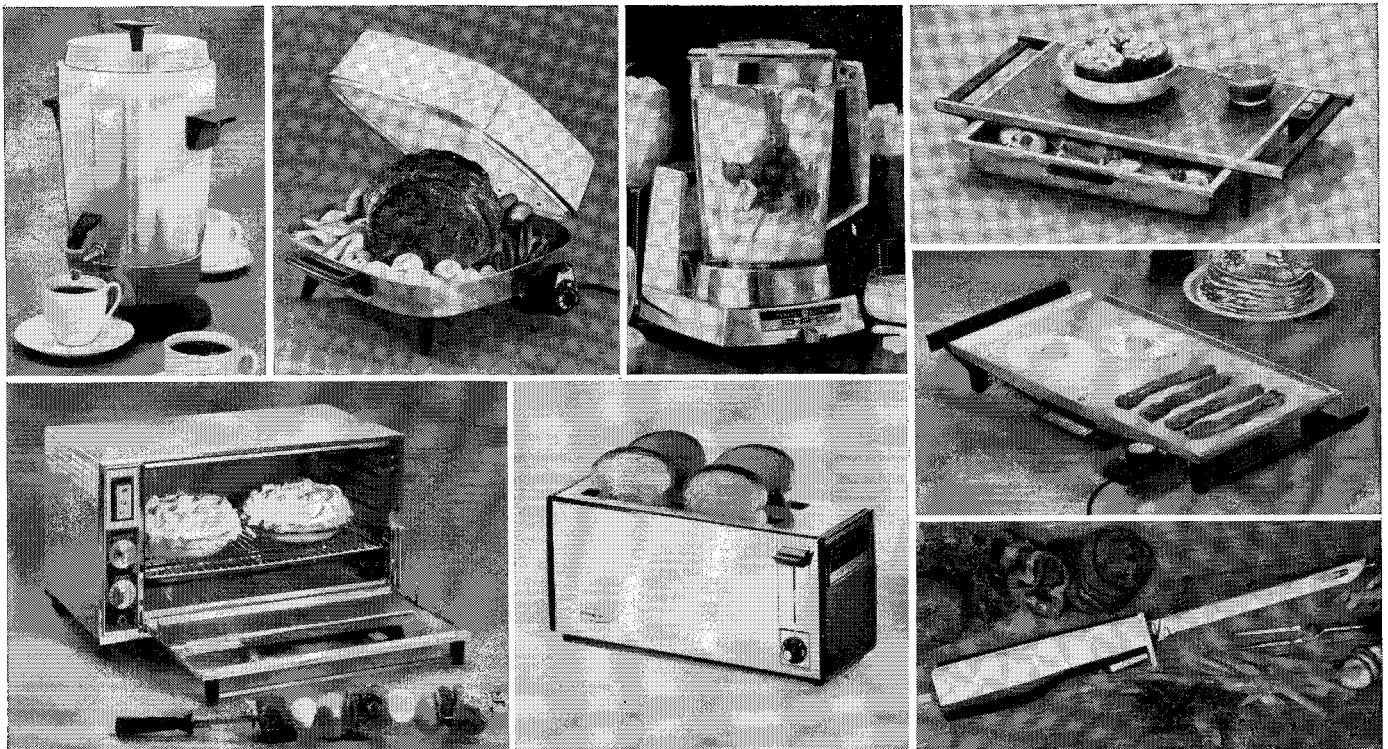
"Do you think that means that people come to see races in the hope of seeing the drivers hurt?"

"No, but I don't think we'll see that question

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answered definitely until someone works out a way to fit fifty thousand lie detectors to fifty thousand people watching a Grand Prix race. But driverless cars, never. That would ruin everything."

"What, then, in the year 2000?"

"Smaller cars, lighter, lower. This will be possible because you'll have a smaller engine: a gas turbine, perhaps, or a Wankel engine about as big as your head, perhaps even a steam engine, maybe a tiny sixteen-cylinder petrol engine with cylinders the size of florins. The car will have two hundred and fifty miles an hour available, and I'm probably being conservative. The suspension and the adhesion will be fantastic, incredible; the car will track through any corner, the drift will be forgotten, and the words 'understeer' and 'oversteer' will be quaint historical terms that nobody uses anymore."

"The driver?"

"I think he'll lie down flat, his face right up in front next to the accident; he'll steer with a tiller or with levers, have a brake pedal for his left foot and a throttle for his right. He'll have a periscope rearview mirror. The transmission, if there is one, will be automatic, of course. No gear shifting whatever."

"Won't it be rough to drive in that position, Stirling?"

"They said it would be rough to drive a Formula One car with the seats turned practically into hammocks, but we did it. And those cars are comfortable once one's in them, you know, very comfortable."

"Yes. And they said the old pre-World War Two Auto-Unions couldn't be handled, with the driver way up in front."

"Right," Stirling said. "But they managed, up to around two hundred miles an hour. Rosemeyer. Nuvolari. It was only a matter of getting used to the position. I had a Kieft years ago; I sat so far forward in it that if I crept up on the grid I'd reach out and wind it back with the front wheels! I never thought that car dicey in the least."

"All right, but with your face *ahead* of the front wheels, and about six inches off the deck!"

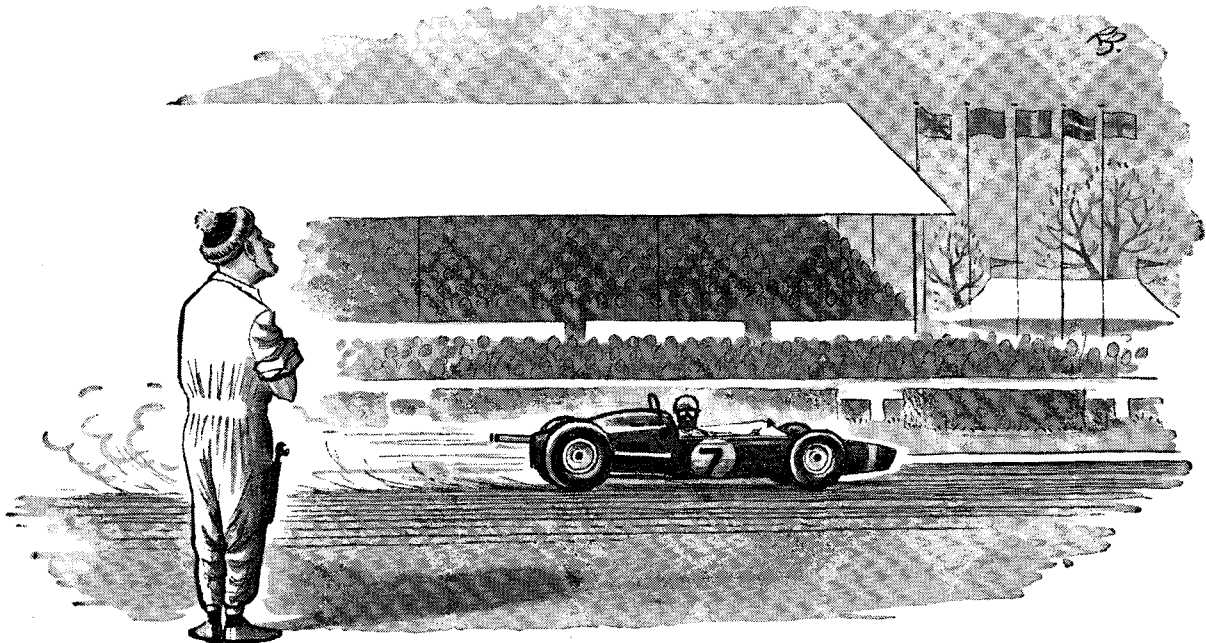
"Ken, did you ever stop to think, when the man runs a Boeing or a Comet jet down the runway at one hundred and sixty miles an hour, he's sitting so far in front of his wheels it's not to be believed. It would just be a matter of getting used to it, driving up front lying down; just a matter of conditioning, like everything else. Perhaps you'd do what the Auto-Union people did, recruit motorbike riders, men who'd never driven a racing car, and so had nothing to unlearn; they thought that was the normal place to be, up in front. Rosemeyer was the best Auto-Union driver, and he was a bike rider."

"Would you like to drive a car like that, Stirling, a two-hundred-and-fifty-mile-an-hour Grand Prix car, lying flat on your belly?"

"Now, yes. In the year 2000, no. Do you realize that in the year 2000 I'll be over forty-five years old?"

"No! It can't be true!"

"It is, though. I'll be getting on."

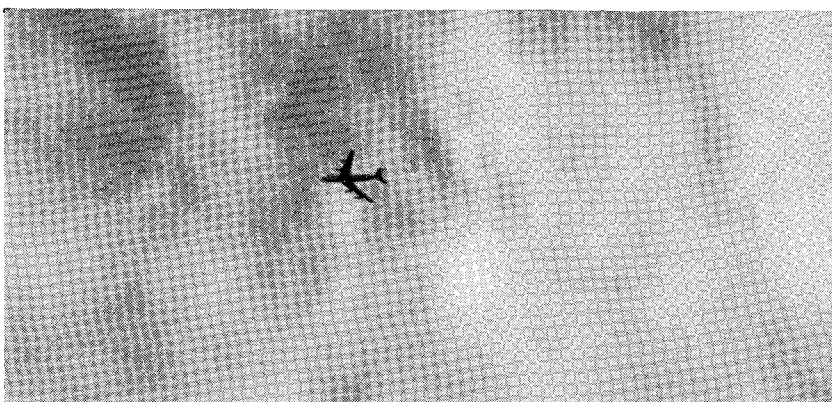


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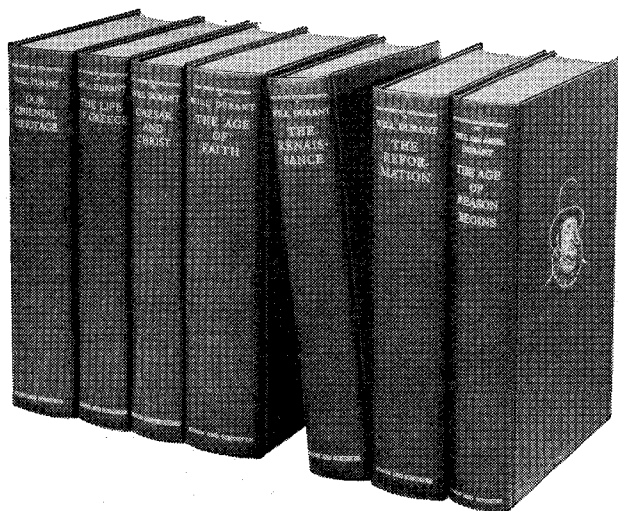
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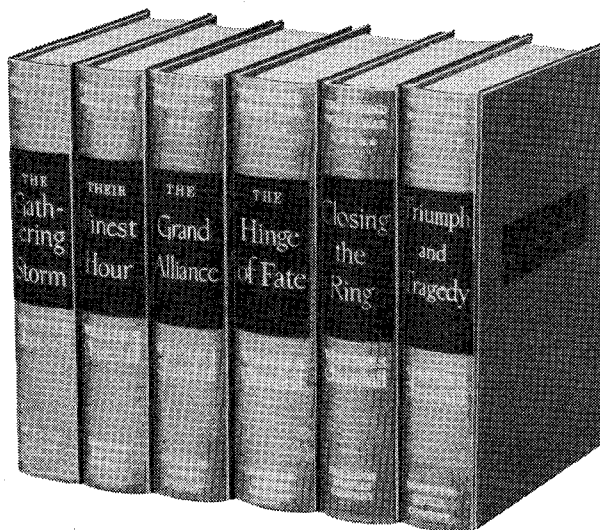
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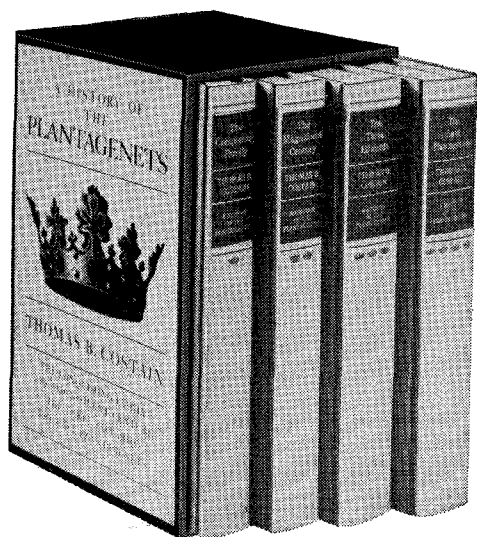
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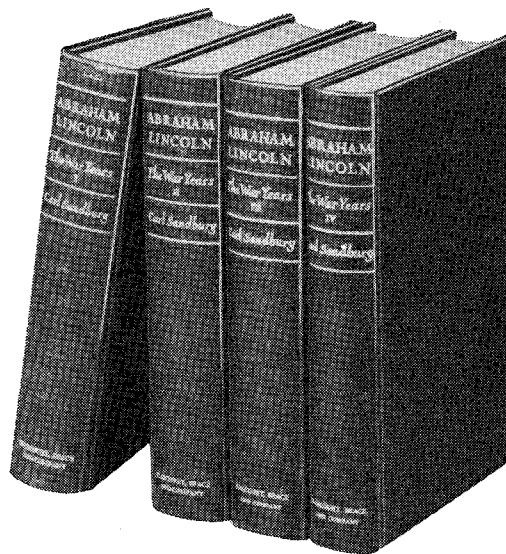
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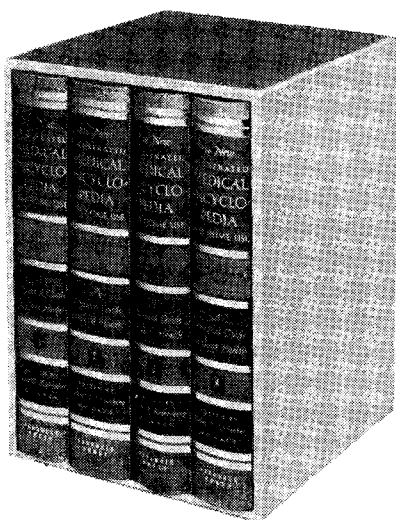
Illustrated

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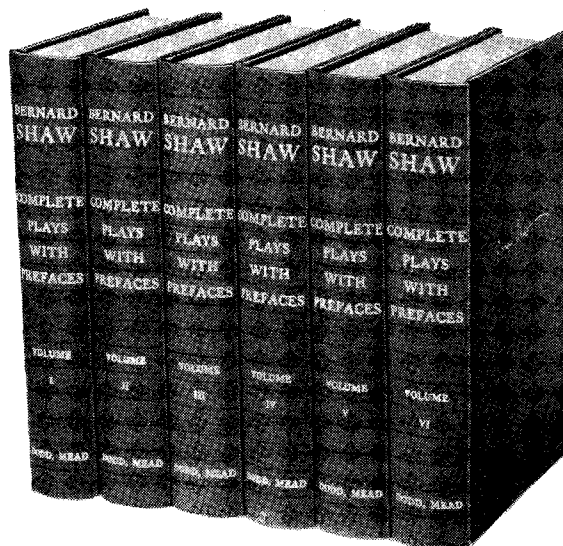
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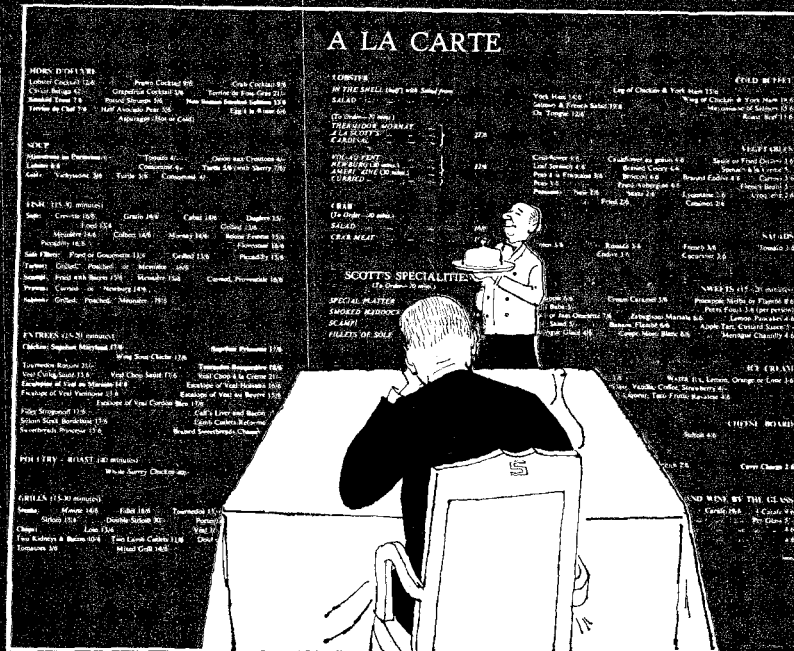
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Living

A MEAL AT SCOTT'S

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

Of all restaurants in my experience, I believe I prefer Scott's, in London just off Piccadilly Circus, to any other. Scott's food is very good, and although one might find its equal at a dozen other places, the total sense of well-being and enjoyment imparted by Scott's to its customers seems to me quite beyond comparison.

After so broad an endorsement I am aware that it may seem incongruous to add that I always order the same meal at Scott's, except on the day — Tuesday, if I remember correctly — when the menu offers as a specialty, in season, "Steak, Kidney, Mushroom & Oyster Pudding." It would be a sad mistake not to order this dish at Scott's whenever it is available. Otherwise, the meal on which I have long since stabilized is simply smoked salmon, grilled sole, creamed spinach, a bit of cheese, and a half carafe of Chablis.

I am sure one could adventure in Scott's menu with results just as satisfactory, but I happen to like its

version of this simple meal, and I don't like to waste one of my infrequent chances to get it. I think fondly of the thin, lightly buttered slices of the delicious buff-colored hovis bread that accompanies the salmon at Scott's. True, it is offered with smoked salmon at most places in England, but at Scott's it may be counted on to have the "spread-to-the-edge" quality that Alfred Lunt holds to be the touchstone of the first-class establishment.

Prices at Scott's are middling high by London standards, very low in comparison with New York's. The menu price of the meal that I mention would come to about \$7.00. I doubt that it could be matched, item for item, at any price by a New York restaurant, to say nothing of the other virtues accompanying it at Scott's.

What first attracted me so powerfully to Scott's was the hospitality, the mannerliness, the whole impeccable rightness with which one is received there, even though he be a total stranger. This is hardly a quality to be found in the supposedly "best" — that is, the most expensive — restaurants of New York, where a "friend of the house" gets at least commonplace service, while the stran-

ger is, more often than not, ornately mistreated.

Scott's deportment is rather the expression of a true professionalism, the rigid adherence to an inflexibly high standard for a long time, the understanding of what is best and the refusal of all else. Such a concept must include the proprietors as well as the managers, reaching down to the very bottom of the staff. Obsequiousness is just as disagreeable as neglect. The staff at Scott's, one realizes, has too much experience and respect for its own functions to be guilty of either.

In appearance and the physical comfort it affords, Scott's suggests a late Victorian scene, with much mahogany and marble, lofty ceilings, and no crowding of tables. The oyster bar's red leather armchair stools, flanked by a vast arrangement of fresh flowers, are on the right, just inside the main entrance. At the left, one receives a courtly bow from Alfredo Cipriani, Scott's elegantly turned-out receptionist, who has been with the restaurant for forty-four of his seventy years. He is standing just outside the entrance to the Window Room, smaller and perhaps quieter than the Grill Room which accommodates most of Scott's

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 2026.
REMEMBER THIS DATE...IT'S DOOMSDAY

This Doomsday is nothing to scoff at. It is not the work of crackpots. It is a carefully considered estimate published in *Science* magazine by three serious scientists.

These men have been studying the rate at which people have been giving birth to people since 5000 B.C. Then they calculated ahead and concluded that on November 13, 2026 the planet earth will contain 50 billion people (current total: less than three billion). And that, unless our world's production of food is stepped up immeasurably, these people will almost certainly starve.

If our heaping dinner tables make Doomsday seem absurd; if our highly publicized crop surpluses make the Starvation Age seem remote, ponder this:

If those 50 billion future citizens were invited to share our plenty, they could eat their way through America's gigantic stored surpluses *in less than one day*.

That's the population explosion you've heard about.

Cyanamid has heard about it, too. That's one reason why several hundred Cyanamid scientists and technicians are at work in a new Agricultural Research Center—a rolling, 640-acre laboratory-farm

near Princeton, New Jersey.

There, they work, read, talk and sometimes stare out at the countryside. They consider, as the autos roll by, that New Jersey now has 800 persons per square mile (and so, incidentally, has Japan). And that in 2026 it will have 10,000 per square mile (and so, incidentally, will Japan). All of which makes them search a little harder for ways to match that population explosion with a food explosion.

These scientists know that agricultural science must hurry. It must replace two ears of corn with four, four chickens with eight, eight hogs with sixteen. Then they must do it again. And again.

The people of Princeton are confident that they can do it. Already they are discovering which nutrients produce the biggest, healthiest livestock. They are growing plants in man-made, man-controlled temperatures ranging from arctic to jungle; in humidities ranging from desert to New York in August.

They're discovering better ways to cope with insects, too. Right now, insects and disease eat or destroy 30% of all the food we plant. With fifty billion mouths to feed,

we really won't be able to afford that kind of free-loading much longer.

Much progress has already been made. Cyanamid's AUREOMYCIN® chlortetracycline has helped farmers cut more than a third off the time it takes to bring plump, tender broilers to market.

And much progress is being made today. A new insecticide called CYGON® dimethoate is stopping barnyard flies dead in their tracks. Fly-free cattle, science knows, will stay healthier and give more milk.

Cyanamid subscribes to the often-ignored axiom: Look after the future in the present. That's one reason for the new multi-million dollar Princeton Agricultural Center.

Another reason is that agricultural research is sound, profitable business. Good ideas that have reached their time usually are.

This is the story of one research effort by one Cyanamid division. Eleven other divisions operate in the United States and eighty-seven foreign countries. Working together they create an atmosphere charged with diversity, alertness, and progress.



customers. For solid comfort and charm, the Edwardian decor of the Window Room seems to me unbeatable; like everything else in the restaurant, its draperies, upholstery, and linens are immaculate.

A note on the back of Scott's menu tells us that the place was called Scott's Oyster and Supper Rooms in 1891, and taverns had occupied its site as early as the seventeenth century. But it is in fact a

fine example of what is well worth preserving from the latter part of the nineteenth century. In New York it would have been torn down or redecorated or become a famous "institution" — that is, overcrowded, arrogant, and overpriced. But in London it remains intact, a haven for any visitor, any stranger.

A Londoner was lunching with me one day last fall. We met, had a drink, and I said, tentatively, "I

thought we might lunch at Scott's, and I reserved a table there."

"Good," said the Londoner. "So did I."

Not knowing quite what to say next, I said, "My table is in the Window Room."

"So is mine," said the Londoner.

Everything at Scott's was in great shape. I am not sure whose table was canceled, but it must have made some latecomer very happy.

Copyreaders

BY WILLIAM BOURKE

WILLIAM BOURKE formerly worked on the main copy desk of the New York DAILY NEWS. This is his first appearance in the pages of *Accent on Living*.

By-lines reward reporters for meritorious work, but the copyreader's proudest efforts go unheralded. Only his fellow copyreaders appreciated the skill and wit of my former colleague, the late Max Hawkins, when he encountered a pedantic report of an educators' symposium on the earning power of intellectuals.

First Hawkins boiled into one succinct sentence the wordy quotes which a careless rewrite man had lifted from the publicity handout. "Intellectuals can't be so smart, they aren't rich," was Hawkins' version.

This simplification enabled him to delete about half of the remaining wordage. Then he tucked his tongue firmly in his cheek and scrawled off the headline:

THINKERS FAILURES,
PROFESSORS THINK

Names and spellings are the copyreader's specialty. He knows that Macy's uses the apostrophe but Gimbel's doesn't; that Procter of soap fame spells it with an *e*; that the British insist on calling it the Court of St. James's; that there is a West Coast educator named KleinSchmid; and, if he is old enough, that Philadelphia once harbored a public figure named WillB Hadley — just like that.

When the copyreader is browsing through an account of the Teapot Dome scandal, he is quick to point out that the reporter erred on the

name of Jess Smith's ex-wife; she is Roxie Stinson, not Stimson.

Without batting an eye he changes a title in a United Press International dispatch to read "the Marquess of Milford Haven." "Marquis" is a French title, he explains; the British do not use it. If there is argument, he'll send a copyboy to the morgue for *Burke's Peerage* and prove it.

It was discovered in the era of yellow journalism that big type, if it blazoned the right thing, would sell newspapers. Headlines play on human emotions, frequently the baser ones. Love and war, fire and flood, crime and violence are the stuff that circulation managers' dreams are made on.

The first reading of a story often suggests the perfect combination of words for a headline, yet if they will not fit into the allotted space, the travail and brain sweat required to evolve the final results are known only to the copyreader and his God.

News values differ in different places. What may seem a commonplace here or in Japan may be quite unusual in France. *Le Parisien Libéré* gave this item a two-column play:

EVERY JAPANESE TAKES A BATH
AT LEAST ONCE A DAY!

Fred Remington did a fine head for the *Pittsburgh Press* on the escape of a truckload of hogs:

Brakeless Truck Chutes the Shoats,
Hog-Ties Rush Traffic in West End

I like the one Sam Gordon of the Washington, D. C., *Daily News* wrote about the butcher who cheated by having an electric fan play on his scales:

LOOK, NO HANDS!

Just before *Ranger* clinched the America's Cup races in 1937, John

Oliver had a dandy in the *New York Post*:

RACE IS ALL OVER
BUT THE YACHTING

Jack Iams did a double-twister for the *News* about the gardener who flopped as a bank robber:

Gardener (a Green Thug)
Is All Thumbs in Bank

My former colleague, Sydney Penner, dealt with the approaching fall of French Premier Pflimlin's Cabinet:

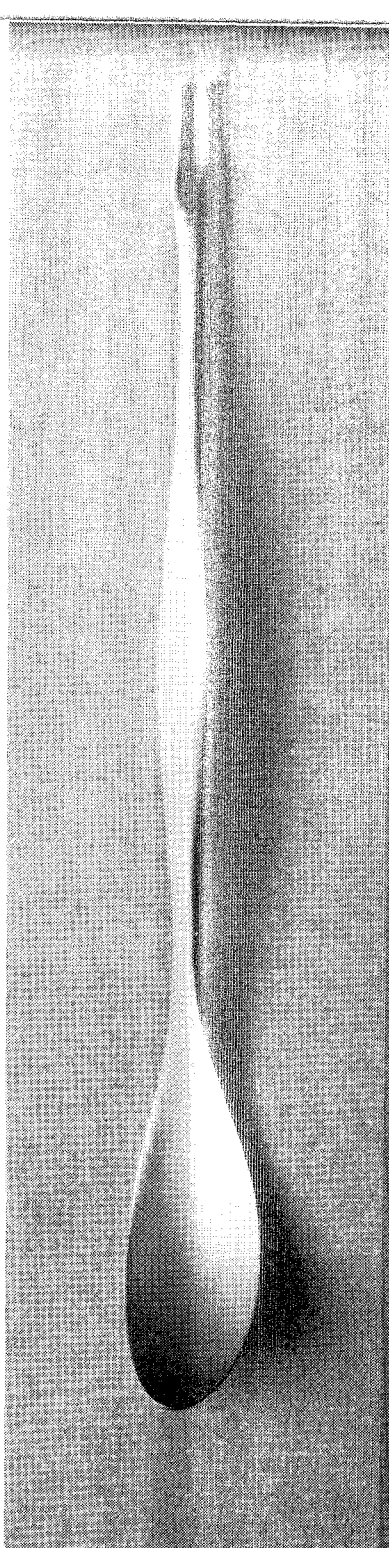
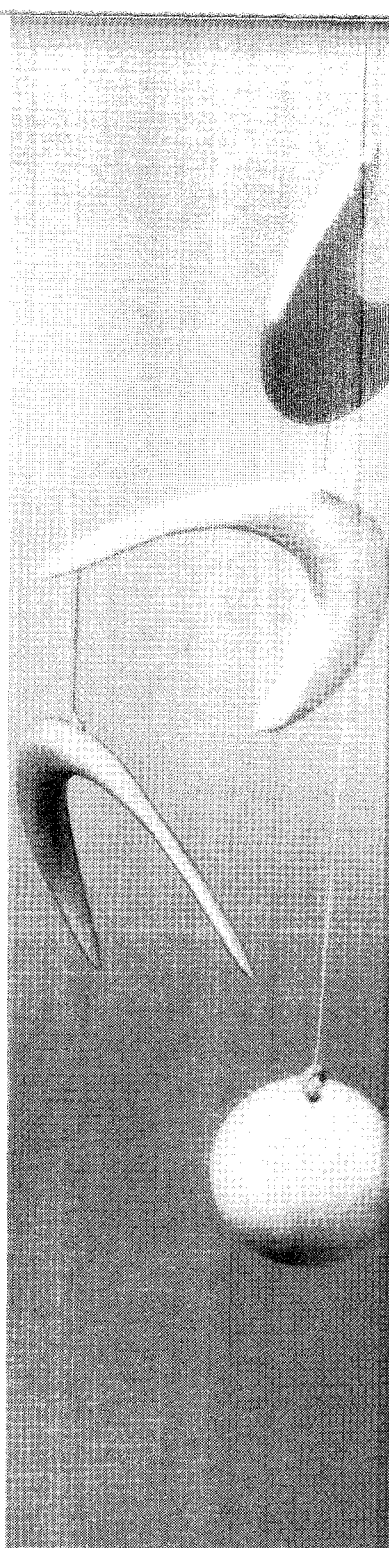
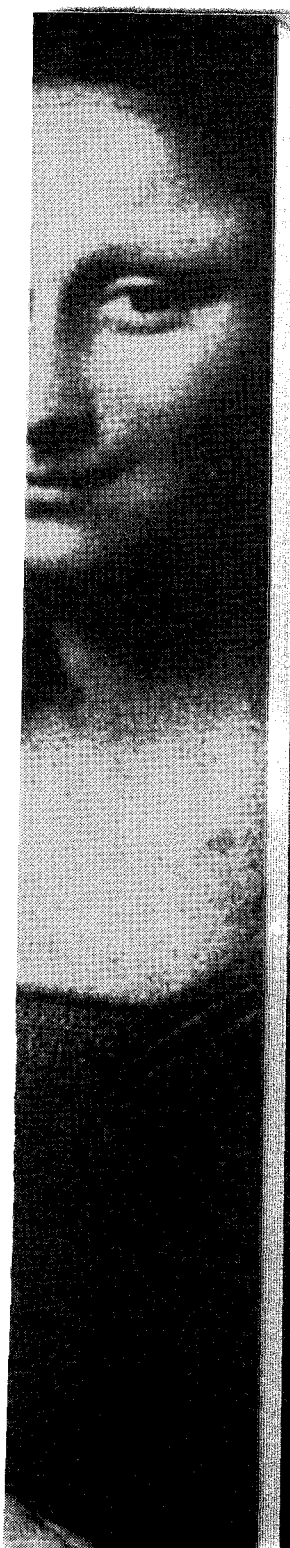
PFLIMLIN'S CHANCES
GROWING PFLIMSIER

This recalls one I did for the *Philadelphia Record* when Lily Pons broke down while singing an aria:

LA PONS TCHOKES
ON TCHAIKOWSKY

William B. Murphy, for whom I worked, liked copyreaders, although he knew that all of them were a little touched — if they weren't, they wouldn't be copyreaders. He continually lamented the fact that so few young men asked him for jobs, apparently unaware that only seasoned veterans were able to meet his exacting requirements. As one of his men once put it, "What Murf is looking for is a 25-year-old copyreader with 20 years experience."





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☐ I enclose payment of \$15.00.
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The Atrocious Christmas Card

BY MARY DEAN

MARY DEAN is the nom de plume of two Cambridge, Massachusetts, ladies. One is a writer of fiction who graduated from Radcliffe; the other is an alumna of Bennington.



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Name _____

Address _____

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Yesterday, while we were at the stationer's, we noticed that the large books of sample Christmas cards had arrived, and we lost no time in studying them. This year we are going to get to work on our Christmas cards early, and they are going to be perfect: original, but not bizarre; restrained, but not afraid of feeling; joyful, as befits the season, but with a sweet underlying soberness. Our cards are going to be like ourselves, in fact — perceptive, but delicate; keen, but never sharp; warm, but not cloyingly effusive.

We are going to send a great many cards. For the last few years we have cut corners because of the incredible demands on our time at the holiday season. There are all sorts of people we want to remember, and it might be a good idea to start jotting their names down as we think of them, so we will have them on hand when the time comes. This will prevent that foolish business which occurred last year, when one of us had eleven cards left and could think of nobody to send them to.

The cards we choose this year must have a generous expanse of blank paper, because we are going to write a note on each. Not just a line above our signature, but a warm message briefly summing up our year, reaffirming our friendship, and including suitable holiday sentiments.

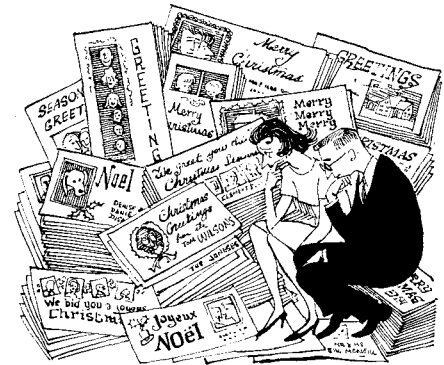
We had not turned many pages in the first sample book when we realized all over again how difficult it is to pick out a perfect Christmas card. It is not surprising how few of our friends are able to select tastefully.

We decided it would be a help if someone wrote a primer of don'ts for Christmas cards. But when we thought about the people we knew with enough sensitivity to do the job, we recalled our New Year's resolution (lying these ten months in desuetude) not to pass the buck, and we shouldered the task ourselves.

A stand must be made against family-photograph Christmas cards. Taken by amateurs and cheaply reproduced by the dozens, they are

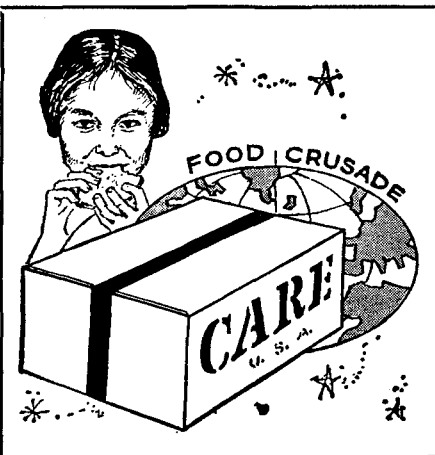
usually dreadful pictures, technically. If they are recent shots, they are framed against an ersatz Christmas background, and the family smiles emit a patently false holiday gaiety. More often, they were taken last year under the Christmas tree or before the decorated fireplace, and though authentic, are out-of-date. That cocker spaniel on the hearth, for instance, was run over in August. And that plump, spectacled girl in pigtails has lost fifteen pounds, wears her hair in a pouf, has contact lenses, and threatens to leave home if her family sends out that hideous shot of her.

A noxious variant of the family photograph is the aerial shot of the family place. People who own property which they count in acres are



inordinately fond of seeing these acres from on high, and have a touching conviction that their friends share this pleasure. Nearly all aerial Christmas cards have a queer light-struck place a little behind or on one side of the house. This is practically never the garage going up in flames, but is the swimming pool with the sun reflected on it.

If there are neither children nor a country place in the life of a Christmas-photograph enthusiast, friends are likely to get a picture of the family pet, or pets. We cannot express ourselves too vehemently against that snapshot of the backs of two director's chairs, with "Merry" written across one and "Christmas" across the other, and two sullen poodles in Santa Claus caps cringing on the seats.



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So I Started Reading The Wall Street Journal

I work in a large city. Over a period of time I noticed that men who read The Wall Street Journal are better dressed, drive better cars, have better homes and eat in better restaurants.

"I'm tired of living on low pay!" I said to myself. "I'm going to see if The Wall Street Journal can help ME."

Well, to make a long story short, I tried it and it DID. Since I started reading The Journal, my income has increased from \$9,000 to \$14,000 a year.

This story is typical. Because the reports in The Wall Street Journal come to you daily, you get quick warning of any new trend that may affect your business and personal income. You get the facts in time to protect your interests or seize a profit.

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Let us make one thing clear. It is not the idea of the Christmas photograph we object to, but the prevailing mediocrity of the photography and the vulgarity of the subject matter. We have, ourselves, sent out perfectly charming photographs of our children for Christmas cards. But in these cases the pictures themselves stood out as minor works of art. Those young profiles, with back lighting from the fire, touched everyone who saw them, whether they personally knew our youngsters or not. But we digress —

There must be a stop to all professional Christmas cards. We do not want to hear from our dentist, our bank, or even our psychiatrist at this holy and innocent season. Last year the card from our Savings and Loan bank was a reproduction of a New England landscape, hand-pasted on heavy gilt paper, folded four times, with tissue paper inside. Not two weeks later we heard that the interest rate on our loan had advanced a quarter of a percent. To add insult to injury, we received two identical cards from the bank, the envelopes addressed in different female hands, since different secretaries had duplicated lists. We were filled with the gravest apprehensions as to the soundness and efficiency of this financial institution.

Don't think we are not democratic in our disapproval of professional Christmas cards. It makes no difference to us whether the people or institutions involved are richer or poorer than we are. One of our most painful moments every year is the discovery, sometime during the week before Christmas, of that rain-soaked card from the garbage man. It is always a picture of a poinsettia, which has over the years turned us against this harmless flower; it is always limp, with a blurred signature; and we never find it the first day it is slid under the garbage can handle, but on the second day, lying in the driveway, after the dogs and the elements have had their way with it.

The upshot of our study of Christmas card samples was that we could find nothing we liked. So in the afternoon we went over to the Art Museum and discovered just the right thing among the lovely postcards they sell there near the door. It's a detail from a Christmas altar triptych by Cranach the Elder (1472-1553) showing just the sleeve

The Day We Got A Smokeless Whistle

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
President

**Old Fitzgerald
Distillery**

**Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849**



Years ago when the railroad decided to lay its track through Central Kentucky, my home town of Danville entertained high hopes of becoming a way-station on the right-of-way.

Our most bombastic politician was dispatched to high-pressure the company president.

Alas, his inept salesmanship fell short of the mark, just as the iron rails later did, bypassing Danville a few short miles.

The president dismissed our man with this epic compromise: "We'll come close enough to Danville so you'll always hear the whistle, but never smell the smoke!"

Our neighbor town got the depot. We got the whistle.

Likewise, many a bottle on today's shelf seems purposely made to bypass the taste buds — close enough to qualify as whiskey but with only a sniff of flavor.

One colorless product, with an "Iron Curtain" name, lacks both smoke and whistle, depending on the additive of your choice to give it any flavor whatsoever.

And another, from North of the Border, is so narrow-gauged in taste as to make you wonder where the whiskey went.

Now Bourbon is meant to taste like Bourbon — full of deep, rich flavor, pleasingly round and mellow.

This is why our family distillery has never compromised the tedious, costly sour mash method which imparts to OLD FITZGERALD its authentic, old-fashioned bourbonness.

As such it enjoys a growing acceptance among an inner circle of bourbonites who have made it the final choice of their mature tastes.

If you are one who feels side-tracked lately with no more than a faint toot of flavor in your glass, I invite you to join those bourbon scholars who find OLD FITZGERALD pleasant to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

**100 Proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Always Bottled-in-Bond
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of one angel and the left ear and hair of another. Since there were only a few dozen of these, we filled out with an equally lovely one: a detail from a preliminary study by Rubens for a painting (never executed) of the Holy Family. It shows a marvelously articulated human foot, heavily veined and muscled, so that it must belong to St. Joseph or a worshipping

Freud Frappé

BY RILYN BABCOCK

After an assault on medicine, undertaken because she "wasn't harried enough," at the University of Chicago, RILYN BABCOCK went into journalism. This is her first appearance in the ATLANTIC.

If you're looking for me, I'm the one sitting in the remote corner, observing a cocktail party.

I came into this room a few minutes ago, hale and hearty and ready for talk. I ventured an opinion, I think it was about the weather, and my host said, "You're feeling hostile again tonight, aren't you, Rilyn?", and handed me a martini. Then I stuttered an apology and my hostess said, "Now there's a Freudian slip." The fact that the stammer had no sexual significance whatever is beside the point. So here I am, sitting in my corner, ignored but not ignoring.

I recall with something akin to nostalgia the old days when, at a dinner party, conversational taboos were broken with the bread. What with good wine and one thing and another, a political battle ensued, and then a rousing religious fight. All the guests left maddened but unconvinced by their friends' arguments. The next party was more conversationally subdued, but the following affair was a little more invigorating, and the next was a guaranteed brawl. These stimulating sessions are, I fear, things of the past.

I'm saying here and now that this is to the bad, because if we cannot fight, we cannot talk. And if we cannot talk, we might as well all stay in the corner, or go home.

I suspect that the communication barriers are being put up by the deadly practice of the Freudian shift, or what is known as fractured Freud

shepherd. And in one corner there is a fragment of something, a shard of pottery or a leaf, no doubt. We are terribly pleased with our selections. What could be more appropriate, more seasonal, and in more irreproachable taste! There is plenty of room on each card for a message, a four-cent stamp will suffice, and there are no envelopes to lick.

or addled Adler. All conversation is by indirection.

For instance, turn around and look at that pretty woman in the bright-red wig who is standing over there with her best friend in her own brunette hair. Red Wig just said, "It's good to ventilate your emotions." Natural Brunette nodded. What Red Wig meant was, "Let's gossip." But it's a fairly safe bet that Natural Brunette was nodding for another manhattan and not to her ventilating sister.

Let's pursue Red Wig's conversation, and I'll tag on what could be a middle-line translation:

"He's definitely schizoid" (My husband no longer loves me).

"He's full of hostilities" (He hates me).

"He's paranoid" (He thinks I hate him).

"He has some sort of sibling psychosis" (He hates his brothers).

"He's perverse" (He hates his mother and father).

"He feels insecure at work" (He hates his boss).

"He's made a successful transference" (He hates his analyst).

"He cannot relate" (He hates everybody).

"He can't allay his anxieties" (Even the dog).

"I fulfill his neurotic needs" (I hate him back).

"We're resolving our difficulties" (The divorce will be final next week).

Leaning against the home bar is a man in a yellow vest who is trying to communicate with a business acquaintance. Yellow Vest is talking about the new man in the office:

"Psychologically speaking" (Here are the facts).

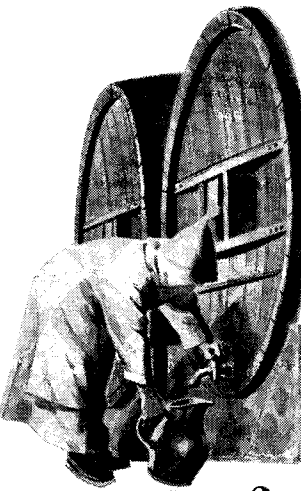
"George wears sincere ties" (Black).

"He's made a quick adjustment" (Already he's out for my job).

"He has great insight" (He knows I know it).

"He has strong dependency

16105



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drives" (He's dating the boss's daughter).

"My analyst says" (Freud, Adler, or Fromm wrote).

"My business will improve with my interpersonal relationships" (Meet me for lunch. I'll pick up the tab).

The young couple standing in the opposite corner were strangers twenty minutes ago. Whether they'll be strangers tomorrow is the point under discussion. Let's examine the girl's conversation:

"I'm ambivalent" (Yes and no).

"I'm impulsive, though" (Yes).

"But compulsive" (No).

"Yet aggressive" (Yes).

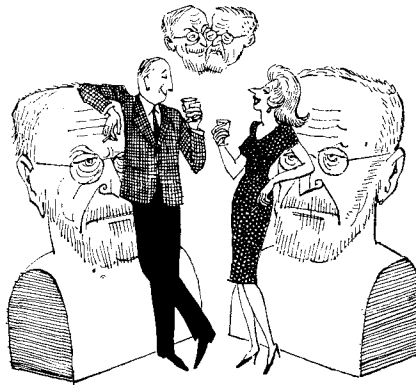
"However, I block easily" (No).

"But there are no absolutes" (Maybe).

"Occasionally I need to escape reality" (Yes).

"And everyday stress" (Dinner, you said?).

Not faring quite that well is the slightly older man with his new



companion who just raised her eyebrows and said, "Now, that was certainly fraught with Freudian significance." What she meant was, "I don't like dirty jokes."

As you can see, the fifty-minute-hour crowd has replaced the vodka martini crowd. The dreamworld dominates. Couch charades have taken over. The voice of the neurotic is heard in our land.

I cannot suggest a cure — there is no cure for either them or us. But perhaps a new understanding can arise out of a glossary for the non-analyzed — translations from the couch, as it were.

I sneezed. "Excuse me." My hostess rushed up and said, "Well, what did you mean by *that*?" I could well ask her what *she* meant by asking what *I* meant, but let it go. Let it go.

Meanwhile, I'm back in my corner.

A Time for High Tea



Photo by Ewing Krainin

The time for High Tea in India is a mood. It arrives leisurely on the marble courtyards of elegant hotels, amid medieval terraces of palace gardens; it arrives on a 'shikara' built for two, or in a houseboat, on a Kashmir lake miles above the sea...

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India

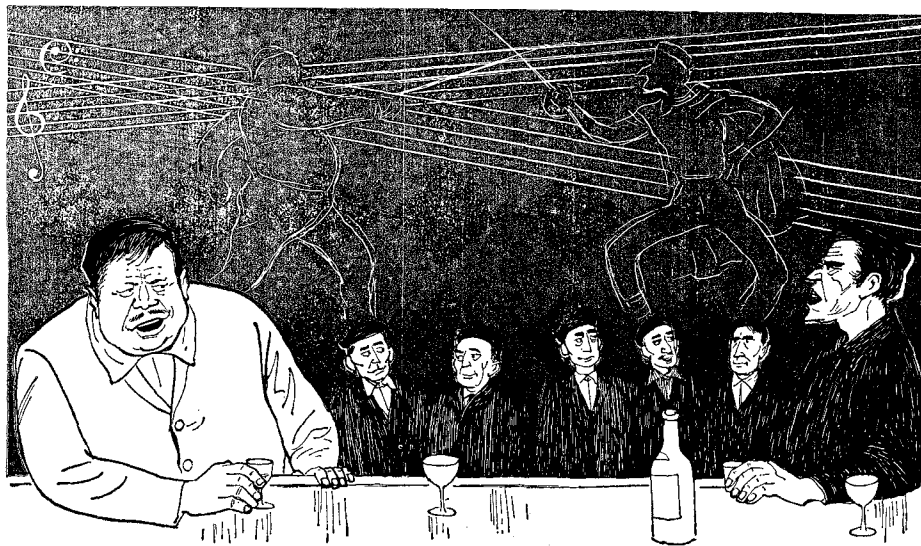
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pleasures and places



THE BASQUE TROUBADOUR

BY ROBERT LAXALT

My cousin and I had come down to the village after a day in the high, wild passes of the Pyrenees, where he had taken me to see a Basque net hunt for doves. It was nightfall, and there was a drizzling rain. We were wet and cold, and we stopped at a little bar for a warming drink.

There had been a market that day, and the bar was fairly crowded with those *paysans* who had stayed late and were now faced with the unlikely prospect of outwaiting the rain. And as on market days, they were in noisy good humor. We found a place at the end of the bar, next to a mountain of a man with a ruddy face and a beret tipped back on his head. He and his comrade were trading stories, and every once in a while a rich laugh would come gurgling up from jowly depths.

My cousin and I sipped a steaming mixture of coffee and brandy. "*Bertsolari*," my cousin said in a low voice.

The word rang a bell somewhere in my uncertain Basque vocabulary. "Troubadour," my cousin explained, inclining his head toward the man's broad back. "He is a troubadour."

"Will he sing?" I asked.

My cousin shrugged. "Perhaps. But I don't think so."

The door to the bar opened, and a figure came in out of the darkness, shaking the water from his umbrella. He wore the unmistakable garb of the shepherd, a wide beret, leggings wrapped tightly around his ankles, and a long blue cape for a raincoat. His face was one of the ancient Basque type, long and razor-lean, and there was a pride almost to arrogance in his bearing. He waved in answer to the greetings, and his black eyes flicked over the bar. When his gaze came to the huge man standing beside us, it stopped. He nodded with dignity, hooked the handle of his umbrella into the collar of his cape, and walked to the other end of the bar.

"Ah," my cousin said, biting his lip in satisfaction. "There will be singing, all right."

The noise in the bar resumed, but now there was an undercurrent of glee and expectation running through the laughter. Somewhere down the bar, someone sang a snatch of song, and another joined in. There were hoots of disapproval, because it was badly sung. I learned later that it was supposed to be.

"We are in song," my cousin whispered. "Soon, it will begin."

I looked at the paysan standing next to us. He was hunched over the bar, but in an easy attitude of waiting. His eyes were crinkled in flesh, and there was a mischievous smile on his lips. The transition from rough music to the business at hand was a subtle one. The little bursts of song and the cries of derision moved down the bar, like erratic descending notes on a keyboard.

The chill that coursed my back was not from the cold. Out of this burly giant came a tenor voice that was unexpectedly beautiful. Without looking up, and still hunched over the bar, he began to sing a story. It was a story of a young shepherd damned to live forever in the cruel crags and swirling night mists of the high mountains. He dwelt at length upon the miseries of this exiled son of Cain, whose only moments of happiness came when, on clear nights, he was permitted to look down into the valley and see the warm light that peeped from the window of the house of a paysan, and to contemplate all the familial joy and comfort that the light meant.

When he finished, there was a roar of bravos and not a small amount of laughter at the expense of the shepherd who had come in out of the rain. My cousin rubbed his hands together. "That was delicious. He is in good form tonight."

The laughter had not even died down when the shepherd's response stilled the rest of it. He sang in a rich baritone, and, unlike the paysan, he stood dramatically facing the villagers, with one hand holding the bar and the other cocked on his hip, so that his cape flared out behind him.

For a moment, it seemed that the shepherd was but adding to the paysan's story. His song began with the young shepherd on his high rock, sorrowfully regarding the faraway light in the darkness. Then, with sudden resolve, the shepherd decided to descend to the valley and peek through the window so that he could taste vicariously the joys he was missing. It was, of course, a malicious revelation. Instead of the blissful scene he had expected, he saw an untidy kitchen, brawling children, and the final coup — the paysan's wife beating him over the head with a broom for drinking too late with his comrades after market.

The shepherd was nearly finished with his response before it came to



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*continued right-hand column,
next page*



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me that he had not only turned the paysan's own story against him, but had done so without changing the melody or the rhyme.

Suddenly, as the shepherd had finished his response and his champions had shouted out their approval, a silence fell over the bar. It was complete and unexpected on the heels of so much sound and noise. As if in a play, the black-garbed villagers turned to their drinks, struck silent attitudes of thought, or spoke to each other in low tones, savoring verses from the exchange.

Next to us, the paysan hunched over the bar. But now his head was sunk deeper between his massive shoulders, and the expression of good humor was sharpened by deep furrows of concentration on his brow. He had need to think, because there was no doubt that the shepherd had capped his opening sally in fine style.

As for that dramatic personage, he had not changed his position at all, but still stood facing the room with his cape flared out behind him, staring ahead but seeing nothing in the intensity of his own thought. It was so quiet that one could hear the rustling of the open fire in the family room that adjoined the bar.

"I think the shepherd has got your man on the run," I whispered to my cousin.

"He is not my man," said my cousin, offended. "I make it a practice to be impartial in these affairs. However, the shepherd takes himself too seriously for my taste. I think he fancies himself to be another Etchahoun."

"I remember that name," I said. "Once in America my father sang some verses of Etchahoun and another man."

"Ochalde," my cousin said. "It was such a meeting as this. They were both very strong, the best of their time. Etchahoun was from the mountains, and Ochalde from the valley land. They met in a bar when they were very old. What they sang was good, and it was remembered. But for my taste, the best of Etchahoun's verses came from the tragedy of his youth. Do you know the story?"

"No. I don't know that much about him."

"When Etchahoun was a young man," my cousin said, "his wife put horns on his head. So he lay in

wait one night with a gun beside the bridge over which his wife's lover was to pass. In his passion, he altogether forgot that he had made a rendezvous to meet his best friend at the same bridge. A figure came in the darkness, and Etchahoun fired his gun. When he approached the dying man, it was to see that he had shot his friend.

"He fled to the high mountains to take refuge at the campfire of the shepherd boys, his hands still stained



with the blood of his friend. This happened nearly one hundred and fifty years ago. And the story he sang in his heartbreak of what he had done was remembered and brought down by the shepherd boys and is still sung today in the Basque country. It is very beautiful."

There was an obvious shuffling of feet that broke the silence in the bar. Nodding to the villagers as if heeding a signal, the shepherd began to sing. The tempo of the exchange would be quickened to verse-for-verse. It was his turn to choose the rhyme and melody. And a good job he did of it, too. In contrast to the slow, mocking cadence of the first round, he chose a beat that was quick and decisive. As was his nature, his delivery was serious, and since his was the opening thrust, he was bent on keeping the paysan on the defensive.

For a while, he succeeded. He sang of the shepherd returning to his mountains borne down with the disillusionment of what he had seen in the paysan's house. Because he had to continue the thread of what the shepherd had sung, it seemed that the paysan was forced to follow along. In his first response, he admitted that what the young shepherd had seen was true, and in the second, he commiserated with the unhappy youth. Sensing something, the shepherd pursued his theme warily. He told of the young shepherd's returning to his lofty peaks and noticing, as if for the first time, the peace and

beauty of the starry night that was his realm.

Still, the paysan followed. He told of the henpecked and harried paysan's decision to run away to the mountains and find there the peace of a shepherd's life. Now, the shepherd realized fully that there was a trap afoot, but because of the paysan's agreement with everything he was saying, and because there could be no hesitation in the exchange, he seemed at a loss as to what to do. So he expounded further on the young shepherd's beginning realization that his life was, after all, the very best.

It was in this moment of indecision that the paysan turned the tables. Hard-pressed to keep his expression grave, he told of finding the young shepherd sitting on his perch, caught up in his contented thoughts while his sheep were being stolen by a smuggler and were even then on their way to the Spanish frontier. The paysan had calculated well both the shepherd's fiery nature and his devotion to his sheep. In retort, the shepherd told of the fierce pursuit and accosting of the smuggler before the frontier was reached. Now, the paysan sprung the trap. He sang of the young shepherd and the smuggler in a frightful battle, belaboring each other with their wooden staffs; and it looked as though the shepherd was going to take a whipping and lose his sheep in the bargain. In response, the shepherd could do nothing but defend his honor by telling of a glorious victory and the retrieving of the sheep.

Then the paysan's broad face broke out in a wreath of smiles. This time, his was the final stroke. He sang of the paysan's flight from the noise and blood of battle, his own disillusionment with the mountains and the life of a shepherd, and of his return to his home, where a worried wife and children greeted him with loving arms and kindness.

So the second round had gone to the paysan, and his champions whacked away lustily at his strong back, and even his detractors were forced to shake their heads in admiration at the way he had turned the trick. The shepherd made an exaggerated bow, but because this was a serious business with him, his face showed no humor whatsoever. The paysan acknowledged the gesture with a mock bow of his own. His was a character that reveled

in this combat of song, and if he was as serious, his mirth concealed the fact.

If I had been incredulous about what had already passed, I was to listen openmouthed to what was to follow. Because in the third round the exchange was couplet for couplet, and without pause. The metered bursts were hurled back and forth at dizzying speed. It was like a furious argument in which, by some impossible accord, the arguers had to confine what they had to say to two lines, and rhyme them.

And as in a furious argument, it was here that their strengths and weaknesses were laid bare. There were impassioned words by the shepherd, whose nature was truly passionate, and there was humor and satire by the paysan, who refused to take anything seriously. They threw out challenges, assailed each other's positions, and matched barb for barb, but always short of insult, because an insult cannot be forgiven among the Basques.

I will never be sure who won the honors in that chance meeting in a smoky little bar on a rainy night. Certainly, none of the villagers seemed to be able to agree on that either, and the new kind of argument that followed looked as though it was going to last long into the night. There were frequent repetitions of choice quatrains or couplets, and comparing of them, and much discourse on the quality of the improvising. And in its own way, the discourse was very good, because the Basques are a people who have always lived by song.

So the troubadours had met in the night in a tradition as old as their ancient race, in a tiny village in a lonely mountain stronghold that the worst of civilization had so curiously passed by, and they had tested their poetry and their song one against another. If what they had sung was important and beautiful, it would be remembered and sung again and passed down to the children to be sung again, long after what they themselves were as men had been forgotten.

And if what they had sung was not important or beautiful enough, it would have no more meaning than the fact that they had met, and would pass from memory as easily as the shepherd's good-bye and leaving into the night from which he had so unexpectedly come.

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continued from left-hand column, preceding page

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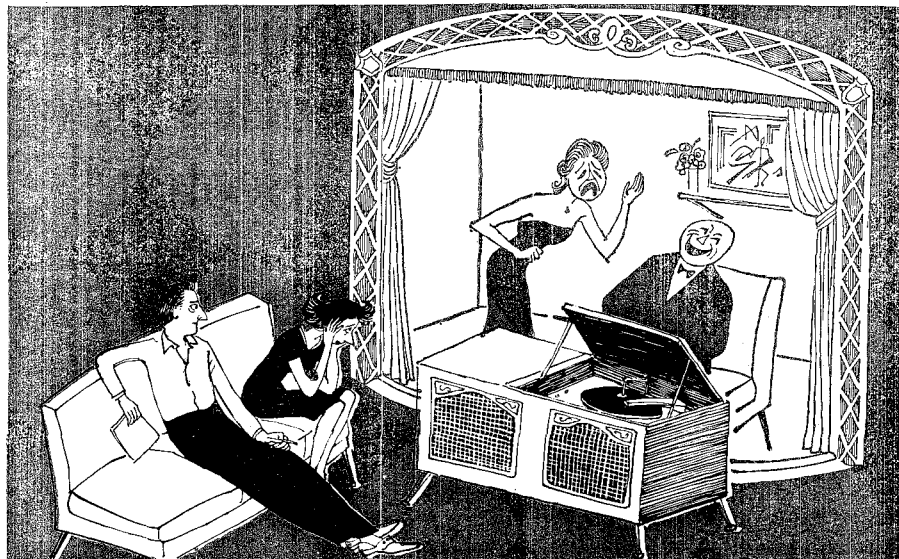


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they shall have music



RECORDINGS OF THE SPOKEN WORD

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

The first sounds ever heard on a phonograph were neither sung nor played, but spoken. "Mary had a little lamb," Thomas A. Edison shouted into his primitive cylindrical recording machine, which promptly played the words back. A good many millions of words have flowed under the needle since that day in 1877 when the inventor, listening to the sound of his own voice, confessed: "I never was so taken aback in my life." Spoken records, particularly of drama and poetry, occupy a solid ten pages of the Schwann catalogue, and several companies manage to thrive exclusively on them.

Hitherto, most recording projects devoted to the theater have been concerned principally with classical plays. Shakespeare on records has lost its novelty, though not its impact; Molière, Goethe, and Lope de Vega may be listened to in their own languages; early dramas, including *Everyman* and *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, have been rescued from college textbooks and brought vividly to life in spoken-word releases. Much remains unrevived and unrecorded, of course, but the words and thoughts of playwrights of the past flourish today on a scale and by a method undreamed of a few decades ago.

The modern theater is represented far less fully. Broadway musical shows are recorded automatically and indiscriminately; mindful of the commercial success of *My Fair Lady*, some companies hopefully take on recording rights to forthcoming shows sight unseen and sound unheard. But there has been no corresponding stampede to enregister Broadway's dramatic plays. A number of substantial and serious dramas have been recorded, such as Dylan Thomas' *Under Milk Wood*, Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* and *Krapp's Last Tape*, T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*, Archibald MacLeish's *J.B.*, Brendan Behan's *The Quare Fella*, and others. But few, if any, of these qualify as commercial theater, or typify the fare offered by most theatrical box offices today.

Now Columbia Records has undertaken to add a new dimension, and possibly a new direction, to spoken-word recording, with the release of Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, the most controversial drama of the 1962-1963 season, and with the long-range project of recording nothing less than the complete plays of Eugene O'Neill.

No one, Columbia least of all, ex-

pects *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* to approach *My Fair Lady* or *South Pacific* in sales volume. Still, Goddard Lieberson, Columbia's imaginative and adventurous president, feels it will pull customers into record shops just as it does into theaters. To aid the process, he has specially priced the four-record set at \$17 for stereo (DOS-687) and at \$15 for monaural (DOL-287) — approximately as much, he calculates, as the cost of two good orchestra seats.

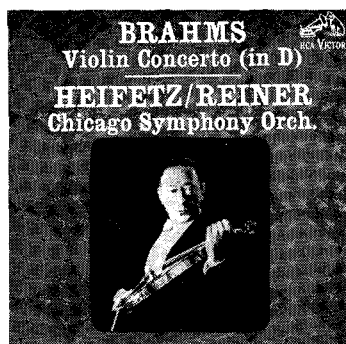
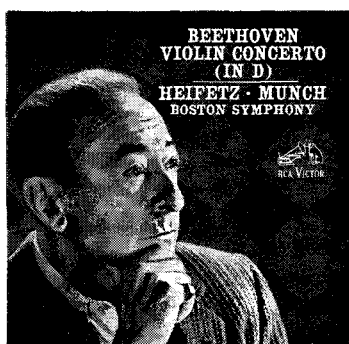
"There is a great record market in schools and colleges," Lieberson says, "and we expect to do well there. Actually, you can't record just any play — it has to be a play that you can shut your eyes to and still receive satisfaction. We certainly think *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* is such a play."

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? runs a solid three hours in the recording, but it amply sustains the listener's interest and involves his emotions. Its opening words set a pace and tone that continue almost unbroken through the play — a drunken woman comes home from a party and exclaims, "Jesus H. Christ!" (One wonders what Edison would have thought of *that* for an opener!) Undoubtedly much of the engrossing quality of the play stems from the excellence of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, Melinda Dillon, and George Grizzard — the entire cast of this four-character drama. They depict vividly a pair of college faculty couples come together for a post-party nightcap that quickly finds them baring their disappointments, frustrations, and conflicts to one another, sometimes deliberately, more often inadvertently. It is the battle of the sexes fought out in words and ideas, and it is no less brutal or savage for being waged with intellectual rather than physical weapons. *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* on records, as in the theater, is by turns comic and nasty, credible and exaggerated, vulgar and poetic, and it remains an absorbing experience right to its bitter end. In fact, the only question it raises as a recording is how many times a listener may wish to subject himself to its searing exposure of four human souls. In any event, it's the ideal album to put on in case a college professor and his wife drop in for a nightcap on their way home from a faculty party.

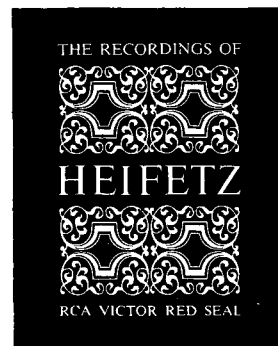
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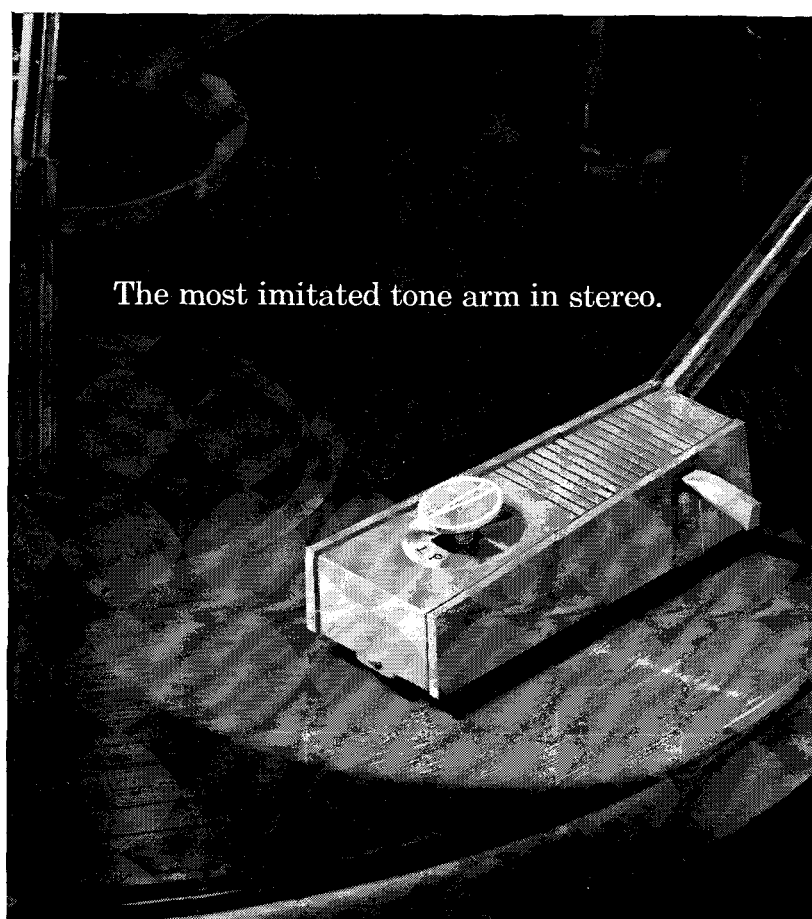


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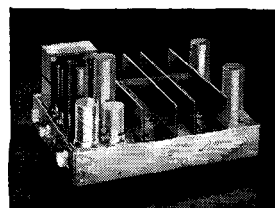
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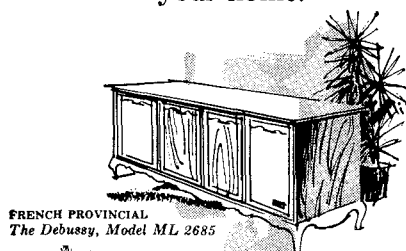
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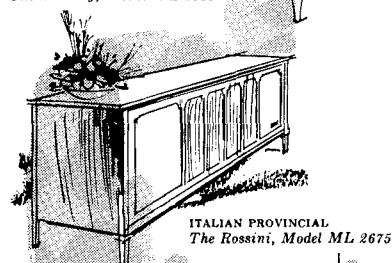
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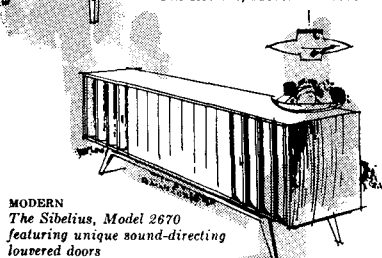
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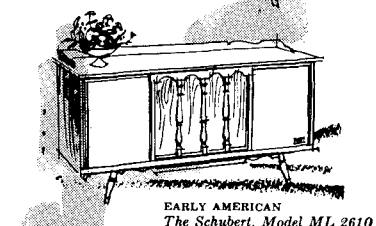
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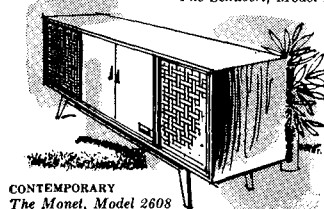
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on its own part and skepticism from rivals. The doubters in the industry point to the sheer size of the project. O'Neill wrote more than forty plays, and even if four were recorded yearly — a rather high rate — the task would take ten years. Besides, grandiose record projects have a way of going astray: back in 1956 Epic Records, a Columbia affiliate, announced a plan to record the complete works of Mozart to commemorate the two-hundredth anniversary of his birth. At its current rate of production the project may still be under way when the three-hundredth rolls around.

Nevertheless, Columbia has already completed *Strange Interlude* and is making plans for others in the series, which will be directed by José Quintero. Says Mr. Lieberman: "It certainly is our intention to record the complete works of O'Neill. He is the most important American dramatist and one who really has to be done in America. But there's an audience for him abroad too; everybody has heard of *The Emperor Jones*, *The Hairy Ape*, *The Iceman Cometh*, and the others. We're applying all the modern benefits of sound and stereo, such as using lapel mikes to indicate the 'interior voices' — the asides — in *Strange Interlude*. We think interest in recorded modern drama is growing, and that it is beginning to reach beyond the urban centers which are the only ones that have the chance to see live stage performances."

Columbia has also recorded a curious show called *Brecht on Brecht*, a spoken and sung anthology of the plays, poems, and lyrics of the late Bertolt Brecht, assembled by George Tabori and presented by a cast including Dane Clark, Anne Jackson, Viveca Lindfors, George Voskovec, Michael Wager, and Lotte Lenya (02S-203, stereo; 02L-278, monaural: two records).

Brecht is currently undergoing a revival of interest in America, and *Brecht on Brecht* sets forth the work of his probing, skeptical, and sometimes cynical mind in his own artfully chosen words. Indeed, his actual voice is among those heard on the recording, speaking in response to the questions of a congressional investigating committee that deemed it necessary to inquire into his possible Communist affiliations. Brecht, as Lotte Lenya once pointed out, was essentially a poet who felt keenly the absence of his native tongue

during his exile from Hitler's Germany. But in *Brecht on Brecht* his ideas come through pointedly in translated form, although the use of excerpts and extracts sometimes robs them of continuity and a sense of climax. The most powerful moments are provided by several sets of Brechtian lyrics with music by the late Kurt Weill. It is in such numbers as "The Solomon Song," set to a liltily insolent tune and sung with sophisticated artlessness by Weill's widow, Lotte Lenya, that Brecht's genius seems to flash at its ironic brightest.

A new company called Calliope Records, with headquarters at 53 Pinckney Street in Boston, has entered the spoken-word field with four releases devoted to American novelists and short-story writers reading from their own works. Calliope's records themselves are almost as intriguing as their contents, for they are junior-sized discs, revolving at 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ rpm but measuring only seven inches across and offering a maximum playing time of eighteen minutes. They are priced at \$1.95.

The seven-inch LP record has won something of a place in Europe, but it has never established itself in the United States, although Columbia experimented with it briefly some fifteen years ago. Calliope regards its diminutive records as "the companion to the quality paperback book," and believes that eighteen minutes' reading time is sufficient to present a self-sustaining excerpt from a longer work and to display an author's interpretive insights into his own books.

The four writers represented in Calliope's first releases are James Baldwin with *Giovanni's Room* (CAL-11), William Styron with *Lie Down in Darkness* (CAL-12), Bernard Malamud with "The Mourners," a story from *The Magic Barrel* (CAL-13), and Philip Roth with *Letting Go* (CAL-14). All four authors are adept and assured in their reading, bringing illumination and sharpness to the characters and situations they describe. Roth and Malamud in particular have not only a talent for writing dialogue but a knack for acting it out — foreign accents not excepted.

Naturally, there is a vast difference between the scenes and situations represented by the four records — Mr. Baldwin's almost clinical report on the homosexual awakening

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of a young boy after a day at the beach; Mr. Styron's touching account of a deformed and retarded girl's discovery of human affection in the person of a compassionate workman; Mr. Malamud's symbolical description of a senseless and unnecessary eviction in an East Side New York tenement; and Mr. Roth's graphic dialogue between two lonely and conniving old men in a shabby rooming house.

For all their variation in subject and style, the four records share a certain grim and lugubrious approach to the lives they describe. Even their humor, such as Mr. Roth's description of the two rooming-house *schnorrers*, Levy and Korngold, devising schemes to extract a few dollars from someone, is more sardonic than comical. In fact, listening to the woe, pathos, and wretchedness embodied in these four literary recordings, one is tempted to observe that Calliope Records could very easily have been labeled Calamity Records. However, the next batch of authors promised for early release by this new and venturesome company includes James Jones, John Knowles, John Updike, Archibald MacLeish, Howard Fast, C. Northcote Parkinson, Peter Ustinov, and Alastair Reid. One or two of these names, at least, suggest that some of Calliope's future sounds may be a bit more cheerful.

Record Reviews

Bach: Concerto in D Minor for Violin, Oboe, and Strings

Vivaldi: Concerto in B Minor, Opus 3, No. 10, for Four Violins and Orchestra
Handel: Concertos for Oboe and Orchestra Nos. 1 in B-flat, 2 in B-flat, and 3 in G Minor

Yehudi Menuhin directing Bath Festival Chamber Orchestra, with Robert Masters, Eli Goren, Sydney Humphreys, and Yehudi Menuhin, violinists, and Leon Goossens, oboist; Angel S-36103 (stereo) and 36103

Musical experts have long held the opinion that Bach's Concerto in D Minor for Two Harpsichords and Strings (BWV-1060) was composed originally for violin and oboe, and that this version was subsequently lost. Yehudi Menuhin and Leon Goossens make the scholars look good by playing it in a conjectural

violin-oboe arrangement that has the sound and sheen of the authentic article. The result is a lively and convincing presentation of a familiar work in a new guise. Vivaldi's four-violin concerto, one of the most likable pieces in the collection known as "*L'Estro Armonico*," gets a lusty performance from a quartet of fiddlers headed by Mr. Menuhin; and the engaging Handel works are set forth by Mr. Goossens with skill and enthusiasm.

Beethoven: The Complete Piano Concertos

Artur Schnabel, pianist, with London Symphony Orchestra and Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent, Issay Dobrowen, and Alceo Galliera; Angel COLH 1/5: five records (monaural only)

Artur Schnabel, who died in 1951 secure in his reputation as a musician among pianists and the foremost Beethoven interpreter of his time, made the first of these recordings (the Concerto No. 1 in C) in 1932 and the other four in 1946 and 1947. Some Schnabel devotees may prefer his recordings of the Concertos Nos. 4 and 5 in the 1930s with Frederick Stock and the Chicago Symphony. But this is a testament of what can only be described as musical nobility, worthy to stand with the previous thirteen-record release (by RCA Victor) of the thirty-two piano sonatas. The sound of the concerto records is somewhat disappointing. Many other 1946 and 1947 releases had greater depth and liveliness than these.

Lortzing: "Zar und Zimmermann"; "Der Waffenschmied" (highlights)

Peter Ronnefeld conducting Vienna Volksoper Orchestra and State Opera Chorus, with Hilde Gueden, soprano; Eberhard Wächter, baritone; Oskar Czerwenka, bass; and Waldemar Kmentt, tenor; London OS-25768 (stereo) and 5768

Surveys of operatic audience preferences in Germany invariably reflect a strong popular taste for the works of Albert Lortzing (1801-1851), especially for his "*Zar und Zimmermann*" ("Czar and Carpenter"), a narrative of Peter the Great's sojourn in Holland during his study of foreign shipbuilding methods. Lortzing's music, engaging, skillful, and cut into neat patterns, most of the time sounds like watered-down Mozart or Rossini. Listening to it in these cheerfully sung performances

— excerpts from a second opera, “*Der Waffenschmied*” (“The Armorer”) are also included — one understands why these pleasant tunes have made Lortzing so popular in his native land, and also why their lack of any particular substance or originality has left them totally unplayed elsewhere.

The Art of the Prima Ballerina

Richard Bonyngé conducting London Symphony Orchestra; London CSA-2213 (stereo) and CMA-7213: two records

There is no lack of ballet records in the catalogue, but this album attempts to introduce two novel elements — the historical approach and the use of thoroughly balletic tempos. In other words, this is a dancer's recording far more than a composer's. It succeeds admirably, too, for Richard Bonyngé's tempos, which often seem flaccid and laggard when he is conducting accompaniments for his wife, Joan Sutherland, have the right quality of relaxation and elasticity for such pleasant diversions as Adam's *Giselle*, Donizetti's *La Favorita* ballet music, and several Tchaikovsky excerpts. Even more attractive than these are the selections from seldom-heard works by Drigo and Lovenskjold and especially by Leon Minkus, a Viennaborn Pole who was ballet composer for the Russian Imperial Court in the second half of the nineteenth century and who knew how to turn out scores that were not only danceable but highly agreeable to the listener sitting one out.

The Ballad of Robin Hood

Read and sung by Anthony Quayle; Caedmon TC-1177

This might be described as a superior children's record, were it not that the phrase is too limiting. Actually, it's a superior record by any standards, recounting the tale of Robin Hood in story and song. Anthony Quayle is renowned as an actor, but here he demonstrates that he is a pleasantly accomplished singer, too, swinging effortlessly between sung and recited ballads of Robin, with lute accompaniment by Desmond Dupré. Nearly all of Sherwood Forest's lusty and leafy occupants are here — Little John, Maid Marian, Friar Tuck, Allan-a-Dale, and even the treacherous nun of Kirklees, who bled poor Robin to death. Whether he is impersonating a dashing outlaw or a pompous bishop, in song or

in story, Mr. Quayle is a constant delight.

Emily Dickinson's Letters: A Reminiscence by Thomas Wentworth Higginson from the Atlantic Monthly, October, 1891

Read by Samuel Charters; Folkways FL-9753 (monaural)

Thomas Wentworth Higginson was a New England literary figure with whom Emily Dickinson corresponded for many years, sometimes enclosing poems for his examination. He lent her encouragement and sympathy, although he was unable to help her achieve publication during her lifetime. In 1891, a year after her first book of verse was printed posthumously, with an introduction by him, Higginson wrote an article for the *Atlantic Monthly*, recounting his correspondence with the poet. Emily Dickinson's letters, like her poetry, were filled with unexpected turns of language and fresh, spontaneous thought, and Higginson's article set them in a sympathetic and sensitive framework. As read aloud by Mr. Charters, the letters, poems, and the article itself blend into a credible word portrait not only of the strange poet, but of her family background and literary epoch. The printed text of the article is provided, along with a critical introduction by Mr. Charters.

Songs of the Auvergne, Volume 2

Netania Davrath, soprano, with an orchestra conducted by Pierre de la Roche; Vanguard VSD-2132 (stereo) and VRS-9120

Few sets of folk tunes are as distinctive or as haunting as the “Songs of the Auvergne,” first recorded, in the beautiful and simple arrangements of Joseph Canteloube, by Madeleine Grey in the 1930s. In the modern era Netania Davrath, whose voice has the freshness of a clear mountain stream, has succeeded Miss Grey as their matchless interpreter. This is her second volume; most of the more familiar songs were included in the first. But there are a few fine ones left, such as “L'Antouéno,” a cheerful pastoral tune which opens the record. To discover the “Songs of the Auvergne” is a musical thrill, and the discovery should properly begin with Volume 1. For those who have already done so, Volume 2 provides a logical progression and a sustained pleasure.

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The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

PRESIDENTS when Presidents are still entitled to their pastimes. The most athletic of them all in our century was Teddy Roosevelt, who played tennis, rode daily in Rock Creek Park, fished, and hunted big game. TR, like JFK, was also a swift and omnivorous reader. William Howard Taft was a Gargantua on the golf links, and, while playing the Kebo Valley course at Mt. Desert, took twenty-seven shots on the seventeenth hole. Eisenhower left his spike marks on the lower floor of the White House on his way to practice approach shots. Woodrow Wilson was a born mimic. He loved going backstage at Keith's in Washington, and in 1917 had Pat Dowling give him a lesson in tap dancing. Harry Truman was the best piano player and the stoutest walker. During the relaxed evenings of Normalcy, Harding enjoyed his poker parties, as, in a more exacting time, Ike enjoyed his bridge. FDR — and, after him, JFK — forgot his troubles on salt water.

Four in our time were fly fishermen, TR being the most enthusiastic, though probably not the most patient; indeed, he and Mrs. Roosevelt were fishing in the Adirondacks when the news was relayed to him of McKinley's assassination. As a young man, Teddy, on his trips West with his friend Owen Wister, took along buckets of trout and bass fingerlings with which he hoped to stock the Wyoming streams, but the long train ride and the final hot exposure in the buckboard usually ruined the experiment. Calvin Coolidge used the fly rod sparingly, in a stiff collar and with such a dour expression that one can only surmise that he did it for the same reason that he donned that famous Indian headdress — for the sake of the picture. Ike is an able, if not expert, angler; what is more, he insists on cooking his fish wrapped in aluminum foil, to preserve their juiciness. I saw him do it and, I must say, admired the flash of that famous temper when he found that certain waters had been especially stocked and the outlets netted for his coming. "I don't enjoy fishing in a

prison!" he exclaimed. Herbert Hoover has been a lifelong fly fisherman and is, I think, the only one of the four to have published a book about it.

WHY PRESIDENTS FISH

IN *FISHING FOR FUN* (Random House, \$3.95) **HERBERT HOOVER** has pieced together with a needle of humor his meditations on his favorite sport. He got his baptism of worm fishing in the creeks of Iowa, but at the age of ten he was transported to Oregon, where access to the mountain streams and the gift of three artificial flies opened a new vista. Like all honest anglers, he learned to fish anywhere for anything, and although one soon gathers that his preference is for trout, he has shrewd things to say about bonefish, stuffed fish, and the Atlantic salmon, which, with Quaker exaggeration, he says you kill at an average cost of \$1000 each. He is quite aware of what the automobile has done to depopulate the streams, yet he still holds that each fisherman ought "by rights" to catch at least fifty fish during the season, not counting salmon. His advice on pollution, which he published in the *Atlantic* while Secretary of Commerce, is far-reaching and sensible. He would make a survey of all our streams and then divide them into three categories: in the first he would place all those which have not yet been polluted and which should be given protection against the infiltration of industry; in the second he would place all streams which have been industrialized and polluted to the finish; and in the third those streams now partially polluted which by systematic treatment could be restored to life.

"That Presidents have taken to fishing," writes Mr. Hoover, "seems to me worthy of investigation. I think I have discovered the reason: it is the silent sport. . . . Next to prayer, fishing is the most personal relationship of man; and of more importance, everyone concedes that the fish will not bite in the presence of the public, including

take a wondrous and illuminating journey through time ... into the world of the past



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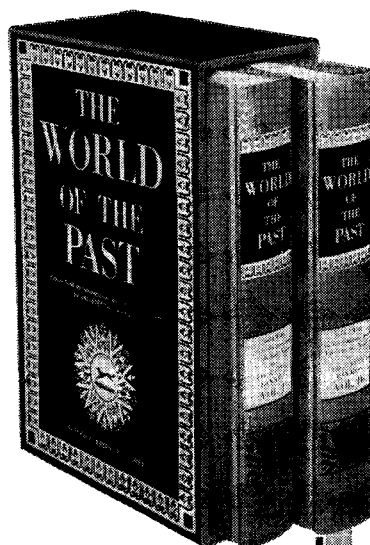
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newspapermen. Fishing seems to be one of the few avenues left to Presidents through which they may escape to their own thoughts . . . find relief from the pneumatic hammer of constant personal contacts, and refreshment of mind in rippling water." In support of this philosophy, Mr. Hoover retells President Cleveland's story about how Daniel Webster composed his famous oration for the dedication of the Bunker Hill Monument while wading waist-deep in the Mashapee. The speech was to be addressed to the survivors of the Revolution. Mr. Webster's guide could not understand why the great man was missing his fish until he heard the organ voice roll forth with "Venerable Men —" Mr. Webster, added the guide, was in the habit of addressing "mighty strong and fine talk to the fish." An attractive little volume which even a Democrat could enjoy for Christmas, this has been edited by William Nichols, with excellent illustrations by Bill Hofmann.

THE BEEHIVE

A relic of Edwardian London, the May of Teck Club was an endowed and capacious mansion, obliquely opposite the Albert Memorial and somewhat severely dedicated to "the Pecuniary Convenience and Social Protection of Ladies of Slender Means below the age of Thirty Years, who are obliged to reside apart from their Families." So read the first article of its constitution, and by the spring of 1945 there were some forty of these ladies in residence, of all ages — for the war had abolished that limitation — "protected" by a strident, gray-haired warden who "drove a car as she would have driven a man had she possessed one." This beehive, with its food coupons and lean diet; its ecclesiastical feuds between the daughters of High and Low churchmen; its war romances and the more immediate lovemaking on the roof, which only the slimmest could reach by squirming through the skylight — this beehive, whose genteel poverty is symbolized by the one Schiaparelli dress swapped about by the decorous members, is the centerpiece MURIEL SPARK describes with such delightful satire in her clever novel *THE GIRLS OF SLENDER MEANS* (Knopf, \$3.95).

Miss Spark handles a group picture with cool and consummate skill, and in this one she directs our attention to Greggie, the most attractive of the spinsters; to Joanna, who teaches elocution ("she recites from memory") and whose incantations supply a background chorus to whatever is going on in the Club; to fat Jane, who works for a publisher and yearns to be loved; and to tall, beautiful Selina, who is "liable to provoke possessiveness," and very willing, provided the gent is gay and dances well. The story is touched off by the

murder of one of Selina's lovers years later, and Miss Spark weaves it now in reminiscence, now in direct action, now in forecast. The defects are inherent in her method: the repetitions — Joanna's overheard recitations grow noticeably tedious; the caricatures which must serve for the lesser members of the cast, such as the mad Pauline; and, more serious, the contrived ending. As is the case with most English novelists, her parody of American talk misses by a mile.

THE SNAKE LOVER

When Hamish Hamilton, the English publisher, and his wife were in Kenya, they met and were spellbound by a white hunter, an alumnus of Rugby and Sandhurst who has lived for more than half his life in Tanganyika, and who now, in retirement, is no longer a killer but a collector of live and deadly snakes. This singular being goes by the name of Ionides, and to record his story Mr. Hamilton persuaded MARGARET LANE, the biographer and author of *The Brontë Story*, to talk to the hunter when he came to London for medical treatment two years ago. "In his threadbare clothes and aura of strangeness, with blue eyes warningly alert in his emaciated face, talking of snakes and solitude," he was the epitome of an African convert. His invitation to come out and see for herself led in time to Miss Lane's *LIFE WITH IONIDES* (Viking, \$5.00), the portrayal of a scarred and independent naturalist and of the adventures which brought him at last under the hypnotic spell of the most wondrous snakes (he has captured more than a thousand of them alive), and them into the safe custody of his hands.

Ionides was a lawbreaker from the start, and the chicken stealing and game poaching which all but led to his expulsion from Rugby, the sawed-off shotgun with which he bagged his prey, and the knickerbockers into which he stuffed the dead quail or pheasant were merely a prelude to his profitable enterprise as an ivory poacher and elephant killer in East Africa. Eventually he was appointed Game Ranger in Tanganyika and took to pursuing other poachers as zestfully as he had once pursued the elephant. Then the lust for killing wore itself out, and on his retirement in 1956 he perfected the art of capturing alive the most beautiful and the most vicious of the great snakes, the black and green mambas, the black and white cobras and the spitting cobras, the gaboon vipers and boomslangs. An avid reader of history, a conversationalist and an eager listener, Ionides was ripe for the plucking when Miss Lane came to his bachelor quarters on the bank of the escarpment. When better eccentrics are needed, the British will devise them; for the moment, Ionides is cer-

The Peripatetic Advertiser

Why does the inveterate browser buy? Because, regardless of colorful jacket or publisher's hopeful provocation, a sampling of the book itself proves irresistible.



Apart from those who have come to the bookstore primarily to buy the latest Louis Auchincloss book, **Powers of Attorney**, there will be those converted by the opening page: *When Clitus Tilney heard Tower, Tilney & Webb criticized as a "law factory" and its opinions described as "assembly line products," it did not bother him in the least. He knew the fashion among lawyers to affect an aversion to administrative detail, to boast that their own firms were totally disorganized, that they practiced law in a bookish, informal atmosphere, suggestive of Victorian lithographs of county solicitors seated at rolltop desks and listening with wise smiles to the problems of youth and beauty.* (\$4.50)

The wary buyer may approach a second book by that rare bird, the successful first novelist, with a reserved judgement. Here are two, however, for the coolest eye: **Black Cloud, White Cloud** by Ellen Douglas, who won the joint Esquire and Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Award last year with *A Family's Affairs*. Her new book is a warm, subtle and compassionate exploration of the relationship of two races in a land that has so much to be forgotten and to be learned. *But a strange thing happened recently. I woke up one night from a nightmare about Jesse. I couldn't remember anything about it except that it had been long and confused, with a great many people in it, and Jesse wandering in and out, a child no older than Ralph, but skinny instead of stocky as Ralph is, and having not a child's head on his shoulders, but the long, seamed face and high, domed forehead of his old age. I was choking with anxiety when I woke up, and two sentences kept repeating themselves over and over in my mind until to exorcise them and sleep again, I turned on the light and wrote them in the margin of a magazine on my night*



table. When I got up the next morning, I could not remember what I had written or why, in the night, it had seemed so important. I picked up the magazine and read, "There are those of us who are willing to say, 'I am guilty,' but who is to absolve us? And do we expect by our confession miraculously to relieve the suffering of the innocent?" I had written first, "Do we expect to escape the suffering of the innocent?" but I had scratched

through escape and written relieve. I read the sentences over several times, but they did not dispel the anxiety I still felt. I remembered then the reason I had written them. I had thought in the night that if I could remember those words, I would understand everything. But the words were only questions. It wouldn't have mattered if I had forgotten. (\$4.00)



Reviewers of her second novel, **The Marquis**, compare Joan Sanders to Stendhal, Zoe Oldenbourg, and Mary Renault. This is the age of Louis XIV: *The coach with its galloping outriders burst through the May wood like a fanfare. The matched white horses wore apple-green ribbons braided in their manes and tails and the coach was blazoned with the arms of Monsieur and festooned with billowing swags of green velvet sprinkled all over with silver fleur-de-lys. It might have been Titania's equipage. As it came up the hill towards us, slowing at the steepness of the grade, a girl's arm came out the window, hailing — not us, but summer, maybe. — caught a low-hanging bough and stripped a handful of leaves. Just so were all her acts of destruction done, large or small, with an indolent grace.* (\$4.95)

From the non-fiction table, a rousing call to battle. For Jacobite and anti-Jacobite alike, **Henry James and the Jacobites** by the distinguished critic Maxwell Geismar will provide memorably lively reading: *The great writers start first of all from self-knowledge, while James reveled in self-ignorance — which he then proclaimed and codified as "universal law."* But how can a writer who is not 'great,' or 'major,' or even 'important' in any important sense; or perhaps even relevant in the long workings of time for the majority of the human race — since James's version of life was so singular, his experience so limited, his sensibilities so restrained; how can such a writer, finally, still remain so interesting? *I have no intention here of "destroying," or even "debunking" Henry James himself — that would be too easy, in a sense, and too cheap. When the present Jacobite cult has vanished from our literary scene (and no loss) James himself will remain as a remarkable phenomenon. Remarkable just because he is a phenomenon never before glimpsed on literary land or sea; and probably never to appear again. Henry James is indeed the most singular curiosity in the whole wide reach of literary history.* (\$7.00)



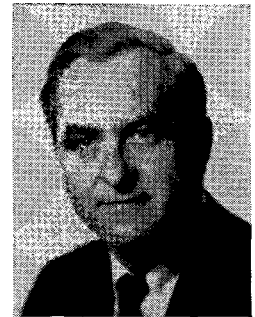
Houghton Mifflin Company, Publishers

tainly one of the most fascinating to be found anywhere. No more colorful travel book has been written this year, and it is to Margaret Lane's lasting credit that she has caught the audacity of Ionides' mind, the peculiar rhythm of his speech, the smell of danger — as when she tells of his capturing a viper or of being trampled by an elephant — and, strange as it may sound, the asceticism of his extraordinary career. Seeing him through her eyes is a treat.

THE OFFICER CASTE

It can be argued, although not palatably in London, that the best writing in England today is coming from the colonials: certainly the Africans Alan Paton, Nadine Gordimer, Dan Jacobson, and Gwyn Griffin; the Australians Alan Moorehead and Patrick White; and the Anglo-Indian John Masters are a seven hard to beat. Welsh as his name sounds, GWYN GRIFFIN was born in Africa and was working as a cotton planter in the Sudan before entering war service, first as cipher officer to Major (later General) Wingate and then as captain of his own company of British African colonial troops. Colonials since the days of George Washington have always been snotted by the British Regular; whatever his provocation, Mr. Griffin, in his tense short novel *A SIGNIFICANT EXPERIENCE* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$3.00), has written as stinging an indictment of the outmoded traditions of the officer caste as I have read since C. S. Forester's ironic story of Flanders, *The General*. This is a masculine and moving piece of prose.

The novel is laid in an officers' training camp in Egypt, presumably in 1942; here under the broiling sun a thousand cadets and N.C.O.'s are sweating out the drills and assault tactics that will fit them for their commissions. The youngest among them, not yet eighteen, is from Syria — Van der Haar, wanted by Intelligence for his linguistic ability and sent here to go through the motions of four months' training. The boy can do nothing right, and the fact that he is slim, good-looking, and French-schooled only makes his case worse. Since he can still be classified as "a boy" by army regulation he can be caned, that relic of flogging respected by Sandhurst, and his officers concur — the commandant because he is indolent and contemptuous; Captain Lutwyche because he has made advances which have been repelled; Lieutenant Hood because of the beatings he had taken at school. Major Seligman, not of the Guards and the only one to have seen action and been wounded, is made to do the dirty work, and it is his indignation which stirs ours. Beautifully controlled, without an unnecessary word, this is the work of a highly competent narrator.



Reader's Choice

BY WILLIAM BARRETT

In *THE AMERICANS* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$6.95) OSCAR HANDLIN recounts the history of this nation from its beginnings to the present with such simplicity and ease that he may hide from some readers the bold originality of his accomplishment. Historians usually prefer the convenience of specialization; and their texts, accordingly, fall into the neat pigeonholes of political, social, economic, or cultural histories. Professor Handlin, however, has chosen to cut across these compartments; he presents American history as the story of the American people as they have met the varied challenges of daily life, of politics, economics, and culture. The final historical truth, after all, lies in the people, both eminent and ordinary, who make history.

This project is a difficult one — the stage is broad, and the action is of great sweep; but Professor Handlin has brought it off with compelling success. Only a scholar with his grasp of so many different fields could move easily from a political or diplomatic intricacy to a humble item of popular culture or to a revealing comment on a novel by Hemingway or Nathanael West. Suppressing the scholarly apparatus of footnotes, documentation, and factual catalogues, he has produced an immensely readable and engrossing narrative. At the same time, the book is one of the most comprehensive and illuminating essays on the national character that has yet appeared.

Almost from the beginning, it seems, the American has had a sense of himself as a "new man," a member of the human community very different from his European forebears. Uprooted from the traditional and settled life of Europe, Americans were exposed to new conditions in an unknown continent that demanded constant adaptation and improvisation. Even domestic institutions like the home and family had to meet new stresses in the wilderness or on the frontier and became transformed from what they had been in the old country. Most of the settlers, from the earliest days onward, had no direct acquaintance with political power except as victims of it; they had to learn and invent unceasingly in order to forge

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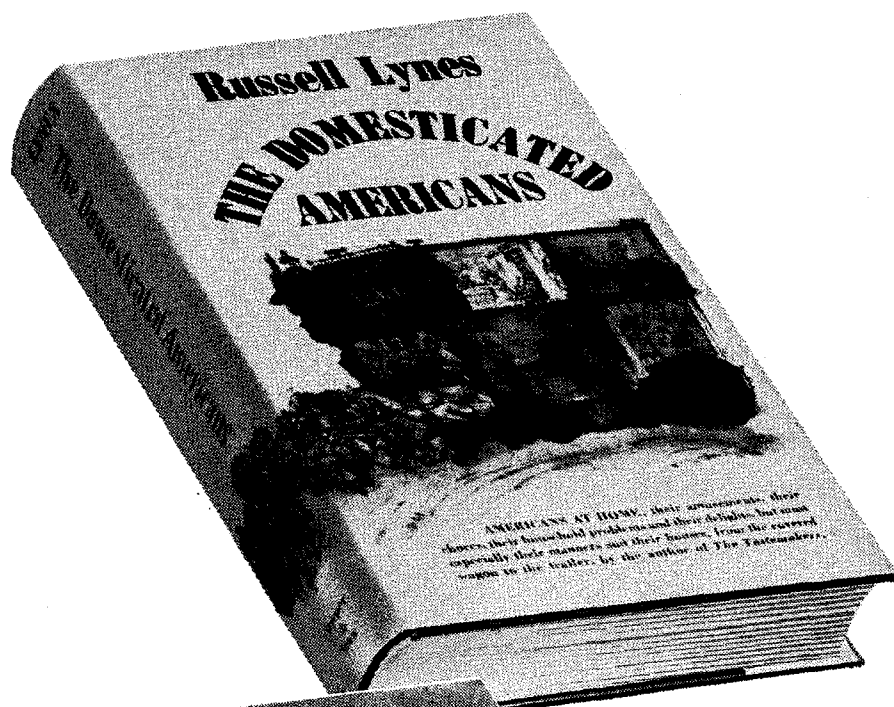
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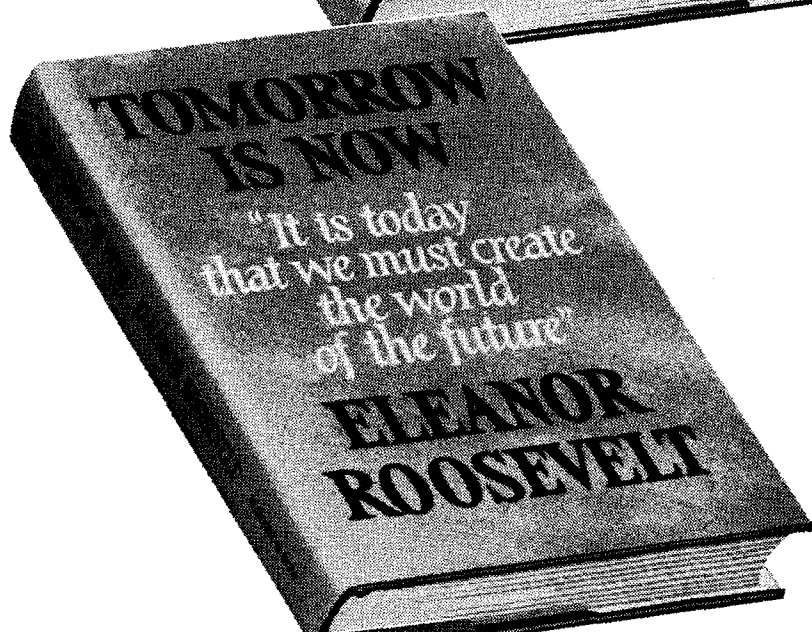
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In **THE DOMESTICATED AMERICANS**, Russell Lynes, author of *The Tastemakers*, tells the story of our countrymen at home — their amusements, their manners, their chores, their household problems and their delights, from the covered wagon to the trailer. “Highly entertaining and a fund of new facts for history.”

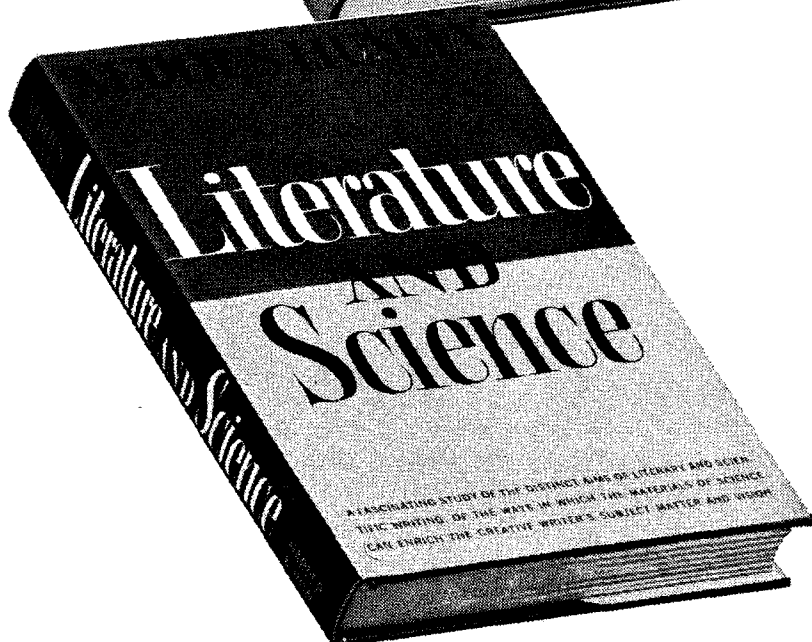
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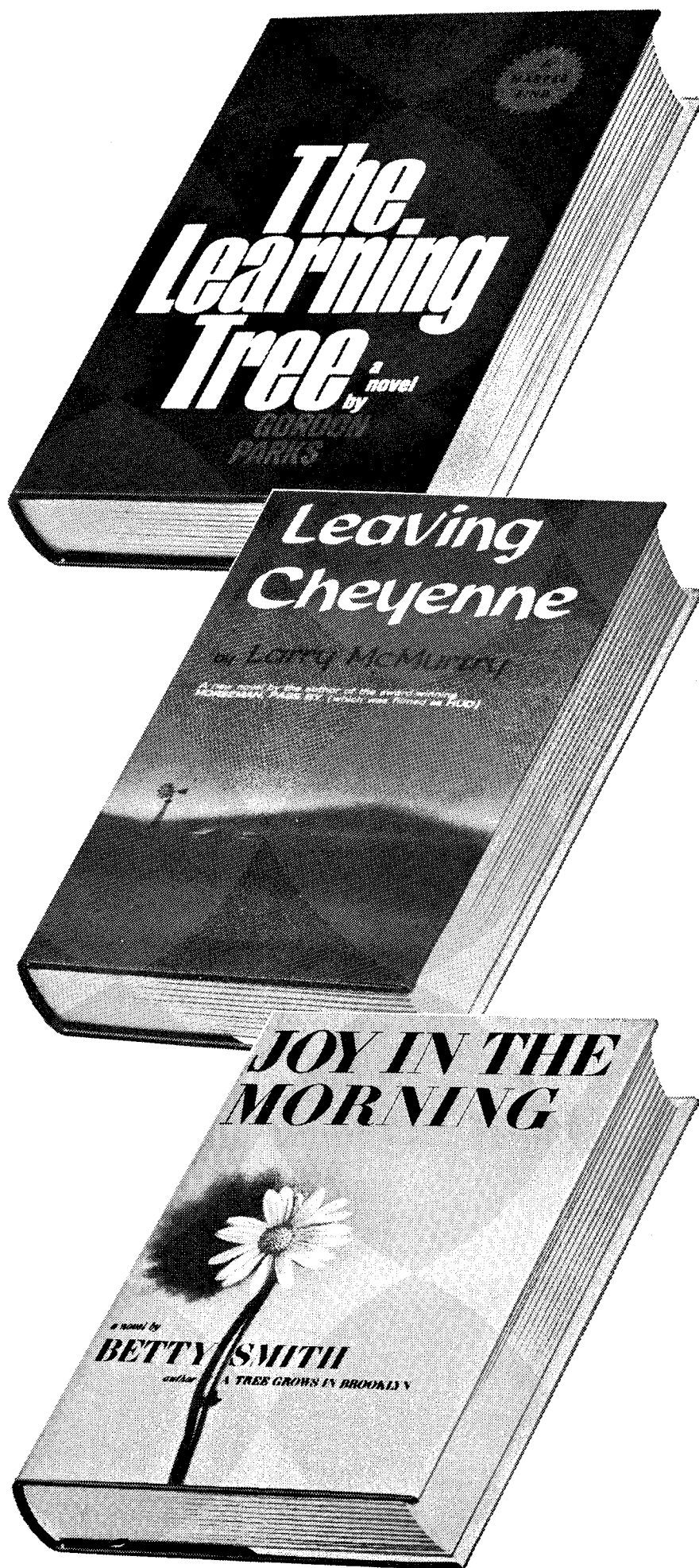
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their own democratic institutions. By the time of the Revolution, many Americans had come to feel that theirs was a new chapter in the history of mankind and one destined to offer a lesson in freedom and idealism to the other peoples of the world.

But if the American has felt himself the heir of all the ages, he has not always been sure where the American experiment was headed. His feeling of difference from the European has not always given him a sense of superiority. Professor Handlin shows that moods of self-doubt and insecurity, far from being a malaise of recent years, have recurred throughout our history. His book strikes a fine balance between our glowing ideals and the more somber realities that have stained our history. Ours, he concludes, has not been an unqualified success story — our history has seen much violence, much injustice, much vulgarity; yet, on the whole, we have created the best environment for freedom. It is the essence of the American adventure that it should always confront a future full of promise as well as of hazard and uncertainty — now, in the 1960s, as well as when the first settlers faced the wilderness. Above everything else, Americans had sought space and the freedom to move in it; now science has brought a new space to our very doorstep, and before it we feel the same challenges and anxieties as at the beginning of our history.

Surveying our history within a much narrower range, **RUSSELL LYNES** in **THE DOMESTICATED AMERICANS** (Harper & Row, \$6.50), a study of American life as it has been reflected in the styles of American houses, comes up with much the same theme of American mobility. Mr. Lynes, though not a professional historian, is an indefatigable student of American manners, and his book is studded with many entertaining facts and curiosities.

Charles Dickens, visiting the United States in 1842, observed that "all the buildings looked as if they had been built and painted that morning and could be taken down on Monday with very little trouble." In England, of course, Dickens had been used to houses inhabited by the same family generation after generation, and even century after century. Americans, on the other hand, were used to being on the move,

and this mobility shaped the styles of their houses. The log cabin, for example, could be built in a few days by a frontiersman skilled with an ax, lived in for a while, and then abandoned as the family trekked further west. The modern Tech-built house can be delivered by truck and assembled within twenty-four hours; it can just as easily be dismantled and carted to a new site if the owner moves on. From log cabin to prefabricated house, Americans have remained locked in the circle of their own mobility.

This thesis is not new, but Mr. Lynes is a clever hand at ornamenting the commonplace with witty detail. It is a relief to learn, for example, that the log cabin was not always a hovel, and that for those Western families who lived in dug-outs and sod huts it could very well have been a symbol of luxurious living rather than of humble origins. One of the more dismal chapters in the history of American housing is the boardinghouse, so dominant an institution during the nineteenth century that three fourths of the population lived in boardinghouses at one time or another. Then, as now, there was a shortage of middle-income housing (the first apartment houses were not built in New York until the 1880s, and even then were highly suspect as an import from the French), so that young married couples — and, indeed, whole families — had to take potluck at the boardinghouse, struggling to outwit despotic landladies and outmaneuver their fellow boarders with elbow and fork at the dinner table.

As the Americans tamed their continent, they in turn became more domesticated. During the latter part of the nineteenth century books on etiquette became best sellers. (They are still among the best sellers, for Americans are still eager frontiersmen in the arts of life.) Mr. Lynes has a field day rummaging among these old etiquette books, whose baroque intricacies seem to have been designed to make social life virtually unbearable.

Mr. Lynes concludes with a lament for the soulless conformity of modern suburban developments. But, judging from the vivid documentation of his own book, we can take more pride than that in the progress of American housing. A Levittown may bruise the spirit, but it does not involve its owner in the

sheer struggle for physical survival. The rigors of the wilderness seem almost nothing beside the ordeals the early Americans suffered in their own homes.

PARTYGOING

ANTHONY POWELL might be described as a novelist's novelist. He is one of that special band of performers, found in the various arts, who succeed by an economy and sophistication of means that are probably best appreciated and envied by their fellow craftsmen. Like a superb mimic, with barely a lift of the eyebrow or flick of the hand he can evoke atmosphere and character that would require much huffing and puffing by a less accomplished artist. In his first novel, *AFTERNOON MEN* (Little, Brown, \$4.00), now made available again for the American public, Mr. Powell makes so much of little that in effect he provides a charming lesson in how to write a successful novel about practically nothing.

As the story opens, Atwater and Pringle are drinking together in their seedy club. The time is afternoon, and they are afternoon men waiting for the world of the evening. Presently they are joined by others, and all move off to a party. At the end, Atwater is seated in the same club, drinking; again, as others arrive, the suggestion is made that they shove off to a party. Between opening and close, there have been parties, more parties, weekends, some shifting liaisons, and on Atwater's part a desultory effort at love. The nearest thing to a climax occurs when Pringle disappears from his country house, leaving a suicide note to upset his weekend guests. Here, too, however, social routine takes over; the weekend must go on, the guests are hungry and really should eat their lunch. When their host reappears the next morning, exhausted but otherwise not much the worse for wear, his mourning guests have already reached the stage of picking him apart in gossip.

Afternoon Men was originally published in England in 1931. In the light of Mr. Powell's later *Music of Time* series, this first novel does not now appear thin. From the outset, his chosen subject matter was the long discontent of English life in the twenty years *entre deux guerres*, and his feckless young men, floating



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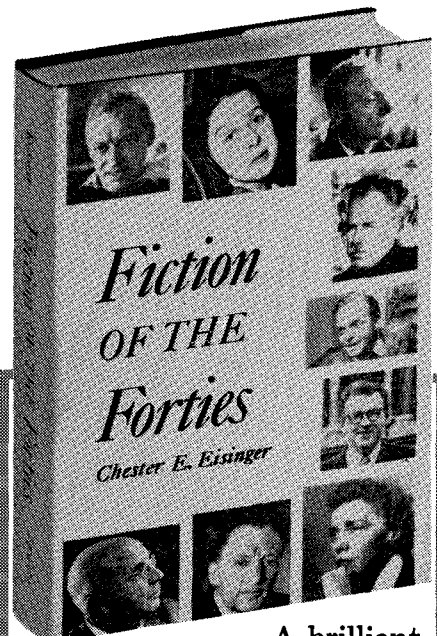
through bohemia or at the fringes of society, were not pointless caricatures but symptoms of a vast ground swell of social change that was to leave England never quite the same again.

DEMONIC SAINT

French literature is usually prized for its qualities of classicism, restraint, and lucidity. Yet, paradoxically, another strain runs through this literature, from Villon and Sade through Baudelaire, that is obsessed with the evil and the monstrous in human life. The latest of these fallen angels of "black literature" (*littérature noire*) is the dramatist Jean Genet. Like Villon, Genet has been a thief and has done time in many jails; he is sexually abnormal like Sade; but, like Baudelaire, he has an unusual sense of formal style, and he has written dramas with the classical touch of Racine, though their subject matter has been more extreme and brutal.

In **SAINT GENET, ACTOR AND MARTYR** (Braziller, \$8.50) the existentialist philosopher **JEAN-PAUL SARTRE** subjects Genet's life and writings to a curiously dramatic form of psychoanalysis that is often more exciting than many a novel. Prolix and unpruned, it is fatiguing to read, but the reader who can wade through its torrent of rhetoric and ideas will find this a brilliant and unorthodox book, crowded with insights that will disturb and illuminate his own thinking.

Genet would be bound to fascinate Sartre since he fits in so well with the latter's ideas. Genet is the outlaw individualist, the existential hero who lives outside the social norms that sustain more ordinary folk. He was a foundling who never knew his own parents and was raised by strangers. The child, lacking an identity, catches fleeting glimpses of it only in the objects he can call his own. He must have more of these, so he begins to steal. One day at the age of ten he is caught, and in the condemning eyes of the adult he is branded as a thief. But that at least gives him some identity; henceforth he will carry on thievery as his personal destiny. At the same time, his feelings of guilt provoke in him a strange craving for saintliness. Thrown among creatures of the underworld, he will take upon himself their sins by committing



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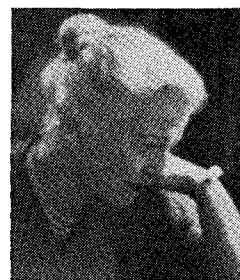
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their crimes. He seems to have become an incurable jailbird; yet somehow, out of this extremity, he begins to write and in time becomes one of the most controversial and celebrated authors of his day.

Genet's case is proof, if any were needed, that the Muse is no respecter of persons. Perhaps never has the seed of literary talent fallen upon a more prickly human soil.

PRESIDENT WITH TWO PROFILES

Do facts ever speak for themselves? This naïve illusion is very neatly demolished by two recent volumes of reportage — **JOHN F. KENNEDY, PRESIDENT** by **HUGH SIDNEY** (Atheneum, \$6.95) and **J.F.K.: THE MAN AND THE MYTH** by **VICTOR LASKY** (Macmillan, \$7.95) — which show clearly that management of the news is just as much a preoccupation of presidential reporters as of Presidents. Offering themselves as baldly factual, the two books give such dissimilar portraits of their subject that one wonders at times whether they are talking about the same President. Mr. Sidney is a personal, though not necessarily political, partisan of his subject. He has been covering Mr. Kennedy since 1958, and he obviously has a warm feeling toward the President, though his admiration is not in the least adulatory. Mr. Lasky's tone, on the other hand, varies only between a growl and a snarl, and he approaches his subject with the resolute tread of a man clubbing a rabbit. It is not clear what political convictions motivate his assault, since he is willing to quote any and all sources — Eleanor Roosevelt as well as Barry Goldwater — that might throw some doubt upon the President and his abilities.

Mr. Sidney is so close to the White House entourage that his reporting has the quality of things seen at first-hand. However, there are no dazzling scoops; most of what he says has long been in the public domain through the media of newspapers and television. When he does venture into a bit of inside reporting, as in reconstructing a fragmentary version of the private conversation of Kennedy and Khrushchev at their Vienna meeting, one can only wonder how far this allegedly factual reporter is letting his imagination roam.

Since 1960, Mr. Sidney has been



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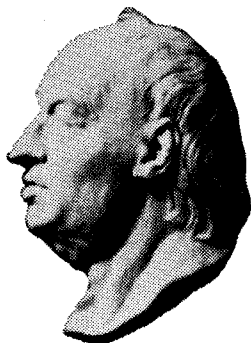
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the White House correspondent for *Time* magazine. During that period he has written millions of words of background material on the President. But if what he gives us here is typical of the copy he sent to *Time*, one can only wonder at the miracle of transformation that takes place in the editorial offices of that magazine. Since *Time* does not present itself as a journal of opinion, it is clear that factual reporting, so-called, is a very complex business. One would have expected Mr. Lasky, rather, to be shoveling the crude ore into *Time's* furnace for refinement.

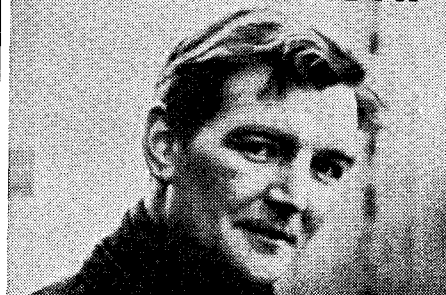
Mr. Lasky does not seem to have any firsthand contacts for information, but as compensation for this lack he offers us a long list — thirty-seven pages in double columns and fine print — of sources in newspaper and magazine articles. The only trouble is that most of these sources turn out to be citations of other people's opinions. Even where his facts are not in question, they are given a curious coloring. Facts gain their significance in relation to other facts, and Mr. Lasky has a habit of offering altogether unrelated facts as if they concealed some very ominous meaning. To Mr. Lasky, for example, it seems no accident that the President's proposal for a Department of Urban Affairs was defeated in the Senate on the same day John Glenn was orbiting the earth; and he gloats over this "simple contrast" between the astronaut's heroism and the villainous White House politicking.

Once a valuable reporter, Mr. Lasky has become, since the decline of Senator McCarthy, an embittered and politically disoriented man. The result is that what might have been a useful critique of the Kennedys and their Administration turns into the exhibition of a wild man swinging from all directions and ultimately defeats his own purpose.

TARNISHED HEROES

In 1919 the Chicago White Sox — or, rather, eight of them — threw the World Series to the Cincinnati Reds. Organized baseball never has had a more sordid scandal, yet the whole episode had so much human drama that it was able to enrich the popular language with two imperishable items: "Say it ain't so, Joe," a small boy's plea for reassurance from the great outfielder "Shoeless

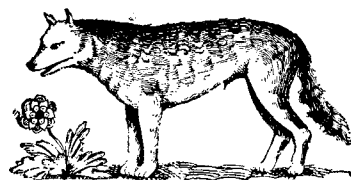
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Joe" Jackson; and the reflective lament of Buck Weaver, White Sox third baseman, "I did it for the wife and kiddies." Though the Black Sox scandal is colorful, pathetic, and daffy enough to make a minor saga, no book had been written about it because the facts were too tangled and confused. In **EIGHT MEN OUT** (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$4.95) **ELIOT ASINOF** attempts a brave and stubborn reconstruction of all the pieces in the plot. If his writing is sometimes clumsy and his attempts to build suspense heavy-handed, he has nevertheless a dogged sense of characterization, and having once been a minor leaguer himself, he paints his ballplayers understandingly.

The White Sox, a great team, were expected to demolish the Reds easily. But as the Series drew closer, the odds fell rapidly, and the rumor of a fix was in the air. In fact, the players had been approached by gamblers months before and had agreed to lose for ten thousand dollars apiece. Arnold Rothstein, the most fabulous gambler of the period, was almost certainly behind the plot, but even now nothing can be proved conclusively, so inept were the legal investigations. It is amazing that while newspaper reporters, innocent teammates, and even many spectators sensed that something very strange was going on, no action was taken by any authority. This was the beginning of a freewheeling and slaphappy post-war period that would not come to an end until the Crash of 1929.

A full year later, a Chicago grand jury, after sifting the evidence, was able to obtain two confessions and an indictment. However, the long arm of Arnold Rothstein reached into the sheriff's office, and the signed confessions had disappeared by the time the players came to trial. They were acquitted, though there has never been any doubt of their guilt. The jury that brought in the acquittal had already begun the canonization of the Black Sox as heroes in that peculiarly American realm of folklore occupied by such beloved outlaws as Jesse James, Billy the Kid, and the Bass brothers. If they were a little greedy for the almighty dollar, what harm was there in that? They were just simple children of nature, victimized by gamblers. And the gamblers were never even brought to trial.

Does The Bible **CONTRADICT** Itself?

You might think so, from the variety of meanings people take from it today.

Divorce and remarriage, for example, is widely prevalent among Christians. And some try to justify it by Holy Scripture. Yet Jesus said: "What God has joined together let no man put asunder" (Mark 10:2-12). And St. Paul tells us: "For the married woman is bound by law while her husband is alive ... that a wife is not to depart from her husband; and if she departs she is to remain unmarried ..." (Rom. 7:2-3).

Confession to a priest is scoffed at by many Christians. "We confess our sins to God," they say. But if Jesus wanted us to confess directly and privately to God, why did He say to the Apostles: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whose sins ye retain they are retained" (John 20: 21-23)?

The Bible says that Christ did establish a Church. For He told His Apostle Simon: "...thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." But what church is it? Did Christ mean that just any church was His Church? Or did He give His Church marks by which men might recognize it?

All Christians agree that faith in Christ is absolutely essential to salvation. But some believe that faith is the *only* essential. Catholics believe the words of St. Paul that God "...will render to every man according to his deeds" (Rom. 2:6) ...and the words of Jesus: "Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father" (Matt. 7:21).

Christians also take from the same words in the Bible, varied and often conflicting opinions on many things — for example: on the need for and effects of Baptism, and the real or symbolic



Presence of Christ in the Eucharist. Is it any wonder that sincere people, trying to understand what Christ meant to tell us, are confused?

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POTPOURRI

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

The charms of James Bond, that allegedly irresistible and unquestionably indestructible spy chaser, escape me, but for those who enjoy IAN FLEMING's peculiar mixture of ketchup and California champagne I report that his latest work is called **ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE** (New American Library, \$4.50), and that in it the unthinkable occurs: Bond commits matrimony.

MAXWELL GEISMAR, critic and historian of American letters, considers the relation of Henry James and his admirers in **HENRY JAMES AND THE JACOBITES** (Houghton Mifflin, \$7.00). Mr. Geismar argues, with detailed and persuasive evidence, that James has been praised for the wrong things by people who revere him for the wrong reasons. Despite its amusing, testy, conversational style, this is an unusual and courageous book, for while it is normal for critics to debate each other's literary opinions, speculation about the private and emotional reasons which lead a particular critic to hold a particular opinion is very nearly taboo. In addition to rattling the skeleton in the typewriter, Mr. Geismar has a great deal of interest to say about James, and his book is altogether stimulating and frequently surprising.

CARL W. BLEGEN, the archaeologist who excavated King Nestor's Pylos, has written **TROY** (Praeger, \$6.95) for the *Ancient Peoples and Places* series. If Professor Blegen had not unearthed Pylos, he would be remembered as the man who directed a splendidly successful excavation at Troy during the thirties, and his description of his own and earlier discoveries there is clear and lively. The book, which admittedly requires of the reader a high degree of interest in Mediterranean prehistory, also includes a fine tribute to Schliemann, for Professor Blegen has little patience with those who claim that Schliemann was a sloppy digger interested in nothing but loot. In terms of his own day, he was a very good excavator, says Professor Blegen, adding, dryly, that most serious archaeologists have "no real objection to finding gold."

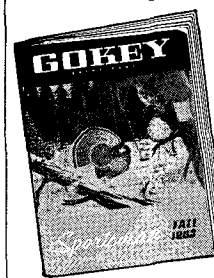
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ANATHEMATA (Chilmark, \$5.75), DAVID JONES's remarkable long poem which appeared in England in 1952, has now been published in this country. It is an impressive work, designed on a grand scale for a grand subject — the development through human history of the artistic and religious impulses, which Mr. Jones considers to be interlocked if not actually identical and a manifestation of God rather than any invention of His creatures. The poem is sometimes magnificent, sometimes funny, sometimes disorderly, and always difficult. The difficulty arises inevitably out of the enormous sweep of the subject, out of the author's technical borrowings from James Joyce, and out of Welsh mythology. Mr. Jones, as a Welshman, has every right to employ Welsh myth in localizing his universal theme, and does so brilliantly, but the reader who is unfamiliar with Llefelys and Blodeuedd simply must follow the footnotes that the author very considerably supplies (with pronunciation) if he is to enjoy, much less understand, the poem. And it is enjoyable, ranging from the rolling pseudo-Elizabethan music of

Now, from the draughty flats
the ageless cherubs
pout the Southerlies.

Now, Januarius brings in the millennial
snow that makes the antlered
mummers glow for many a hemera.

to the voice of a Cockney dry-dock
boss, asked to hurry the job:

And, as for next Thor's Day's night
tide

tell the Wop, to-go-to
Canute.

In his novel SECONDS (Pantheon, \$3.95), DAVID ELY has constructed an ironic fantasy about an organization which arranges new lives for men bored with the ones they have. Specifically, the discontented client dies or disappears in New York and reappears, after discreet remodeling, in California, with a new name, face, profession, and income. Despite a certain fogginess about the legal details of what would inevitably be a monstrously complicated hoax, Mr. Ely's story carries unexpected conviction. The suspense is considerable, and the mean twist at the end is at once surprising and consistent. A new life turns out to be expensive in more ways than one.

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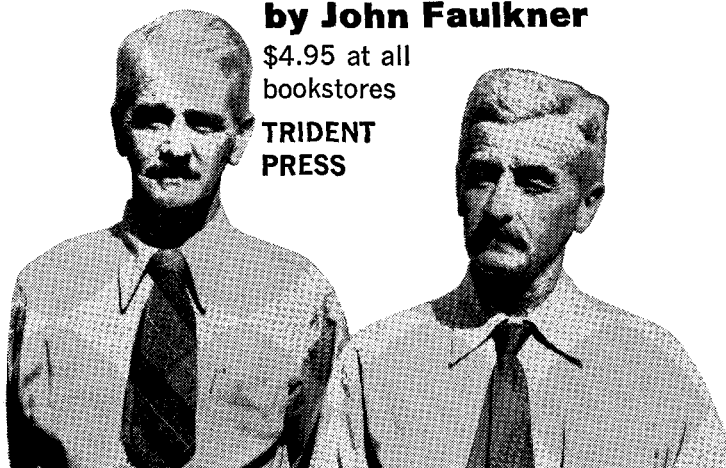
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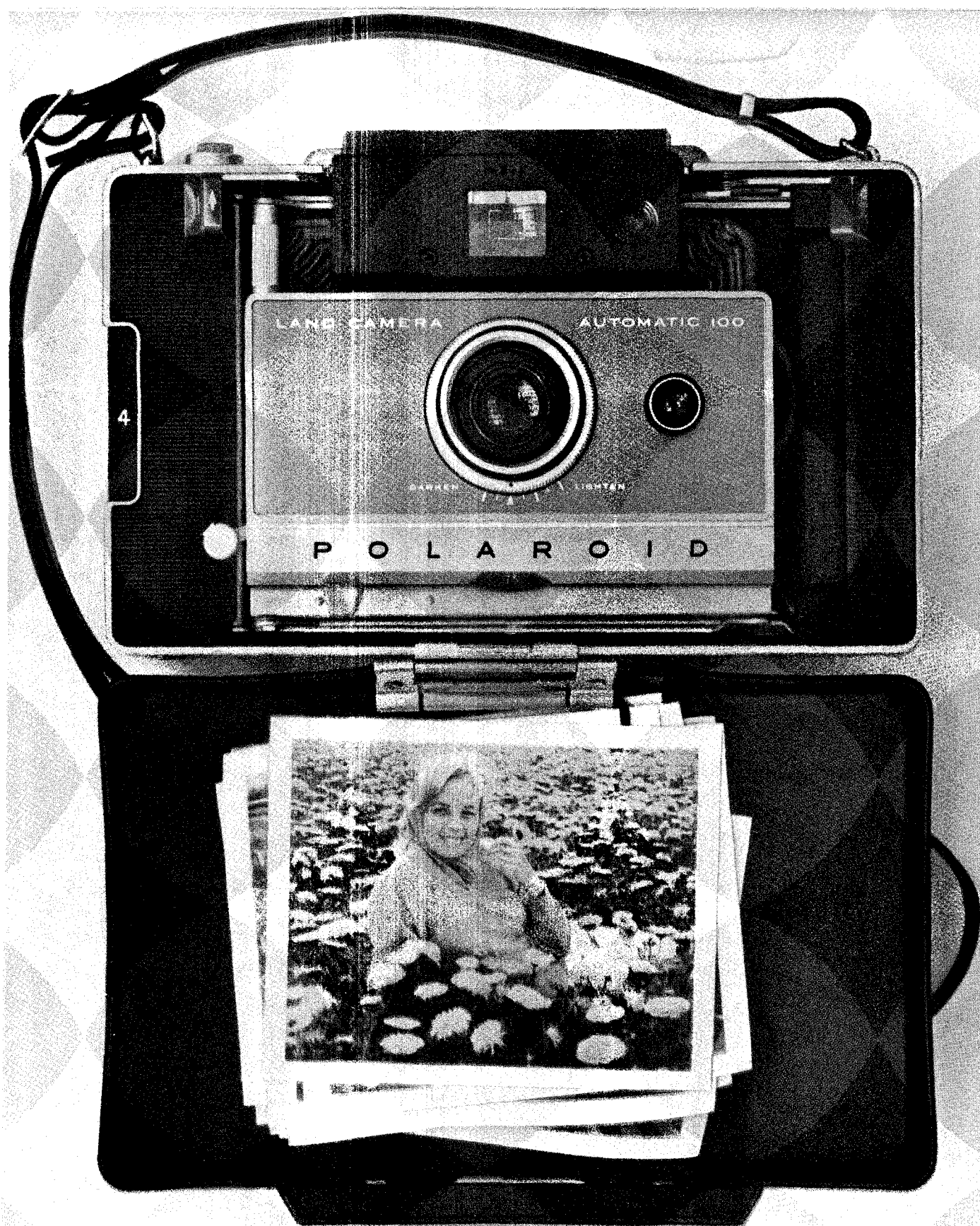
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